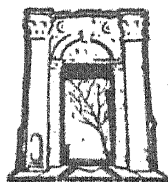


FIFTY-FIVE YEARS AT OXFORD

An Unconventional Autobiography

BY

G. B. GRUNDY

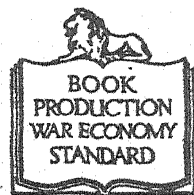


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PREFACE

THE writing of autobiography by professors and tutors or ex-tutors of Oxford colleges has become fashionable of late. Three have been published since the war began. Some persons who have not as yet written the story of their own lives and have presumably no intention of so doing have ascribed these efforts to a desire on the part of the authors to save themselves from their friends who have been commissioned to write their obituaries in *The Times* or other newspapers. Some have even called them post-mortem propaganda. For me the danger is remote. But it is a part of probability that improbable things may happen.

My own life, though it has not been of an exciting or adventurous nature, has been in some respects unusual. Also I have lived through mid-Victorian, late Victorian, and forty years of post-Victorian England—three periods which present some striking contrasts to one another, contrasts which have of late years been misrepresented by writers whose knowledge of the Victorian age has been drawn largely from hearsay and their own imagination.

The last fifty years of my life have been spent in Oxford, whose University is of such fame throughout the world that it has led writers whose acquaintance with it has been brief and superficial to exaggerate its virtues and defects. Fifty years of association with Oxford have tended to make me critical, but not cynical, with reference to such superficial judgments. I have known, in some cases intimately, most of those who have played a prominent part in it during the last half-century, and have myself played a minor part in the movements which have taken place during that period, and the time seems come when the inner history of some of them may be disclosed. This may interest those even who have only known Oxford during short periods of those fifty years, and have come into contact with some of the prominent men of whom I shall have occasion to speak.

Having been a teacher in active work for fifty-four years of my life, I shall have to say something on that subject which may interest those in that profession.

As far as my family is concerned I shall, with one exception, confine my references to it to those members who played a part in what I am about to narrate. But I must mention my three

sisters, for they have been good sisters to me. The eldest, Edwina Mary, died to our great grief in 1912 while on a visit to Vancouver. The second, Emily Margaret, is Mrs. Park of Stratford-on-Avon. The third, Gertrude Willes, is Mrs. Stead, formerly of Dalston Hall, Cumberland, and now of Carlisle. Her second name was derived from ancestors of ours, Lord Chief Justice Willes, of the Court of Common Pleas in the second half of the eighteenth century, and Mr. Justice Willes, a son of his. I have some gruesome records of the latter in the shape of gaol deliveries—I think that is the right term—dealing with the execution of sheep-stealers.

I shall speak at length of my grandfather, George Docker Grundy, because his active life extended from 1840 to 1902, and illustrates a unique phase of the Victorian age, an age which seems to be of great interest to people of the present time. I may mention incidentally that I am very proud of him. It will be noticed that the period of his life covers all but three years of the Queen's reign.

I cannot trace my ancestry, so far as names are concerned, further back than the second half of the eighteenth century. A Grundy, probably grandfather of Denis Grundy, to be mentioned later, bought at the sale of the effects of Queen Mary, wife of William III, a gold chalice which, according to the inscription on it, she intended to present to a place called Breaghmore Wheeler. She evidently died before the presentation took place, and her executors sold it with her other effects. I presented it to Brasenose College in 1891 in record of the fact that I was the third of a line of eldest sons who had been at the college. Moffat in his book on Oxford plate has much to say about it. In 1773 Denis Grundy, the grandfather of my great-grandfather, had his portrait, which I possess, painted by the then President of the Royal Scottish Academy. He married a daughter of Lord Chief Justice Willes, head of the Court of Common Pleas. His son married a daughter of the son of the Chief Justice who was a Justice of the same court in the last quarter of the eighteenth century. Their son, my great-grandfather Grundy, married an Eborall whose father was High Sheriff of Staffordshire at the time of the Napoleonic Wars, and was in charge of the French prisoners in the county. One of them, a certain Colonel Chavasse, an engineer, drew for him a series of pen-and-ink sketches of Lichfield Cathedral which are in the possession of my sisters and myself. I asked Bishop Chavasse

of Liverpool whether he was descended from this Chavasse. He said that he might have been, but his knowledge of his family did not go far back.

On my mother's side our knowledge did not go far. My grandfather never mentioned his father, who was a Lancashire squire who lived at a house called Clitheroe Castle. My grandfather married a Norris, whose mother was a member of an old Cheshire family, the Masseys of Dunham Massey. Of my two children my son Major Grundy, East African Engineers, has lived in Africa since the close of the last war, and my daughter Barbara married Hugh Chittenden of Seaford, Sussex. In the case of both of them a light-hearted youth has been succeeded by a middle age of hard and successful work.

G. B. GRUNDY

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CHAPTER I

EARLY LIFE

I WAS born at Wallasey, in Cheshire, on January 10, 1861. Our house was about half a mile from the village, which was then a country place. It is now an outlying garden suburb of Liverpool. My family on both sides were Lancashire folk. My grandfather Grundy was for sixty-three years Vicar of Hey, near Oldham. In those years he spent only three nights outside his parish, when he went to London for the marriage of his son, Charles Grundy. He was, like my father, and myself later, a Brasenose man. My grandmother knew him as a little boy, for her father, Mr. Beardoe, was his father's partner as warehousemen in Manchester. The warehouse stood near the Infirmary where, when I was last in Manchester, the warehouse of the well-known firm A. & S. Henry stood. They were partners for more than fifty years, and never a deed of partnership between them. When quite a little boy my grandfather expressed his intention of becoming a clergyman, and from that intention he never deviated. My grandmother used to tell me how he, when quite a little lad, used to preach to child friends of his, using as a pulpit a washing-stand with a hole in it for the basin. His first benefice was, I believe, Harewood, in Yorkshire, where he preached before Queen Victoria, at that time Princess. He must have gone to Hey about 1840.

All that part of Lancashire east of Manchester about Oldham and Rochdale was incredibly dreary and, especially before railways opened it up to the outside world, an intellectual desert for an educated man. For a clergyman with intellectual interests life was almost unbearable. In Hey, for instance, the majority of the parishioners could not, when my grandfather went there, read or write. The educated clergy for the most part shunned the district. The uneducated, of whom there seem to have been a good many, tended to acquire the defects of the inhabitants. My first memories of the place go back to the late 'sixties and the early 'seventies of the last century. The workers in the cotton mills did not as a rule attend any place of worship. The few who did were mostly Nonconformists. The task of a clergyman of the Church of

England must have been heart-breaking to an earnest man. Many of them ceased to be earnest. They had no work and no possibility of intellectual intercourse and interest, and so they frequently lapsed to the moral level of their parishioners. My grandfather, who had no sense of humour, would tell with grave disapproval a somewhat humorous tale of his predecessor, a certain Mr. Schofield. Mr. Schofield had taken to drink, and used to consume in the vestry large quantities of port in company with the sexton. One day a couple came to be married. Mr. Schofield walked down the churchyard path and met them at the gate where he began to read the burial service. The sexton, who had apparently not taken so much port, ran after him and said, 'Eh, Maister Schofield, they'n coom to be wed, they ain't coom to be buried.' 'They might just as well have come to be buried, and I shall go on as I've begun.' And so this couple were married on the burial service.

Another tale which has got into print deals with an incident which some say occurred at the church at Hey, an allocation of the story which is, to say the least of it, doubtful. The choir in Lancashire churches used to consist of two men and two women who sang from a gallery at the west end. As far as accompaniments were concerned, organs were out of the question on the score of expense, and harmoniums not known in the district. Even if they had been, no one could have been found to play them. So barrel-organs had been introduced, worked originally by a handle, until some genius invented one which was wound up and played a certain selection of sacred music. The barrel-organ went wrong one Sunday when playing the 'Old Hundredth,' and kept repeating that tune with such vigour that the reading of the first lesson was impossible. Desperate but unavailing efforts were made to stop it, until one of the choir-men said to one of the choir-women, 'Eh, Sally, thee's a fat 'un. Sit on't, lass. Sit on't.' Sally obeyed the order, with the result that the barrel-organ, the 'Old Hundredth,' and Sally subsided into a heap of wreckage, and the parson proceeded with the first lesson.

Such incidents formed the lighter side of church life in Lancashire just before my grandfather's time. But life in Hey had another side not so humorous.

I will briefly describe the district, for it was not one such as could be realized by a dweller in the south of England and was

perhaps without parallel even in the industrial north. From the drawing-room of Hey vicarage you could see a hundred and thirty mill chimneys pouring forth volumes of smoke which hung like a pall over the whole region. Nothing save the coarsest vegetation would grow there. There were no flowers in the vicarage garden. The only vegetation there consisted of sickly bushes of broom and gorse, interspersed with tussock grass. Trees were rare. Most of them were dead, and those that were alive were headed by dead branches, forming a picture which might have come from Doré's illustrations of Dante's *Inferno*. Like the rest of the vegetation, the trees were covered with soot. I have reason to remember this for the reason that I got spanked for spoiling my clothes in a successful attempt to climb one of them.

Amid such surroundings my grandfather passed sixty-two out of the ninety-four years of his life. Very few people other than mill-hands lived in the parish, the exceptions being a few, very few, families of men engaged in minor businesses in Oldham. Apart from the local doctor, no member of any profession resided in it. But throughout his life my grandfather never said a word which might imply that he was impatient of a life lived in such gloomy surroundings and among people who were for the most part utterly illiterate. Yet, as a boy at Manchester Grammar School, which was in those days before the coming of railways the public school to which boys of all Lancashire families were sent, he had been prominent as a classical scholar, and at Oxford he took honours in the final classical school (Greats), a school which few undergraduates dared to face in 1828. The later Cardinal Newman was one of the examiners. Few, very few, men of his upbringing could have endured life at Hey as it was when he went there in 1840. But his mind was set on bringing men to God. It was the absorbing, the absolutely dominating influence of his whole life. The impulse formed in childhood abided with him to the very end of his life. When he went to Hey the mill-hands, who formed at least ninety per cent. of the population, were to all intents and purposes heathens. I myself can remember that at a village three miles away, where practically the whole wage-earning population were employed in a cotton mill belonging to my other grandfather, not one of them ever went to church or chapel. The average congregation in the church was eight people all told. But at that time the church at Hey was

crowded every Sunday, and it would hold nearly a thousand people. My grandfather had practically converted the mill-hands of his early years and their children of later years to Christianity. Yet he used to tell me that the pagan wage-earners whom he found in the parish were not really bad folks. The worst fault that he had to find with them was a marked tendency to what he called gaming, which meant pitch-and-toss and pigeon flying. It may seem strange at the present day, but he actually introduced several of them into what he called the 'ministry,' that is, Holy orders, by teaching them enough Biblical Greek to pass the bishop's qualifying examination. It may be assumed that the standard of attainment was not high. One of his pupils became a resident canon of Manchester, and his brother rector of Bradford, Yorkshire, with sixteen livings in his gift. In the next generation this family, descended from mill-hands in Hey, gave at least one bishop and several archdeacons to the Church.

At his death 'ard (old) Maister Grundy,' as he was called locally, left Hey a very different place from what he had found it when he went there. The church at Hey, formerly ignored, had not only become the religious but the intellectual centre of the life of the parish and of the district. His life and his utter devotion to the religion which he preached were the two things which impressed the Lancashire people not merely with the belief but the conviction that what he said could not be otherwise than true, and that what he advocated led to happiness in this world and the world to come. The Lancashire workman had, and may have now, an admiration for an earnest man who, whatever his social position, lived a consistently good and hard-working life. My grandfather's sermons were outward expressions of his nature. He continued to preach till he was over ninety years of age to crowded congregations in that galleried church. He always wrote a new sermon for the coming Sunday, but though he took the manuscript to the pulpit he never read it. There was nothing rhetorical in his delivery, no raising or lowering of the voice, no gesticulation. It was not needed for a congregation which saw the calm, stern, grand face of a preacher who was obviously in deadly earnest in all he said.

When first he came to Hey his views, so my father used to tell me, were Calvinistic. In later years the Calvinism passed away; but to the end of his life he remained a strict evangelical. He

never showed any anger by any outward demonstrations of it such as men are wont to give. In reproof he never raised his voice, but the person reproved, when he had done with him, had a very clear idea of the wrongness of his act, and either did not do it again or took precautions to prevent any repetition of it or anything like it coming to the ears of old Mr. Grundy. He was never known to show physical or moral fear. What he seemed to loathe most was any act of injustice, especially towards a subordinate. The owners of mills in his parish did not live in the parish; but if they, as they sometimes did, dismissed a good workman for asking for a rise in wages, they found they might expect an early visit from Mr. Grundy, who, without showing any sign of passion, talked to them so firmly that they found it well to drop such practices.

His resentment at injustice overcame even his very strong theological prejudices. When the Oxford Movement was first making its way into the north of England a certain advanced ritualist was appointed to a church in Manchester, I think it was St. Alban's. The evangelical clergy, who formed the vast majority of the clergy in the diocese, supported by the laymen of their congregations, rose as one man and got up what amounted to a persecution of the offender. One of the leaders of the movement was a certain canon of Manchester who had been originally one of the mill-hands my grandfather had trained for the ministry and was a very great friend of his. To the amazement of his family and of all who knew him my grandfather, though he was a determined opponent of ritualism, took a strong line against the 'persecution.' The canon remained stubborn, and the friendship, if it did not wholly cease, was never the same again. He appealed to the bishop, who temporized but was persuaded not to take any further action. In point of fact, my grandfather was much more broad-minded than those who knew the rigidity of his life might have supposed. On this and on other occasions of even a more striking nature he acted in a way which surprised even his friends.

Of the bishops who held the see of Manchester in his time I know only of James Prince Lee, Frazer, and Moorhouse. His relations with them varied greatly. Of one thing I am certain—that all the bishops in England would never have persuaded my grandfather to deviate in the slightest degree from his conception of the duties of the minister of a parish. As a fact, only one of

them made any attempt to do so. James Prince Lee was an autocratic man, almost an ecclesiastical tyrant. This peculiarity was of a certain value in a diocese where for reasons I have already mentioned church matters were in a somewhat bad way. But when Bishop Lee let his missionary zeal blind him to the fact that Mr. Grundy of Hey did not tend to show that neglect of duty only too typical of Lancashire parsons of the time, he met with such a reception that thereafter he never tried to interfere with church matters at Hey. He was indeed so impressed that he used to consult my grandfather on diocesan affairs. But the Lancashire people translated the relations between them in a popular epigram : 'Aye, our Lancashire parsons do fear our bishop, except Maister Grundy of Hey, and the bishop he fears him.' For Bishop Frazer my grandfather had the greatest admiration and, I believe, affection. His relations with Bishop Moorhouse were wrecked by a more or less innocent mistake Moorhouse made. He had been a bishop in Australia, and on his first visit to Hey vicarage he told an Australian tale with the word 'damn' in it, a word not unusual in tales coming from Australia. My grandfather was terribly shocked. He did not reprove the bishop, because he was the bishop of the diocese ; but he let his family know that he would not willingly let Moorhouse come into the vicarage again.

In appearance my grandfather was a very striking man with a large head, very dark, piercing brown eyes, and an aquiline nose. He was thick-set and rather under middle height. His dress, which never varied from the time he was ordained to the time of his death, was a very long single-breasted black frock-coat, and a silk hat (topper) with a very high crown and a very wide brim. In his later years when a new hat was required it had to be made specially by a hatter in Manchester.

He had what seemed to us the curious habit of calling everyone by their full Christian names. He always addressed me as George Beardoe, not as George. He and my grandmother had not been very happy in the choice of names for their daughters ; but, whatever the rest of the family might call them, to him they were always Adelaide Elizabeth, Eliza Jane, and Mary Emma.

For sixty-three years, thirty-four of which I knew from my own experience, the life at Hey vicarage never changed in the slightest detail of routine. Morning prayers at 7.30 a.m., summer and winter, lasted about forty minutes, a somewhat trying experi-

ence in the bitter winter climate of that very cold neighbourhood. About the end of the second lesson Rachel, the cook, always struck a listening attitude and left the room for about three minutes. She was supposed by my grandfather to have heard the postman at the back-door, but everyone else knew that she went to turn the bacon. Breakfast at 8.15 a.m. : dinner at 1 p.m. : high tea at 5.30 p.m. : evening prayers at 8 p.m. The strongest drink available in the house, bar tea and coffee, was toast and water. If you wanted to smoke you went and sat with Rachel, the cook, in the kitchen, or, if my grandfather was about the passage, in the scullery. Rachel had been cook ever since my father was born. The programme on Sunday was that above outlined plus Sunday-school at 9.30 a.m. : morning service, 10.30 a.m. to 12.30 p.m. : afternoon service, 3.30 p.m. to about 5.15 p.m. : Sunday was in fact so terrible an experience that my mother would never arrange for us children to be at Hey on that day. I knew the vicarage from the time I was six years old till I was over forty. In that time it had never changed. The furniture, pictures, ornaments, large and small, which were there when I first knew it, were there, always in the same place, thirty-four or thirty-five years later. Nothing new made its appearance during that time. Of the three servants two, Susan and Rachel, had been in the family since 1840, the year my grandfather went to Hey. Susan was a pensioner in later years, living in a room of her own in the vicarage. The third servant had been there only twenty years. I remember my aunts discussing whether it was wise to let a frivolous young thing of only forty years of age go out in the evening.

To me and to all my family the house played the part of an ancestral home, a feature in life whose associations have a marked effect, though not always realized, and an influence on the lives of those who are blessed with such a family centre, 'a land where all things always seemed the same' in a rapidly changing world.

An incident which occurred on one of my visits was of a very remarkable kind. I mention it because it is typical in a sense of Lancashire life at that time, though, in view of its nature, it could not be very common. My grandfather was at the time collecting money for new school buildings. He did not leave anyone out. The mill-hands contributed their shillings, and families more well-to-do, of whom there were in the parish not more than might be counted on the fingers of two hands, their pounds. One

day after midday dinner he invited me to accompany him on a collecting visit. We went down to the village, and passing a long row of workmen's cottages found an old man sitting on a wooden chair on the pavement by his cottage door. He was a certain William Ogden, whose reputation in the village rested on two features of his life—that he always wore very bright shiny clogs, and that he had lived for many years without working on money which he was supposed to have saved. This to his neighbours would have meant at most about £100 a year. For reasons which I shall not have reason to explain, I remember the conversation which ensued.

‘Good day, William, and how are you to-day?’

‘Pretty middling, thank ye, Maister Grundy, and how’s yours?’

‘Thank you, William, I’m in good health. I’m going round collecting money for the new schools. Will you give me something?’

‘Aye, and they’re wanted. I’ll gie summat. Mary, bring a chair out. Now, Maister Grundy, sithee down, and Mary, bring a bit o’ paper, and that little table i’ th’ parlour. Now, Maister Grundy, wreet what I tell thee, for I’m not much of a wreeter myself.’

So my grandfather wrote from dictation the following words, ‘Pay Mr. Grundy the sum of twenty thousand pounds.’

‘Now I’ll put my name to it,’ which he did very laboriously.

That my grandfather was taken aback I could see. So was I.

‘You need not fash yoursel’ about it, Maister Grundy; the bank at Owdham knows my ways. They’ll gie ye the money. But you and young Master George here is not to say to anyone what I gave thee, and if ye make a list of those who gave thee money don’t put my name to this.’

So we promised.

But my grandfather, who was obviously not comfortable about the matter, said, ‘Are you sure, William, that you can afford so large a sum?’

‘Afford it, Maister Grundy! It’s the interest o’ the interest o’ my money.’

It was discovered afterwards how he had made the money. In the days before steam was applied to cotton spinning and weaving he had been taken on by a broker as buyer from the cottagers

who spun and wove by hand in their own homes. The broker built later two large cotton mills and took Ogden as manager. Having no relations, the broker left them to Ogden. He did not take over the working of them, but handed that over to two of his nephews. He concealed his connection with it because he was anxious that they should rise in the social scale, and did not wish their chances of so doing should be handicapped by his personality. But he retained a half interest in the income derived from the mills, and I remember that in my time they were spoken of as the best-run and most profitable mills in the district.

My family has always felt a pride and admiration for my grandfather's life. To many it would have seemed a life of self-sacrifice. That it was not. It was the life which from boyhood he had always wished to live, a life devoted to the service of God and to spiritual help to others who at the time he went to Hey sorely needed it. Whether he was conscious of the success of the sixty years of labour and devotion I cannot say. His family knew what he had done for Hey ; but it was not till his funeral that they knew that the fame of him and of his work had spread far beyond his own parish. I shall never forget that funeral. The road from the vicarage to the church was packed with people, so were the fields and houses for several hundred yards on either side of it, a crowd so dense that movement was hardly possible. It was only two hundred yards from the vicarage to the church, but despite the efforts of the police it took a quarter of an hour for the funeral procession to reach the church. The crowd was composed almost entirely of mill-hands from Oldham and the district, two miles away. The papers reckoned that fifty thousand people were there ; and I who saw them densely packed for several hundred yards back in the fields on either side of the road fancy that the numbers were not exaggerated. Later one of the churchwardens told me that a stranger in the crowd said to him, ' Aye, I thought I'd coom to say "good-bye" to ar'd Maister Grundy. I never knowed him, but I've heard of him ever since I was a lad. He were a gradely man as ever was.'

It may be a surprise to some that I have begun what professes to be an autobiography with an account of the life of someone else. I have done so for various reasons, the first of which is that I am very proud of being the descendant of such a man. His life was unique in a region which was itself unique in England.

No parallel to such a life could be found at the present day, and the district about Oldham was regarded even in Lancashire as typical of Lancashire ways and the Lancashire dialect.

There was another reason for its peculiarities. Up to the time of the industrial revolution Lancashire was one of the most thinly populated regions in England. So late as 1086 the part of the county to the north of the Ribble was not one with the land to the south of it. That to the north was politically allied to the North Riding of Yorkshire, and that to the south was allied with Cheshire. There was no county of Lancashire. Nearly nine-tenths of the south was forest. Its population was confined for the most to the district round what is now Liverpool, from the estuary of the Mersey to that of the Ribble. There was a small populated district about Blackburn, and thirdly a larger populated district around Manchester, Oldham, and Rochdale, an area probably brought into cultivation at the time when Manchester was a 'station' in the Roman province of Britain. This last district was cut off from the world by marshes such as Chat Moss on the west, and forest land, part of which was moorland, on the north, east, and south. This would account for its distinctive character in later centuries, a character which was still very marked in the last century. When I was a lad its language was a dialect so marked in pronunciation and vocabulary that no Englishman from the Midlands or south of England could have followed a conversation between its natives. Words which had long passed out of usage elsewhere were still in common use. West of Manchester the dialect gradually faded away into a less dialectic form in the neighbourhood of Wigan till in the region of Liverpool it did not exist, and probably never had existed. The people of the Oldham region were as unique as their dialect, rough folks capable of considerable violence if aroused, but in ordinary life kindly people with a strong sense of humour, hard workers themselves, and with a keen appreciation and admiration of good work well done. That was why they paid my grandfather such an extraordinary tribute at his death.

I must say a few words about my grandmother. She was a little woman with a very humorous face, a true expression of the humour she possessed, a humour which descended in a marked degree to her second son, Charles, and in a minor degree to my father. I remember her father, my great-grandfather, old Mr.

Beardoe, for as a small boy I used to be taken to see him in his big house in Ardwick Green, Manchester—a house full of curios and pictures by Dutch masters which sold for £50,000 after his death. Such collections were not uncommon amongst Manchester merchants and manufacturers of that time. But a much greater interest to me were a grey and a green parrot who lived in the kitchen and talked the Lancashire dialect fluently.

My grandmother had certain characteristics which are not usually associated in the same person. As I have said, she was possessed of a keen sense of humour ; but she also had an uncompromising spirit of evangelicalism. She always thought that the family prayers were said too fast, and, consequently, an essential part of their ritual was a pause after each prayer to allow grandmamma to get on terms with the rest of the congregation. When the family had finished the Lord's Prayer she invariably came in with the clause, 'for Thine is the kingdom, the power and glory, for ever and ever, Amen.' To her grandchildren she was the kindest of grandmothers. To me she was not only kind but liberal. From the time when I was a schoolboy to the time when I was a schoolmaster she invariably sent me every term the gift of a sovereign ; and as she regarded postal orders as a vulgar innovation, I had always to pay a fine of one shilling for a coin sent by post.

Charles Grundy, her second son, inherited her humour. After taking his degree at Oxford he became curate of St. Peter's-in-the-East in that city, and later a chaplain at New College. His sermons filled the church because he interpolated in them amusing but very telling epigrams. He was persuaded by Thorold, the Bishop of Southwark, to become diocesan missionary in South London, where he lived near the Elephant and Castle and did great work for good in the slums of that neighbourhood. At first some of the clergy in the respectable areas of the diocese would not give him the opportunity of preaching in their churches on behalf of the mission. This angered him, and I remember his saying in a sermon preached at one of the Sunday-evening services in St. Paul's Cathedral, 'Some of my clerical brethren are fond of saying that they walk humbly in the footsteps of the apostles. It seems to me that some of them walk so humbly that they let the apostles get round the corner and lose sight of them altogether.' Later he became rector of St. Peter's, Brockley, where there was always in his time a densely packed congregation. I heard him preach there

once on teetotalism at a time when he was much annoyed by a fanatical agitation for the closing of public-houses. 'You comfortable people,' he said, 'with good houses do not understand, far less realize, the circumstances under which a working-man in South London lives. When he comes home tired in the evening to a house with only one living-room and the children are noisy, he cannot ring the bell and tell Mary to take them to the nursery. There is no bell, no Mary, no nursery. The public-house is the only place to which he can go. It is his club.' It was a bold thing to say to a respectable congregation; but neither my grandfather, my father, nor my uncle showed the slightest fear in facing and opposing that which they thought was unjust or wrong. Charles Grundy had the most ready wit of any man I ever met. He could improvise the most amusing story of some commonplace incident in life. We as little children loved him, and whenever he came to stay we pestered him to tell us tales.

Of my father I cannot say much, for the reason that I never understood him. He resembled my grandfather in two ways only—an absolute fearlessness where there was any wrong to be opposed or to be remedied, and in a devotion to the work of the Church; but his Church was that of the Oxford, not of the evangelical, movement. In all other respects he contrasted with his father. My grandfather was of a calm, equable disposition, whereas my father was by nature irritable. My grandfather was meticulously punctual in all he did; my father was the most unpunctual man I ever knew. My grandfather was absolutely absorbed in the work of his life. My father was apt to be diverted from the work before him by fantastic ideas beyond possible realization. His university career was a grievous disappointment to him and to his people, for he was a good scholar who might have taken high honours; but he spent time in various pursuits, quite serious and good in themselves, but quite unconnected with anything he had come to Oxford to study. As a fact he took a pass degree in classics and mathematics; but in both subjects the examiners gave him the then existent degree of an honorary fourth class, which meant that in their opinion he might have taken the honours examinations in those subjects successfully.

Children he did not understand. They irritated him, and when we were small children we were aware of the fact. Looking back on my life as a child I cannot help feeling that many parents under-

estimate children's powers of perception, especially in respect to distinguishing what is reasonable or unreasonable in their treatment. They do not resent, save for the moment, discipline and punishment for what they have done wrong, but they do resent fads imposed on them by the irritable.

When I was born my people were living at a large house called Liscard Castle, a castellated building with turrets and battlements, and a large and somewhat lofty tower at the north end of it. My father had a preparatory school of about fifty boys, two-thirds of whom were boarders. Practically all of them were the sons of prominent business men in Liverpool and Manchester. I know the subsequent careers of a few I met in later life. Fred Tobin was in the Cambridge eleven and was fielding long-stop to Cobden in the celebrated match against Oxford in 1870 when Cobden bowled the last two Oxford wickets in successive balls and won the match by two runs. Tobin also played for England in the first International Rugby match against Scotland. Leicester Beaufort, who was my very good friend in after-life, was eventually governor of North Borneo and later of Rhodesia. P. C. Novelli also played in the England Rugby team against Scotland. D. Q. Steel and A. G. Steel were the well-known cricketers, of whom D. Q. had a great name at Uppingham in the days of A. P. Lucas, and played for Cambridge in the years 1876, 1877, 1878, and 1879, and later for Lancashire. Of A. G.'s cricket I need hardly speak. His fame will last so long as cricket is played. He was several years older than I, but we began Latin together, somewhat inauspiciously as, on the second day of our study of that language, we both got caned for not knowing the vocative of *dominus*. Teaching in those days was largely *à posteriori*. While Temple was at Rugby, my father, who had a profound admiration for him inasmuch as his advice as to public schools was nearly always asked by parents, used to send his boys there. But under Temple's successor, Hayman, the school got into a bad way owing to Hayman's alleged defects, as the world was given to understand. My father was of opinion that Temple's assistant masters had never given Hayman a chance.

The first nine years of my life were passed at Liscard. Of the events of those years I shall only mention those which throw light on the life of children in that Victorian age, an age which has been much misrepresented in recent books on the subject. Up to

the time I was six years of age, the education of my eldest sister and myself was conducted by my mother. I remember when I was rising five the surprise I felt when I found I could read a page of an illustrated Bible which had been given me. What made my mother's teaching so effective was the fact that her children were so absolutely devoted to her—a devotion she deserved if ever a mother did. She never showed anger. That was not necessary. I was not always a good child. I certainly never attained more than the bare average of the goodness to which young boys attain. But when my mother expressed a calm disapproval of what I had done or was doing I did not repeat or continue it. There was one side, not so much of her character as of her upbringing, which, as I have since recognized, had a great and lasting influence on my life, and it is an element in Victorian history apparently unappreciated by those who have tried to write the story of that time. Her life as a girl and as a young woman fell in the 'forties and 'fifties of the nineteenth century. At that time novel reading was discouraged or even vetoed to girls and young women. Therefore such of them as read at all, and the majority of them did, since otherwise time hung heavy, acquired a knowledge of good literature, especially of the poets. My mother used to read to us when we were quite small children, and continued the habit till I was a boy of fourteen. She read to us largely from the poets popular at the time, especially Tennyson and Longfellow. Looking back at it, I sometimes think it strange that such young children as we were, for I was only six years old when she began the practice, were content to sit and listen to literature of this kind. But as a fact we loved it. Gray's 'Elegy' we demanded again and again. The weirdness of the 'Ancient Mariner' excited our childish imagination, and some of the poems of the Ettrick Shepherd did the like. We were never tired of hearing the 'Idylls of the King.' I chose an illustrated edition of Gray's 'Elegy' as a present for my eighth birthday. I wonder now in later life that we as children appreciated such literature. I think the secret is that children's lives are largely made up of imagination, and therefore imaginative literature such as poetry appeals to them to a much greater extent than older people are apt to suppose. Of one thing I am certain : that this reading laid a foundation of literary interest which has lasted all through my life.

There is one further consideration which may be of interest at

the present time. I am certain that my mother was not exceptional among her women contemporaries in her knowledge of good literature. The veto on light literature for girls or young women was a common feature in middle-class family life of the middle of the nineteenth century. In the later years of the century it was relaxed. But while it lasted it brought into being a large class of well-educated women, self-educated by being forced to confine themselves to good literature.

I went to school when I was six, not without some apprehension due to the vivid descriptions imparted by older boys of the horrors of such things as compound multiplication and division. I did not suffer from being the son of the headmaster, because my mother had warned me that tales out of school were bad form and that she would not listen to them. I do not think that I was a cheeky little boy. Anyhow, any tendency that way was knocked out of me in a very short time for life in a preparatory school was much rougher than it was even ten years later. Yet I never stood in awe of anyone, a characteristic which has abided with me throughout my life. Some years later when I was at Lichfield, Bishop Selwyn spoke to me on several occasions when leaving the cathedral after the service. He was a stern-looking man, whom children would naturally fear. But to me, who had heard of his adventures in New Zealand, he was a hero, not a bogey. I remember him saying to my father in my hearing, 'I like your boy. He's not afraid of me.' I remember another occasion on which he spoke in a very different way to my father, who had met him outside the north door of the cathedral and had represented to him that certain action taken against a ritualistic clergyman at Walsall was not legal. 'I am the law in this diocese, Mr. Grundy.' And, now I come to think of it, he looked it.

My father, though not a ritualist himself, had in the last years we were at Liscard taken the side of two ritualistic clergymen in Liverpool: Parnell of St. Margaret's, Anfield, and Bramah of St. James's the Less. Religious differences in Liverpool at that time attained to a violence such as would surprise the present generation. The opponents of ritualism contained a large percentage of Orangemen, and riots of a very serious character took place outside the churches at various times, one of the most serious of them outside St. Margaret's during an evening service at which my father was preaching. I heard much talk of these things at home, for Bramah

and Parnell used to pay visits to Liscard Castle, as well as various Sisters of Mercy whom we were instructed to call 'Sister' or 'Mother' as the case might be. There were also at the time certain fantastic adherents of the High Church party, one of whom, a young man of about twenty-five, my father took as assistant master. We small boys soon made up our minds that he was a pious humbug, but that he had one weakness which might be exploited. He liked us to call him 'Father,' a liking which we, who associated the title with parentage, disliked. But we found that when some difficult piece of translation which we had not prepared was looming in the near distance, and consequently imaginary calls of Nature became prevalent amongst members of the class, the customary formula, 'Please, sir, may I leave the room?' met with an emphatic refusal, whereas if you said, 'Please, Father, may I leave the room?' the answer was, 'Yes, my son, certainly.' And you could stay out of class for half an hour without anything being said.

Of the methods of teaching boys in those days I shall have something to say in a later chapter.

There is one episode in my life of those years of which I may say something, because it is a famous incident in railway history even at the present day, the Abergele accident, which was at the time at which it occurred the most terrible disaster which had ever happened on a British railway.

In the summer my mother used to take us to places on the coast of North Wales. In the summer of 1868, in the middle of the greatest drought I can remember in England, we went to stay at Llandulas at a somewhat lonely house on the seashore, about half-way between Llandulas station and Abergele. The railway line to Holyhead ran along the shore and passed within a few yards of the back of the house, and about a hundred yards on the Llandulas side of it entered a cutting some twenty feet deep with a bend in it. It so happened that about twelve o'clock in the day the up and down Irish mails passed through the cutting within a few minutes of one another, and my mother allowed me and a lad called Willie Statter, the son of a Cheshire neighbour, to go and sit on the top of the embankment of the cutting to watch the two trains pass. Like all small boys we loved watching trains. We sat near the bend of the cutting, so that we could see the line towards Abergele as well as towards Llandulas. On that day we saw first the down mail

about a mile away towards Abergele. Happening to look the other way, I saw what appeared to me to be a short luggage train without an engine coming down a long incline from Llandulas on the same line as the express, and having watched trains for hours wherever they were to be seen, I knew that something was wrong and shouted to my companion, 'Oh, Willie, there's going to be a railway accident!' Not knowing the horrors attendant on it, it had been the ambition of my life to see one. The mail was drawn by one of the regular express engines used at that time by the London and North-Western Railway. It had a single driving wheel eight feet in diameter. It could draw what would now be called a light train over sixty miles an hour, and was going at full speed along the straight level stretch of line from Abergele. The eight trucks of a luggage train which I had seen were runaways which in process of shunting at Llandulas station had been by mistake pushed over the beginning of a long incline, and by the time they reached the cutting where we were seated had reached a speed of sixty miles an hour. Owing to the bend in the cutting close to where Willie Statter and I were sitting, the driver of the mail could not see them till they were right on him. The two trains met about fifty yards from us just after the mail had passed us. Anyone who has ever seen such a sight as we two boys saw then will understand that every detail of it will abide in the memory through life. At the moment impact took place the engine rose like a horse taking a fence and came down on the fourth truck. The three first coaches of the mail were reduced to matchwood, but we did not know that at the time, for a most extraordinary thing happened. In a fraction of a second these three coaches, or what remained of them, were enveloped in a cloud of dense black smoke which hid them from view. The covered truck on which the engine had fallen was filled with petroleum, which had a very low flash-point. In consequence of this accident it was later made illegal to carry that type of petroleum by train. It was a windless, cloudless, very hot day in the middle of the great drought and the column of dense black smoke rose straight half a mile into the air and then spread in mushroom form. We two boys were the only spectators of the collision on that lonely stretch of line. We promptly ran down the embankment to where the engine lay. The bodies of the driver and fireman were lying face downwards about ten yards from the engine, from which steam was pouring

A gentleman who had got out from the back of the train came and told us to go away as the boiler of the engine might burst ; but we dodged him. We were not going to miss a scene of such absorbing interest for a mere trifle such as the bursting of a boiler. There was a good deal of screaming from women who got out unhurt from the rear carriages of the train ; but not a sound save the crackling of fire came from the front coaches. Such passengers as were not killed by the crash must have been suffocated almost immediately by the awful petroleum smoke. Including the driver and fireman thirty-three people lost their lives, the largest number ever killed in a railway accident in this country up to that time.

I have told the tale just as what occurred appeared to the boy seven and a half years old. Neither of us two boys was in any way frightened. Interest and amazement so filled our minds as not to leave any room for fear.

The police must have heard that two small boys had seen the accident. They discovered our identity, and we were summoned to the inquest at Abergele. As the younger of the two I was called after Willie Statter. They could not get anything out of Willie, who wept copiously out of sheer nervousness. I regarded the affair as no more than the repetition on a large scale of what happened when parents who visited the school were brought in to hear our work in class. On such occasions we boys sought to display our limited intelligence and still more limited knowledge. I remember that in the witness-box I put my hands behind my back as if I was in class. A box had to be brought for me to stand on, as otherwise only the top of my head was visible in the witness-box. The coroner asked me a lot of questions, especially as to whether I heard any screaming or shouting from the people who perished. To that I gave a repeated 'No' for an answer, for the question was put to me several times. I remember that the coroner said, 'That confirms what the guard told us.' He also said that I was a very intelligent little boy—which resulted in a lunch consisting mainly of strawberries and cream at Pensarn, near Abergele. A verbatim report of the evidence was evidently taken, for at a later inquiry, I suppose by the Board of Trade, I had all these questions and answers read out to me, and was asked whether I wished to correct or amplify any answer.

I was taken to the funeral at Abergele. All that remained of

those who had been killed was buried in one grave in minute coffins, only a few fragments of bones in each, so the sexton told my father. The fierce heat had consumed all else. It was not till then that I realized the tragic side of what I had seen, and I wept freely at the funeral.

I have told this tale at length because it shows the mental reactions of a child who was witness of a tragedy such as fortunately children very rarely see.

During the later years we were at Liscard my mother used to take us for visits to her father's house at Greenfield, on the line from Manchester to Huddersfield. This grandfather was of a very different type from that of whose life I have already spoken. He was a younger son of a Lancashire squire who, like the younger sons of many such Lancashire families of the earlier half of the nineteenth century, was put into cotton spinning, since spinning by steam-driven machinery seemed to have brought a golden age to the county. He was a quiet, reserved old gentleman of the Georgian type whom the family suspected, but never knew, to have been not so quiet in his youth. He was always dressed in the Georgian fashion. He owned two cotton mills, one about a mile from his house, the other about four miles away. These mills were an absolute delight to a boy who, like many other boys, was fond of machinery. There were two things which I brought back from the mills to which my mother had the strongest objection—wheel grease and the Lancashire dialect. The former was a black, greasy, and very adhesive substance which decorated my hands and face, and I found that its removal from the latter was a very painful process. In the Lancashire dialect I acquired great fluency, so much so that if called upon I can speak it now. Curiously enough I did not acquire any swear words, for though conversation between the mill-hands was not exactly that of the drawing-room, they did not use them—at any rate before me. That utterly meaningless maid-of-all-work in the modern labourer's vocabulary, 'bloody,' was not so far as I remember used by them. Had it been, I should certainly have acquired it.

My grandmother at Greenfield was really my mother's step-mother. Her own mother had died when she was quite a little girl. But to my mother she was indeed a mother, and to her grandchildren she was always kind, even to the extent of making much better excuses for our misdeeds than we could make our-

selves. We children loved her dearly. I should be leaving a gap in the story of my life did I not say something of my uncle, Edward Bailey. He was only eleven years older than I, and when I grew older he was more like an elder brother than an uncle. My three sisters and I loved him. He had a quaint humour, which was very amusing. When I was a little lad he impressed on me the necessity of adhering to 'good form,' an expression common in those days but rare now, meaning what may be described as the minutiae of the behaviour of a gentleman. In my schooldays the severest and most keenly felt criticism which you could pass on another boy was to say that he was 'in bad form.' When about thirty, Uncle Edward threw up cotton spinning and took to mining engineering. Up to that time he had never been outside England. The next thirty-five years of his life he spent in the most notoriously unhealthy parts of the world, after tin in the Malay Peninsula, and then after gold in Northern Australia, Sumatra, the African Gold Coast, and Columbia in the north of South America. He never suffered from malaria. He seemed to be immune from it. At last he, as the Americans say, struck it rich in Western Australia. In Perth he came across two men, one of whom said that he had come across some natives in the north part of the colony who alleged that there were quantities of gold out in the extensive desert in that part of it. The three of them started from Perth with camels, and after many wanderings in the desert, prolonged by necessary divergences to find water, they came across a group of rocks rising from the sand. Edward Bailey told me that he never saw so much gold in his life. It was lying about in sizeable nuggets either on or in the sand. They collected what they could carry, staked out claims, and then went back to Perth to register them. This was, I believe, called later the Kalgoorlie goldfield, and one of the reefs subsequently worked there is called Bailey's Reef. I fancy that all of them, after working the reef for a short time, sold out to a syndicate which, so rich was the gold area, constructed a pipe-line several hundred miles long to carry water for the several hundreds of men employed on it. I had, and possibly have, a Japanese aunt, for he married a Japanese wife. He never came back to England after that. Nor did his money after his death. His widow took care of that.

When I was nine years old my father conceived the fantastic idea that he might do what Arnold had done at Rugby, convert

a country grammar-school into a great public school. It was one of the ideas which proved so disastrous in his life. He got elected to the headmastership of a country grammar-school at Risley in Derbyshire, eight miles from Derby on one side and from Nottingham on the other.

CHAPTER II

GRAMMAR-SCHOOLS

AS my own life at Risley School and later at Lichfield Grammar-School forms a not unimportant part of my educational experience, I will deal with certain features of it which have a general bearing on education in England and on certain questions which are being much debated in this year 1945. The school had been founded by a private individual about the time of Queen Anne, if any conclusion may be drawn from the architecture of the headmaster's house. It was architecturally the most beautiful Queen Anne house I ever saw. It was famous as such at the time we lived in it, and when I saw it again in much later years I was convinced that it deserved its fame. It was of deep-red brick with stonework about the windows, which had arched canopies covering gods, goddesses, and mythical personages of the classical age. Over the window of my room was an all too realistic carving of the Gorgon Medusa, and my childish imagination was disturbed by what might happen if those snakes got loose. The house was a perfect square of three stories including the attics, with four windows on each side. The roof was the frustrum of a square-based cone with high red-brick chimney-stacks. I was just nine when we went to live there.

The school consisted of two separate parts and buildings, the Latin school and the English school, the latter a purely elementary school under a separate headmaster. My father ruled the Latin school. He took there fourteen boarders, most of them sons of well-to-do people in the Manchester neighbourhood. There were about forty day-boys, a very mixed lot indeed. A few were sons of neighbouring squires who would now be sent to preparatory schools such as hardly existed in those days. There were a few parsons' sons of whom the same may be said. There were a larger number of sons of farmers and small tradesmen in the neighbouring villages, and a few sons of farm labourers. We were socially a very mixed lot. We were as a rule young boys, very few above the age of fifteen.

At the present time educational theorists and some school-

masters whose views may in some cases be influenced by the prospect of gain, are advocating the mixture of classes in public schools, and therefore my experience of such a mixture in the old grammar-schools may contribute some evidence having a bearing on the question.

Neither at Risley nor later at Lichfield do I remember anything like a social distinction or division between the sons of gentlemen (to use the wonted term) and the sons of farmers, tradesmen, and even of agricultural labourers so far as the intercourse in work and play was concerned. Some of my best friends at both schools were among the day-boys; and that was the case with other boarders. I do not remember anything which has the remotest connection with class-consciousness as far as these sides of school life were concerned—with one exception. At Risley nearly all the day-boys came from a distance of two or even three miles from the school, and so they brought their dinner with them in the form of sandwiches and so forth, and ate it in the schoolroom or playground. My father instituted dinner in the schoolhouse for such day-boys as cared to attend it. These did not conform to the boarders' ideas of the way in which meals should be eaten, and got chaffed in that outspoken way common to boys. So my father dropped the plan. There was a complete absence of class-consciousness in the schoolroom and playground. But when it came to the domestic side of school life a rift between classes developed. At Lichfield, where the day-boys were nearly all of them drawn from the town, the amalgamation of classes was complete. But there the amalgamation never extended to the domestic side. At Risley, the games we played were more various than those at modern preparatory schools. Cricket was played zealously because that part of Derbyshire and the neighbouring part of Nottinghamshire, only two miles away, were at the time the most famous regions of cricket in England. Rugby football was played under rules, or rather the absence of rules, which would have driven a modern referee at the Rugby game stark mad in a few minutes. Then there were marbles, fights with hardened chestnuts, and tip-cat, the latter played sometimes on the main Nottingham and Derby road to the clearly expressed annoyance of drivers of vehicles. These minor games had their separate seasons. Catapults we all had, very effective weapons, of whose existence the authorities had suspicions and the rooks none whatever. But the

greatest of all games was kiss-in-the-ring, which was played once a year at the annual whole holiday on Founder's Day, and in which all the girls in the village took part. The reigning beauty was the innkeeper's daughter. We were all in love with her, and I have every reason to remember that when on one occasion she selected me first and, as laid down in the rules, kissed me, I put on so much side for several days following that I was involved in several fights with jealous rivals. Thus I learned at an early age that a high position may involve serious responsibilities.

Before taking leave of my grammar-school life at Risley and Lichfield, which were to me what preparatory schools are to a modern boy, I must say something about the methods of teaching in those schools and previously at Liscard. When I left Risley I was little more than eleven years old. I and other little boys like myself in the school knew the greater part of Kennedy's *Latin Primer* by heart, including the rules of syntax in Latin and English, and those delightful verses on the genders of Latin nouns relating to such things as 'substantives in -do and -go' and 'many nouns in -is we find' and so on. But we were never given exercises on each rule as we learnt it. Had we been taught from a Latin 'Ollendorf'—I do not know whether one exists—we should have made a more real and a more rapid progress in the Latin language. On Ollendorf's system a learner acquires knowledge of a language far more rapidly than when he learns, as we did, accidence and syntax divorced from its application to actual composition and translation. It is easy to make fun of Ollendorf by inventing imaginary conversations such as 'Have you a green hat?' 'No, but I have my aunt's blue umbrella,' but the Ollendorffian method is nevertheless the best method and the quickest yet invented for learning foreign languages. I used the method in a slightly abbreviated form, Schlutter's *German Class Book*, when I was a young man of twenty-four, and never did I learn any language more quickly.

I am relating my experience of learning and teaching because I have spent fifty-three years in active and very mixed work in that profession, and may have learned some methods which might be of advantage to those who come after me.

Anyone who remembers his early and middle school life will sympathize with me when I say that dictionaries, Greek, Latin, and French, were pet abominations. Weary work it was to us

spending the preparation hours in looking out words we did not know, and, when we had found them, discovering that they had half a dozen different meanings, any one of which, as far as we knew, might apply to the passage we were trying to translate. Those who persevered might come out well in the end; but at least nine out of ten small boys came to associate the learning of languages with what seemed to them a weary drudgery.

I was far too young at the time to appreciate the effectiveness of the teaching of French at the little grammar-school at Risley by a farmer's daughter who worked for the greater part of the day as dairymaid at her father's farm near by. Her mother, who was dead, came from the family of a well-to-do farmer near Calais, and the daughter lived for some years with her French relations. The class in which I was consisted of thirteen or fourteen boys, whose average age would be about twelve. We first read with her Erckmann-Chatrian's *Le Conscri*—easy French, and a story which would interest boys. In the last minutes of each hour, after all pens and papers had been set aside so that we should not take any notes, she translated the passage for the next day's work. We regarded this as an amiable weakness on her part, and a very good substitute for a crib. But we got the general sense of the passage and found that, having got that, there were numerous words whose meaning we could gather from it, which we already knew. What we did not realize was that we were acquiring a far larger vocabulary than we should have done by that continual reference to the dictionary, which meant that boys spent the greater part of their preparation hour in thinking what a bore it all was. The relief from much of that drudgery led us to go to work with a good heart. Also, in a very short time, we were able to translate far longer passages than aforetime during the hour devoted to French. The immediate results of such teaching I did not appreciate till many years afterwards. One was as follows. The summer of 1871 was the wettest I have ever known. It poured with rain day after day of the summer holidays, so that outdoor amusements were out of the question. So a boy named Willie Gordon, who was practically a member of our family while his parents were in India, and I, having discovered a complete series of Erckmann-Chatrian's books in my father's library, proceeded to read through them. He was at the time twelve and a half years old and I a year younger, and we were both of us lazy little rascals, though I myself

did a good deal of reading. Of course, as I have said, the French was easy, and the books, *Le Blocus*, *Waterloo*, *Le Juif Polonais*, etc., had a vocabulary not more difficult than that of *Le Conscriit*, which we had read in class. But later, when I came to teach boys in preparatory schools, I began to recognize that Miss Abbot's method had been very effective with us, and used it with considerable success in those schools and also later still in the middle forms of schools of older boys. I will cite one example of the effectiveness of the method. Sherwood, the well-known master of Magdalen College School, Oxford, asked me if I knew anyone who could take a middle form in French in the afternoon for the Lower Certificate Examination. As my rather miscellaneous college and university work at the time did not interfere with that afternoon hour, and I rather liked the idea of taking class-work instead of lectures and pupils, I offered to do it myself. There were sixteen boys in the class of the average age of fifteen, of whose working power Sherwood did not speak in very complimentary terms. After two terms they all got certificates, and three of them got distinctions. I got a friend at Oxford who took a mastership at Eton during the war of 1914-18 to try it on a lower form, and he reported it as most satisfactory in its results. My experience is that a boy is not conscious of a gradual advance in learning things. The consciousness comes to him suddenly at intervals which may be far apart, when he discovers that he can do easily what formerly seemed difficult, and when that recognition comes it is a great incentive to perseverance in the study.

At Lichfield the teaching, except in French, was much the same as at Risley. But I had an experience outside school life which is worth recording. I must first say something of a department of mid-Victorian life, inasmuch as the life of that age has been ridiculously travestied in some books of recent date written by people who never experienced it. The phase of that life with which I would deal is the Victorian Sunday. To us as small boys Sunday was a day of gloom. The thought that to-morrow was Sunday depressed us. Apart from school or family prayers there was morning church which lasted nearly two hours, and afternoon or evening church which was not appreciably shorter. We were wearied out long before the service ended, not to speak of natural difficulties which beset children in such prolonged periods of constraint. The Sunday stomach-ache, a complaint common to

children—my own children suffered from it in later days—was urged so frequently as an excuse for not going to church that it came to be ignored by authority. Attendance at church was a good thing overdone at that time, and in many cases tended in after-life to a certain antipathy to church services. Such was our attitude as children until, as a boy of eleven, I went to live at Lichfield. On our first Sunday there we were taken to afternoon service at the cathedral. I remember it quite clearly now after nearly seventy years. The psalm 'By the waters of Babylon' was sung to a most beautiful chant repeated after every four verses. There was a wonderful setting to the Magnificat, and the anthem was 'Comfort ye my people,' sung by a tenor singer named Grayson, who had a powerful and very beautiful voice which filled the great building. From that time there was no difficulty in getting us to go to that service. Other boys beside myself went there willingly. I have been in the last week or two (August 1943) reminded of our experience by certain letters to *The Times* deploring the tendency in cathedrals to substitute plain chants for that magnificent music. We had been brought up on Gregorian chants, which were at the time the music of the Oxford Movement. There was an old tale connected with them to the effect that one of two men who were discussing them said to the other, 'But, my dear fellow, they were the chants to which David sang them.' To which the other replied, 'Now I can understand why Saul threw his spear at him.'

Beauty, whether appealing to the ear or to the eye, is a very real asset in life's happiness and, applied to religion, makes even children feel that it is the outward expression of a spiritual life which it helps them to realize. Gregorian chants wailed out on school harmoniums, currently spoken of as 'dismal jimmies,' had not an elevating effect.

The trials of Sunday did not end in prolonged attendances at church. No secular books might be read on that day, only what were called Sunday books. I remember one called *Sunday Echoes in Week-day Hours*. It was a weary series of pietistic stories for children. Only one tale in it was regarded by us as readable because it contained the account of a missionary who was, I think, named Moron, who fell into a crevasse and was killed. To us the story of his death was an oasis in a literary desert. During my schooldays under my father I learnt a large part of the Prayer Book

by heart, including the Thirty-nine Articles. I am inclined to sympathize with a remark attributed by the *Church Times*, which under its then editor, Palmer, was perhaps more free-spoken than it is now, to the daughter of an evangelical bishop it was then attacking. She was a horsey young woman, who was looking over some horses owned by a cousin of hers, and summed up her views by saying, 'Well, Jack, they're a rum lot, as the devil said of the Thirty-nine Articles.'

My mother, up to her very latest years, retained the habit of hiding away on Saturday night under the cushion of a couch in the drawing-room the daily papers surviving from the week. My sisters and I, knowing the hiding-place, found it a very convenient reference library. That such an observance of Sunday was too heavy a burden to lay on children was undoubtedly the case. Yet certain features of it have through force of habit abided with me throughout my life, to my great benefit, as I think. The modern allegation that it gave young people a pronounced distaste for church-going is certainly not the case. Any falling-off in that respect is far more due to a change in the attitude of their parents to the established Church. With us children of that past age any marked departure when we went forth into the world from these habits of childhood would have caused us an uneasy feeling that we were losing touch with a spiritual world which had a certain, though not fully appreciated, meaning to us.

Associated with my life at Lichfield was a great admiration for Selwyn, the bishop of that time. I was not awed by the severity of his appearance, and after my first presentation to him he would stop and speak to me when he happened to meet me in the street. I remember that on one occasion he turned up at Stowe Pool when two of us were sailing model boats on it, and gave us hints as to the management of them. We agreed afterwards that, for a bishop, he knew a good deal about boat sailing. In my boyish admiration for him I was in unconscious agreement with the world of his day.

I have now to pass to a period of my life which I would willingly forget and omit from this story had it not had a deep and lasting influence on me. My father gave up the school at Lichfield in 1874, and tried to start a preparatory school in a village some ten miles away. I was due to go to Rugby School, and had passed the entrance examination, when I got congestion of the lungs, and a

doctor told my parents that I must go back to my native air on the Cheshire coast. So I was sent to a school only a mile away from my father's old school at Liscard Castle. It was kept by an old assistant master of my father's, a very kindly soul named Palmer. The boys were very nice fellows, but they seemed to have had no education worth speaking of before they came to the school.

Towards the end of my third term at the school Mr. Palmer called me into his study and told me that my father had had to sell everything he possessed to pay losses in an investment in one of the most dangerous institutions of that time—an unlimited liability company. He had also run the schools at Risley and Lichfield at a loss. The income of the headmaster at both places was very small, and he had to pay assistant masters out of his own pocket. My father had a curious natural defect which abided with him through life and became more noticeable after this disaster, an absolute inability to recognize any relation between income and expenditure. He was not a spendthrift in an ordinary sense, because he did not spend the money on himself. It is painfully true, however, that for eleven years after 1875 his income was so small that the amount, if stated, would seem incredible at the present day. He did not become bankrupt; but in that year 1875 everything we had was sold to pay his debts in full, including such expectations as he had under his grandfathers' wills. All our furniture and even our children's toys were sold.

My sisters were too young to appreciate the catastrophe which had befallen us. But I realized it only too well. My mother was very brave about it, though she suffered more than any of us. My dear old nurse, Mary Heywood of Cheetham Hill, Manchester, came to help her at a time when there was no money to pay her wages. Eventually my grandmother paid them. But this is only one example out of four I have known of the self-sacrificing affection which old servants of that day showed to families in which they had served.

I had, of course, to leave school at the end of the summer term of 1875. I was at the time fourteen and a half years old. From that time forward I never had any school teaching.

After leaving school I joined my family in Cornwall, where my father, through a friend of his, was offered the prospect of getting a living. But the prospect was never realized, and so he

had to take a curacy at Callington in the east part of the county. It was at that time a closely compressed dreary little town. The house in which we lived was in an awful state of disrepair, and the furniture in it—we had none of our own—was ragged, faded, and to a great extent broken. Also the house reeked with damp. During the eighteen months in that house were sown the seeds of an illness from which my mother eventually died long before her time. Callington was in the parish of Southill, three miles away, of which the rector was a Mr. Thornton, who, as having an interest in the great private bank of Williams, Deacon, and Thornton, was a rich man. He wanted another boy to be educated with his son Horace, who was supposed to be preparing for Cambridge. So Horace and I had a private tutor who was the slackest instructor of youth I ever came across. We never did any work worth speaking of for him, and no one was more pleased than he when we evaded the hours of instruction, an evasion all the more easy as Mr. Thornton was away most days in Callington, not to speak of frequent visits to London on bank business. To him our evasions were never reported. The then Lady Ashburton, Mr. Thornton's cousin, who had an estate of several thousand acres in the neighbourhood, had given Horace the shooting over it, and he and I went out shooting every day of the season except Sundays. Game was varied, but not plentiful, so Horace and I had no hesitation in poaching the neighbouring properties, sometimes even at night when we could slip out after ten o'clock, the family bedtime. More than forty years later I chanced to stay in the same house as Sir Rennel Rodd, the well-known ambassador to Italy, and surprised him by the intimate knowledge I displayed of the woods round his father's house at Trebartha, a beautiful place near the north end of the Cornish Tors. Mr. Rodd kept only one gamekeeper, and Lady Ashburton's keeper, old Glanville, ex-tin miner and ex-poacher, and therefore very sympathetic with our enterprise, told us that the keeper at Trebartha never went out at night. It was quite a different tale in woods at Endsleigh, the Duke of Bedford's place. The one—and only—night we went there we found ourselves near some gamekeepers who had dogs with them. To put off the dogs we waded several hundred yards down the shallow Inny river and took refuge in a thicket of osmunda fern, in which we had to spend three very chilly hours in a foot of very cold water. Another

incident at Southill was recalled to me fifty years later. Horace was sixteen and I was fifteen at the time, both of us big boys for our age. There came to stay at the house a girl of seventeen, whom we both considered beautiful. Of course we fell in love with her, and Horace took to kissing her. As she did not resent his advances, I thought I would try my hand at the game, which I did on the top landing when we were all going to bed. As bad luck would have it, old Thornton turned up on the landing just at that moment, the only time I ever saw him there, and gave me a good horsewhipping. It did not hurt much, however, because, owing to methods of discipline at that age, boys became pachydermatous long before the age of fifteen. About fifty years after that untoward event I was dining with the lady's nephew, then head of an Oxford college. There were several other heads of colleges present. The conversation turned on distinguished men then in Oxford. I claimed that I had a distinction that no one else in Oxford, however distinguished, could claim, in that I had been horsewhipped for kissing the aunt of the head of an Oxford college. Even that highly respectable gathering regarded this as an amazingly ardent display of affection. Before I left the house I thought that, owing to the lapse of time, I might impart to my host in strict confidence the fact that the lady in question was his aunt.

Social conduct at Southill ran on the very strictest lines. Old Thornton was something of a martinet; his wife still more so. In the house the behaviour of us boys had to be exemplary, because anything short of that brought its own reward. At dinner there would be three elder sisters and one elder brother of Horace's, all of them in the twenties. But no one was supposed to speak at meals unless their parents spoke to them; and this supposition was, so far as I remember, a reality. This was an extreme form of an otherwise sane tendency in families at that time to instil into children and young people a proper sense of their position in life, and, though exaggerated at Southill, I am aware that it made on me an impression that was valuable in after-life. As I have said before, I was never in awe of anyone, however formidable in appearance or manner; but I did acquire that feeling which is expressed by one of the characters in Plato's *Dialogues*, 'I have a great respect for the old, for they have traversed the path that I shall later traverse, and they can tell me where it is hard and where it is easy.'

Forty years later, in the 'twenties of the present century, just after the Great War the silly theory of self-determination was promulgated as applicable to children, young people, and small nations. To all it was disastrous when put into practice. In families fond and foolish parents began to call the attention of guests to clever, but really fatuous, remarks which their children made. It was a small but fatal beginning, leading to terrible trouble in four families that I knew well. The details would not be of general interest, so I shall not give them. But this I will say, that the Victorian age was much wiser in its treatment of children. A child who is given the idea that it can say clever things as it grows up enlarges the idea into a conviction that it can choose its path in life better than its parents can, an attitude which is only too apt to lead to great trouble and sorrow for the parents. But by that time the mischief is of too old standing to admit of amendment.

Two headmasters of great public schools adopted the idea under the theory that boys of sixteen and over would work at subjects chosen by themselves. The boys, being boys, chose the softest options, English, history, and engineering being especially popular. The results were so weird that under pressure from the assistant masters the plan was dropped after a few terms.

As far as teaching is concerned, the eighteen months in Cornwall were a blank in my life. But my stays at the Thorntons' were intermittent, and much of my time was spent in our dreary house at Callington. There the intellectual interest which I had acquired as quite a little boy led me to read for hours on end. An old parson named Sedgwick, rector of Stoke Climsland, and at one time Fellow of Magdalen College, let me have the run of his library, which was a large one. Among the many books I read I remember Allison's *History of Europe* (in twenty volumes !) and Thiers' *Le consulat et l'Empire*. As a fact I know now that, though I read those mainly because they interested me at the time, I acquired from them knowledge which has been very useful to me in later life. I may put my experience in a far more general form. I have many times in my life been fanciful in my reading, and have felt at the time that what I was reading, though it had to do with some department of learning, could not be of any practical use to me. Yet this desultory reading has never failed to be of some practical use to me in after-time.

SCHOOLMASTER AND ARMY TUTOR

LATE in 1876 it became clear that I must do something for my living and cease to be a burden on the very meagre family income. I myself was only too anxious to relieve my poor mother's worries and troubles, so I was glad when an old friend of my father's, a schoolmaster at Blackheath, got me a mastership at a neighbouring school kept by a Mr. Storrar. I was sixteen years and eight days old when on January 18, 1877, I joined the school. Old Storrar and his wife were Scotch by birth and accent. They were both very kind to me during the two terms I was with them. I lived in the school and had what seemed to me the princely income of £30 a year. For eighteen months I had never known what it was to have new clothes, still less pocket-money, except occasional tips which a kind uncle sent me. Old Storrar found I could teach, and so I had one afternoon a week to take the whole school in history—if I remember rightly, forty boys in one class. At the end of the first term my income was raised to £40 a year; but, alas, my father's friend at Blackheath insisted on my becoming tutor in the house of the headmaster of Blackheath Proprietary School because, so it was said, I should have no teaching to do and therefore more time for private reading. I should much rather have stayed with old Storrar, whom I had come to love dearly, and apart from that, the whole idea turned out to be a bad mistake.

While I was at Storrar's I had an interesting experience. I was asked to spend a Sunday at the house of Lionel Lewin, who was at the time a well-known composer of what would, I suppose, be called popular music. I found that the celebrated Gounod, of whom I had often heard Lewin speak, was staying with him. He was superintending the production of some of his operas at Covent Garden. He and Lewin spent the afternoon in discussing music, which Gounod illustrated by playing it on the piano—amongst other things various extracts from his *Faust*. I can see him now, a heavily-built man, with a very large head and a very striking face. I remember wondering how with his big hands and thick

fingers he could strike the notes so lightly. That afternoon was a joy to me for I was, and am, very fond of music, though, alas, I never learned to play it.

In September 1878 I went to Blackheath School, being then sixteen and a half years old, to look after a house in which there were several boys of seventeen and eighteen. My duties were not supposed to begin till the evening, when E. W. South, the headmaster, was frequently out at dinner. It may be that it was because I looked much older than my age that I managed to keep order during the four terms that I was there. My income had gone back to £30 a year. The promised leisure for reading was not realized. I became a sort of odd-job man. South gave me papers and exercises to look over, especially at the time of the terminal examinations. If any master in the middle or lower school was called away for a day or two by illness or otherwise, I was called in to take his class. But I was never paid for so doing. For the whole of the second term I was there, I took a class for a master who was away ill, a matter of five or six hours a day, and for that term the governing body paid me the magnificent sum of £5. I acted for months as assistant secretary to Mrs. South, who was at the time engaged in founding a girls' public day school at Blackheath. That work was unpaid. The only advance in classics which I made during the time I was at the school was due to the help I gave the fifth form boys in the house in their preparation for the next day's work. South was a fine classical scholar who had won the Chancellor's Medal at Cambridge. He was very young, somewhere in the late twenties, when he was appointed headmaster at Blackheath shortly before I joined him. He was certainly a good teacher, for all the senior boys of my time who went up to Oxford went there with scholarships. He found at Blackheath a number of assistant masters, some of whom were much older than himself. I know that he was impatient of the fact, and I dare say that some of these seniors were also apt to show impatience about taking orders from him. I never knew more than two of them while I was there, for they took no notice of one so junior as I, so I cannot say how far they or South were responsible for what happened. What did happen was that four of them who had served the school for more than twenty years were dismissed. They had no pensions to fall back on. They were too old to have any hope of getting employment in any

other school, and could only look forward to a life of bitter struggle with poverty. Their fate was that of other masters at other schools. The Victorian age had many merits. It was far less slovenly than the present age in the matters of manners and morals. But it showed a reprehensible callousness to the fate of those who educated its children, and resisted any movement towards giving them more financial security from a fear that it might make education more expensive. This attitude long outlasted the Victorian age, and it was not till the 'twenties of the present century that H. A. L. Fisher, when Minister of Education, conferred on the teaching profession the immense benefit of national pensions. But when this measure came into being most of those who had experienced the evils of the Victorian age had passed away. It so happened that three years after the events at Blackheath I found myself in the position to get three of the sufferers work at the place at which I was myself working, and seven years later they were still members of the staff; but the positions they held were not such as men, two of whom had obtained first-classes at Oxford and Cambridge respectively, might have looked forward to in the later years of their working life in any other profession.

South increased my interest, though not my work, in the classics. His wife had been at Girton, and as such women were much rarer birds in those days than they are now, she was regarded by female society in Blackheath with that distrust and suspicion with which human nature regards the unknown. She had an interest in the classics which was perhaps wider than her knowledge of them, and evenings spent at home were taken up with discussions of classical subjects at which I was often present. I acquired an interest in them stronger than I had ever felt before. Ten years were fated to pass before that interest was realized.

I played cricket and Rugby football for the school. The cricket was poor, but the football would have done credit to a large public school. The famous Blackheath Club had begun life as an old boys' team of the school, and that inspired the boys with a great keenness for the game. In the 1877-8 season Philip Newton and I were the two three-quarter backs. Newton went up to Brasenose, Oxford, and got forthwith into the University fifteen, of which he became eventually captain, preceding in that office the great Vassall. He also played as a forward for England.

I made up my mind that Blackheath on £30 a year was not

likely to lead to anything, and at the end of 1878, thanks to a flaming testimonial which South gave me, got an assistant mastership at a preparatory school near Reading, of which the headmaster was named Daymond. He was unlike any other man I ever met, insomuch that I feel that any true description of him would have to be written in *ἀπαξ λεγόμενα*.¹ His prudery would have been regarded as exceptional in the case of an elderly maiden lady. I remember him saying to me on one occasion that the indecencies in Shakspeare were such that it would have been better for the world if he had never written anything. Of his other peculiarities I need not speak, save of one from which I benefited—an admiration for success in sport, a form of amusement in which he had never participated. As I was successful in local cricket and football, he not only allowed, but encouraged, me to take time off for matches. At Christmas 1880 I left him because I could get a rather higher salary at a school at Brighton, and my relatives were ever urging me to save money to go through Oxford. I was now old enough to see that a career of schoolmaster without a university degree offered a dreary prospect. I remained at Brighton for only two terms, for while there I received an offer which would give me an income three times as large as I was getting there and a real prospect of saving the money for an Oxford career.

A man I knew who was much older than myself had heard that I was a good teacher and, unknown to me, recommended me to Wolfram, an Army tutor at Blackheath. Wolfram offered me a resident tutorship worth £250 a year, which to me, a young fellow of twenty and a half years of age, seemed untold wealth. Wolfram had taken the Manor House, Lee, near Blackheath, the old seat and property of Lord Northbrook's family.

I spent nearly seven years there, and I think that my experience of what is now a vanished phase of English education, and a very remarkable and much misrepresented phase of it, may be interesting and possibly useful to those who have to deal with education.

Army tutors were given the name of crammers by those public schools which found that they were serious rivals. They were represented as owing their success to 'cram,' that is to say, to a form of teaching which relied on tricks rather than sound method, the tricks being supposed the astute selection of those parts of a

¹ Words which occur but once in the literature of a language.

subject which were likely to form the matter of questions in examination papers. It presumed tacitly the inefficiency of the Civil Service examiners, who were largely drawn from present and past teachers at Oxford and Cambridge. As a fact, the whole success of the Army tutors was due to very efficient teaching and insistence on hard work. A tutor who could not teach effectively did not remain long at Wolfram's. It was also alleged that the lack of discipline at Army tutors was positively scandalous. Had it not been far more severe than that at the public schools of that day, those schools would have had nothing to fear from the competition of the tutors. I have every reason to know what the discipline was at Wolfram's and elsewhere. In only one case was it bad, at an establishment which began life in Sussex and ended its days near Henley-on-Thames, where it soon came to an end. How severe the discipline at Wolfram's was I will describe later. At other large tutors, like James's and later Macguire's in London, the discipline, if not so terribly severe, was efficient. Disorder of any kind would have been fatal to work, and work was the *raison-d'être* of an Army tutor.

The work a pupil had to do, compared with work at a public school, was incredibly hard. On five days in the week the hours in class were 9 a.m. to 1 p.m., 4.30 p.m. to 6.30 p.m., 7 p.m. to 9 p.m., and 9.30 p.m. to 10.30 p.m. On Saturdays the class work ended at 1 p.m. When I first went to the Manor House there were forty pupils in the place and about ten tutors, none of them resident except myself. They were employed for an average of three or four hours a day, and, as the fees were very high, about £275 a year, without extras, their pay was good, relative to the average incomes of teachers in those days. I began at £250 a year with residence. But I soon found that I was going to earn it. For the first four years I was there my hours of teaching were nine hours a day on four days of the week, and four hours on Wednesdays and Saturdays. Paper work had to be done outside these hours in the little spare time I had. I also found, at first to my dismay, that I was responsible for order in a wing of the house connected with the main building by a bridge. More than half of the forty pupils lived in this wing. However, I managed to carry the supervision through successfully. The discipline in the place was more severe than any of which I ever heard as having been imposed on English boys. It was simple but effective, because no exceptions

were ever made. There were only two forms of punishment, gating for minor, and expulsion for major offences. Acts which led to expulsion were any sign of drunkenness, disorder in class after one previous warning, cutting a single hour's work in class, disorder, or encouraging disorder out of working hours. In case of any of these offences no excuse was ever accepted. The offender left the place within an hour or two.

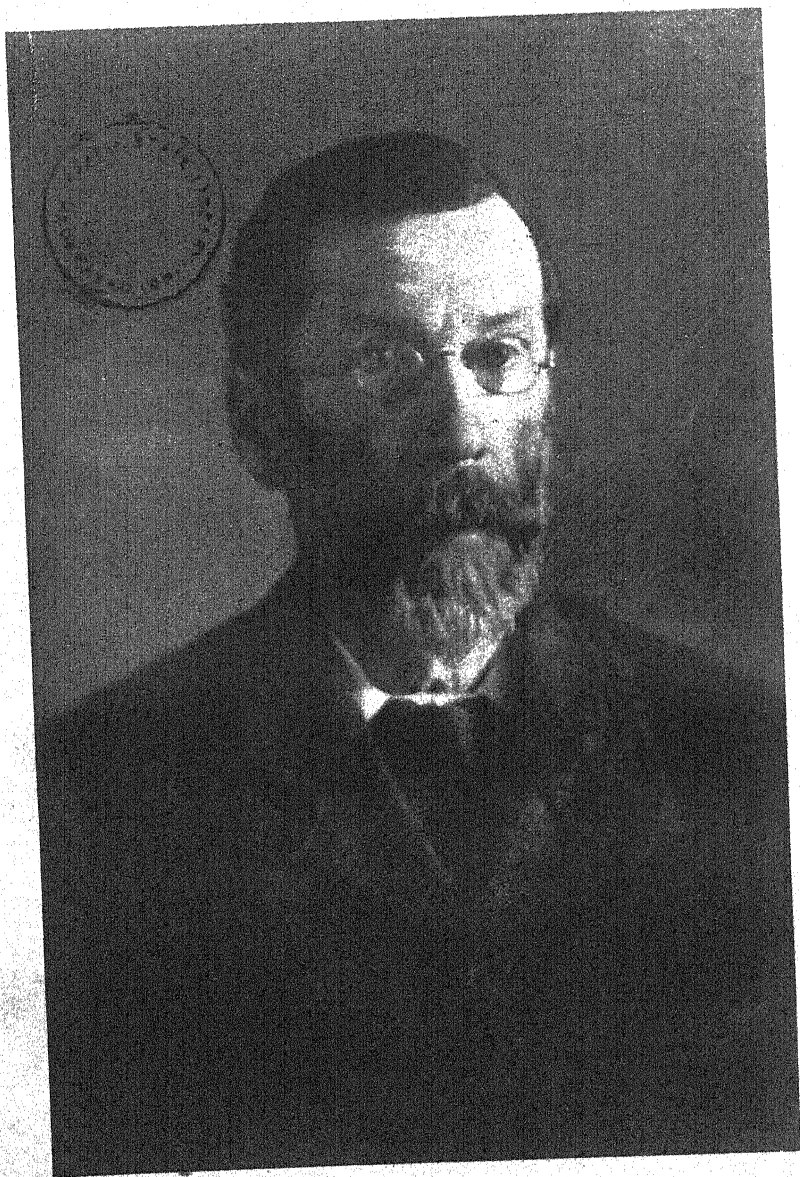
There are, I fancy, many people who think that English boys and young men are difficult to discipline. I can only say that at the Manor House, where the numbers were, as I have said, forty when I went there, rising less than two years later to eighty, and to one hundred and thirty a year later, there were only seven cases of expulsion, and not a single case in which a pupil who had committed any of the offences I have mentioned above was given a second chance. The rules had no exception, and the men knew it. That is what your English boy understands, for he possesses an innate common sense far exceeding that with which he is credited by those who have never had to deal with him in large numbers. The individual fads of this or that schoolmaster must not be included in the code. Their existence is easily perceptible to the schoolboy, and their presence is resented. What a boy or young man loathes above all is pi-jaw, a portmanteau word meaning pious exhortation. A plain statement that he must do what is right because he knows it is right, and avoid what is wrong because he knows it is wrong, will do more to keep him straight than clerical or lay sermons on duty.

The pupils of Wolffram's provided a good test of discipline. They ranged in age for the most part from seventeen to nineteen ; but there were some candidates for the West Indian regiments who ran into the twenties. A large proportion of them were the sons of fathers who had been in the Army. In those days the Army tended to be a hereditary profession. As such they had plenty of chances of learning a rowdy tradition from family traditions of life in the Service. Nearly all of them were from various public schools, including a percentage from Roman Catholic schools, who were sent there because Mrs. Wolffram was a Roman Catholic who kept a severe and wary eye on their attention to their religious duties.

There is another point which I may mention in relation to the English schoolboy. In my fifty-four years' life as a teacher I have



The Rev. George Dooker Grundy, M.A. Oxon., Vicar of Hey, near Oldham, Lancs. (1840-1902)



Henry Pelham, Professor of Ancient History in the University of
Oxford and President of Trinity College, Oxford

had to deal with some two thousand pupils, the vast majority of them from public schools. This may seem a large number ; but both at Blackheath and later at Oxford my pupils were with me one or at most two years. What may be called the ruck of English youth is commonly supposed to be inferior in intellectual capacity and knowledge. In knowledge, yes ! In intellectual capacity, decidedly no ! Intellectual laziness is commonly believed to be his main defect. But that intellectual laziness is largely, if not mainly, a physical question. The boys in the lower and middle forms of schools are boys who in the vast majority of cases are growing rapidly. During that period the brain power is weakened by the physical strain arising from rapid bodily growth. Of the physical causes it is for those trained in medicine to speak ; but I have heard it said that during rapid growth the flow of blood to the brain is less than when bodily growth has ceased or slowed down. When this rapid growth is proceeding, a great deal of what is called laziness in the average boy is, I think, due to his inability during the growing period of his life to concentrate his mind on the work that is before him. The damage done to the brain may be lasting. My experience at Blackheath and later at Oxford convinced me that brain power may be permanently affected by undue pressure at the growing age. The deterioration may not show itself immediately. For example, I have known boys who took good scholarships at Oxford develop in their last years at the university a dullness they did not display when they first came up, a dullness which can only be a serious handicap in after-life.

Of the English boy's natural capacity I had a wide experience at Blackheath. We were very successful in passing boys into Woolwich and Sandhurst at a time when the competition for the former was five to one and for the latter six to one ; otherwise we should not have had such a very large number of pupils. The only class of boys with whom we had difficulty arising from their mental dullness were those who had at the age of fourteen just failed to pass the competitive examination for the Navy. While growing boys they had been hard pressed in preparation for that examination. Our other candidates were almost entirely boys who had never experienced such pressure, and had taken work in the leisurely way that the mass of public schoolboys do take it. Also when they came to us they were very rarely under seventeen

years of age, and at seventeen or over growth has either slowed down or stopped, and you may without danger work a boy really hard. Of course, if a boy gets into a class where the master is incapable of putting his subject clearly or in an interesting form, the tendency to intellectual laziness is increased. The perfunctory teacher will not arouse interest, much less enthusiasm, in any boy. It was commonly said in those days, and may for all I know be said now, that there were a large majority of boys in every public school who neither did nor could acquire a competent knowledge of any subject. My experience as an Army tutor convinced me that that was a popular fallacy. In support of what I say I may cite the teaching of modern languages. In the public schools and in the smaller schools of that time the teaching of French was perfunctory, and, owing to the difficulty of getting masters of English nationality who were competent teachers of the language, instruction was committed to native Frenchmen who were in many cases hopelessly 'ragged,' and who rarely knew the difficulties of Englishmen in learning French. The modern sides of such public schools as had established them were very badly developed and were regarded as refuges for the destitute. Our pupils at Blackheath nearly all joined us at seventeen, and remained with us for eighteen months or two years before they passed into Sandhurst or Woolwich. We had very few eventual failures, that is, very few who did not pass at their second trial, and that was at a time when, as I have said, the competition for Sandhurst was six to one and for Woolwich five to one. They had to pass in the first instance a preliminary examination of about eight subjects, one of which was French. All these subjects I had to teach them. Most of them when they came to us had for all practical purposes no acquaintance with French, and very little acquaintance with the other subjects. But after being in the French elementary class one hour a day for one or two terms they knew enough and more than enough to pass in that language. They had no difficulty in learning, and I had no difficulty in teaching them. Their initial ignorance was due mainly to laziness in the past, and to a certain extent to the fact that very little time was devoted to the language in public schools. After the preliminary came the competitive examination, for which candidates could take a selection out of a list of subjects. All our men took French and German. In the latter language all of them had to begin from the beginning, for

it was rarely taught in public schools. I learned German myself during vacations in the first three years I was at the Manor House. The numbers taking the two languages were so large that the classes in both the lower and the advanced divisions were duplicated, and in my last four years at Blackheath I took one class in each division. Before a man got into the first division he had as a rule a year in the second class in each language. He had also spent in most cases six weeks or two months in a French or German family during the summer vacation, a family selected by us in such a way that he should not have any opportunity of speaking English. To show the innate capacity of the average English boy, I may state the fact that in the first divisions in French and German I found it a waste of time to get them to translate *viva voce* from French or German into English, except the more difficult parts of the prose of Goethe or suchlike authors. They could do it with ease. What I did for the most part was to make them translate *viva voce* from English into French and German. After a short time they could translate with fair fluency such books as Macaulay's *Essays*.

I have dealt with this somewhat dry subject at a certain length because I feel that the prevailing assumption of the mediocre capacity of young Englishmen tends to lead to an acceptance from them of an intellectual standard which is much lower than they might attain, an acceptance which lowers the level of English education.

Only recently a former professor in a German university, a famous Latin scholar, who had examined in Honours Classical Moderations at Oxford, stated that the candidates were better classical scholars than young men of the same age in Germany. The candidates in this examination are of course drawn from those who did work reasonably hard during their school life. Still, it does in a way support the general position I have been maintaining.

Some of the fault is due to family influence. English parents in conversation with their boys show too one-sided an interest in what success their sons have had in school sport. I am a very convinced believer in games as a part of education; but it would be well if parents would show something of a real interest in what their sons are doing in class. Even in the case of boys who are away at school for three-quarters of the year, school life does not blot out family life. Parsons' sons are, proverbially, young scamps

I am myself one. But they have a way of doing well in the world because they come from families where some sort of intellectual interest prevails. As I have said before, I acquired from my mother early in life, and to a certain extent from my father, my first beginnings of intellectual interest. I must confess that that interest was not always centred on my schoolwork ; but I was an ardent reader. Still, I never knew what work really meant till I went to Blackheath as an Army tutor, and, as may easily be imagined by anyone who has read the previous part of this book, I had to add considerably to my own knowledge in order to carry out efficiently my work there.

There is one thing which I must add to what I have said with regard to my pupils there. Their attainments, in French and German for instance, were not due to mere hard driving, but quite as much to their keenness to get into the Army at a time when the competition was peculiarly severe. That supports what I have said with regard to the capacity they showed when they had the impetus to work.

I may end the record of my life at Blackheath with a short account of what it really was to me. It was in many respects a very lonely life for both Wolfram and myself. In my last three years there we had seventy men residing in the Manor House. That alone necessitated the presence of one or both of us on the premises. Furthermore, Wolfram, save on his very rare absences during the first four years I was there, was always present in the classrooms at the end of each of the nine class hours of the day. He and I saw very little of the outside world during term-time. We sometimes had visitors on Sundays in the summer, amongst others Sir Charles Dilke. He was one of the most interesting talkers to whom I have ever listened, for he would talk freely of his experiences in travel and politics. What I think attracted Dilke most were the grounds of the Manor House, which were very beautiful. Through him we got to know Barère, then instructor in French at the R.M.A., Woolwich, a grandson of the Barère of the French Revolution. Barère had been a communist in the outbreak of 1870-1 and had fought in Paris, from which he had escaped with Sir Charles Dilke's passport. He had grim stories to tell.

My income at Blackheath, beginning at £250 per annum, went up very quickly as my special department increased rapidly

in numbers, and had all gone well with my father, I should have been able to go up to Oxford at the end of my fourth year at Blackheath. But my father's financial position was at the time very bad indeed, and he had to appeal continually to me for help, so that more than half my income had to go to him and my family. Fortunately my last three years at Blackheath enabled me to pay for my Oxford career.

It came about in this way. In 1884 Wolffram had bought a piece of ground on the shores of the bay of Beaulieu, between Nice and Monaco, and had built a moderate-sized villa on it. In 1885 he announced to me suddenly that, owing to chest trouble, he was going to spend the winter from November to April at Beaulieu, and wished me to take charge at Blackheath during his absence. He also added as a rider that all serious questions such as the dismissal of tutors or pupils must be referred to him at Beaulieu. I was only twenty-four and a half years of age at the time, but I had had very instructive experience of the circumstances under which the discipline of such a place could and could not be successfully carried out. So I told Wolffram forthwith that under the conditions he mentioned I could not accept the responsibility ; that I must in his absence have absolute power, and that discipline necessitated prompt action such as would be impossible if the ultimate authority were an odd thousand miles away. The twenty-four tutors were all older than myself. But they were what would be called visiting masters, and had in a way been accustomed to my supervision when Wolffram had been called away by business. I never saw them, and never had seen them except when they were actually taking classes. Not one of them would have been any use whatever for discipline on a large scale ; and I was not going to have one of them in the house as an assistant.

So in November 1885 I started my career as tyrant for the remainder of the autumn term and for the whole of the spring term of 1886. The same tyranny was exercised in the two following years, so that I had in all one and a half years' charge of the place. I never had any serious trouble ; and I had to dismiss but one pupil during the whole three periods, in spite of the fact that I maintained without any exception the very strict rules of discipline. With boys or other young Englishmen there are certain things which it is well to recognize. The rules which the pupils have to obey must be clearly necessary for the good of the institution

for which they are designed. They must not include mere fads. The young Englishman, whether boy or on the threshold of manhood, is just as capable as you are yourself of recognizing their necessity. Of course there will always be a certain number of young people who, if they dare, kick against any rules. But they seldom dare to do so if they know that the penalties involved are not mere threats with a large unspecified background of exceptions.

Another thing of which I am convinced is that in dealing with young Englishmen it is a mistake to show outward signs of anger. English boys are more phlegmatic than boys of other races of a more temperamental character. They regard displays of anger and passion as characteristics of the socially inferior. That is why the French teachers of a former age were most of them such hopeless disciplinary failures in English schools. A distinct shortness of manner with a calm statement of what will happen if rules are broken is quite enough to deter a youth from any attempt to break them. I never 'jawed' those with whom I had to deal. Boys hate that kind of thing, and regard the practice as a characteristic of a pious weakling. On the other hand, I did think it well to note at the beginning of term such newcomers as showed signs of a tendency to kick over the traces. There would be only one or two of them. With them I had private interviews in which I made it quite clear what would happen to them if they did so. It was better to warn them than to have to expel them later.

It must not be supposed that I am advocating the application of this severe discipline to schools and colleges at the university. Success at Blackheath was absolutely dependent on work; and work was dependent on order. It was commonly urged against the 'crammers' that they exercised no moral discipline. If the prevention of moral indiscipline were not a part of moral discipline that would have been true. But, inasmuch as it is, then we did exercise moral discipline in a very effective way. Another consideration is that if you get boys to work you are exercising a moral discipline which extends beyond their work. It is idle boys who get into mischief—and worse.

I always felt that the lack of tradition, an inevitable defect in a new institution, was a great drawback. From my early days in the place I tried to remedy this by the institution of cricket and

football matches with clubs. Saturday afternoon was the only available time. They became a regular institution, and as we always had members of public school cricket and football teams among our numbers, we were very successful. We had one cricket team composed, with the exception of myself, of former members of public school elevens. We also had some very good football teams, both Rugby and Association, to the latter of which Charterhouse boys contributed a very effective nucleus. I myself did not play the Rugby game after 1884, as I had a very bad accident when playing for Blackheath club early that year. These games and our success in them inspired an *esprit de corps* into the place such as had previously been lacking.

I had at Blackheath and have had at Oxford pupils who have attained to high positions in various branches of life, and I confess that in looking back at the past the fact that I contributed to the education of such men is one of my most valued and most comforting memories.

At Blackheath we had E. G. Wynyard, later the Hampshire cricketer, and for some seasons one of the finest bats in England. He was also an English international in the Association game. He introduced me to some very good Association football. At the time I knew him he was a very fine specimen of what an English public school—Charterhouse in his case—could produce; and Charterhouse in those days, the declining years of Haig Brown, was passing through what may without over-statement be called a somewhat unusual career.

Another pupil attained high distinction afterwards as head of the Military Intelligence Department during the Great War, and later Adjutant-General—General Macdonogh.

But the most remarkable man with whom I had to deal at Blackheath was George Roos, known later as Sir George Roos-Keppel, the great administrator of the North-West Frontier of India. His father was a Swede, a partner with Nobel, the inventor of cordite. But, I suppose by naturalization of the family, George was an Englishman at birth. He was a very big, fair man, rather stout for his age, and of a placid and apparently lazy disposition. He never showed any energy in his work, not because he was lazy, but because it all came easy to him. Any explanation or statement of fact made to him had not to be repeated. Quite in my early experience of him I recognized that I was dealing with

an extraordinarily able young man. Had he wished he could have passed first into Sandhurst ; but, as he told me, all that he wished was to get into Sandhurst, pass out into an infantry regiment, and get transferred into the Indian Army. This peculiar ability is an interesting phenomenon to those who are brought into close contact with it. It does not merely show itself in quickness in the acquisition of knowledge, but also in the way such a man expresses his knowledge on paper and uses it later in action. Roos had not an atom of conceit, nor did the pupils of the same type of ability whom I had later at Oxford show any. My experience leads me to place a man who shows conceit or 'side' in a much lower class. In fact, I think side is due to an attempt to disguise an inferiority complex either social or intellectual, or both.

Roos and three other pupils were with me one summer vacation at Stratford-on-Avon. One day we had taken a boat to explore the upper Avon towards Warwick. We were late in coming back, and it was a black, dark night without a breath of air. About a mile above the bridge at Stratford a man on the bank shouted to us that two boats had been upset a quarter of a mile down the river. We rowed down for all we were worth and by the light of a match found two overturned boats, oars, etc., floating at a place where I knew there were twelve to fifteen feet of water. Roos, who could swim like a whale, dived and finally brought up the bodies of one man and three women. I with much difficulty got up one woman, whose body I put in the stern seat of my sculling boat. I shall never forget the sight which met my eyes when the lights on Stratford bridge shone on the poor girl's face.

My pupils enlivened their stay at Stratford by another incident of a very different kind. One of them had a dog that went ill. Someone told them that what he wanted was a Seidlitz powder. So they put the powder into his mouth and then poured water on to it. The effect, I heard afterwards, was startling. The dog ran into the town foaming at the mouth, and went down the main street where, inasmuch as a hydrophobia scare prevailed in the country, the people took hurried refuge in shops and the town hall. The police had much to say on the subject, but had to confess that the affair was not indictable. The dog returned three days later, cured apparently, but still much scared.)

Other old pupils at the Manor House attained to high rank in

the Army, but many of them whom I knew and liked best perished, I am grieved to say, in the South African War. Among them was Freddy Tait, the well-known golfer, of whom I shall have occasion to speak later in another chapter.

It was, I think, in 1887 that a new schedule for the Army examination was put forward by the Civil Service Commission. The details would take long to explain and would be of little interest at the present time. Apart from these changes, the public schools were running their Army classes far more efficiently than when I became an Army tutor. My view of the changes was that they would do that which they were intended to do—favour the public schools by fitting in with their ordinary educational curriculum far more than the previous regulations had done. What happened later proved that I was right in my expectation. In the three years I was at Oxford the numbers at Blackheath went down from one hundred and thirty to forty. These changes, and the fear that this very exacting work would wear me out by the time I was forty, decided me on going up to the University. At the same time I did feel that it was a serious step to give up the large income I was making. When Wolfram made me his partner on the basis of a tenth share of the profits I realized for the first time what the actual net profits on the place were. They were £17,000 annually, the gross receipts from one hundred and thirty men at £300 odd per annum being £39,000. There were other reasons for my decision to give up the work. In December 1887 I got engaged to be married to my present wife, daughter of Dr. George Rice Ord of Streatham. I could not have introduced a young wife to the stern working life at the Manor House, and, as I have said, I was becoming more and more aware of the fact that the life I was living involved a strain even on a young man in the twenties, a strain which might mean a sudden breakdown in the near future. Intellectually speaking, I was anxious to go back to classical studies, which I had had no time to carry on during the laborious years at Blackheath. The little spare time available to me had been taken up with the study of subjects I had to teach, and Latin and Greek were not among them. For some years before I left the place I did not open a Latin or Greek book for fear that I should find myself unable to translate it. My chief regret at leaving was caused by the fact that I should be parting with Wolfram. For seven years we had lived almost exclusively

with one another, and never in all those years had there been any disagreement between us. He had always been kind to me ; and if the work was hard, the pay was always commensurate with the work done. In the last three years with him I had an income three times as large as I have ever had since.

CHAPTER IV

BRASENOSE COLLEGE, OXFORD

HAVING determined to go up to Oxford, I went there at Christmas 1887 to consult a cousin of my father's, Chapman, a Fellow of Magdalen. He advised me to go to Balliol. So I went to call on the Master, the celebrated Jowett. My interview with him was a curious one. I explained briefly that owing to lack of money I had not been able to come up at the usual age. He agreed to accept me as a commoner, and entered my name in a book. Before the entry was quite complete a servant announced that the senior tutor wished to speak to him. So Jowett asked me to go to another room for a few minutes. After a short time he called me back to his study and informed me that the senior tutor thought it inadvisable to accept so senior a man as an undergraduate. So I was turned down. I think the senior tutor was Strachan-Davidson with whom I was on terms of friendship many years later.

I never spoke to Jowett except on that occasion ; but in 1892 I was present at a brief conversation in which he took part. I was walking with Thomas Fowler, the President of Corpus, up Parks Road, when Jowett and Sir Henry Acland came towards us on the other side of the street. Fowler said to me, 'Just come across ; I want to speak to the Master.' When we got across Fowler said to Jowett, 'Oh, Master, I must congratulate you on the appearance of your new volume of Plato ! May I send you a few suggestions ?' 'Please don't,' said Jowett. And there the conversation ended.

After leaving Balliol I went on to Brasenose, where my grandfather had taken his degree in 1828 and my father in 1852. Watson was then the Principal. He accepted me on the condition that, in accordance with the rules of the college, I passed Responsions before coming up. That I did subsequently without difficulty.

On a certain day in April 1888 I passed through an experience which would with difficulty be paralleled in the life of anyone else. Wolfram was due on that day to arrive from South France to take the charge of the Manor House over from me. He was late in arriving, and the consequence was that at 4 p.m. on that

day I was in charge of one hundred and thirty pupils at Blackheath. At 10 p.m. I was an undergraduate under the disciplinary charge of others. I did not at first realize what it meant ; but I had soon cause to realize the change.

Colleges have a way of taking a malicious interest in disorders, real or imaginary, in other colleges, and B.N.C had at that time a reputation for disorder. I have heard since that it was commonly reported that half the college got drunk on every night of the week. The real fact, as I discovered in course of time, was that some half a dozen wasters got drunk frequently, but that cases of drunkenness outside their number were very few and far between. Larks involving noise at nights were not uncommon ; but that was due to lack of discipline owing to the inexperience of the Vice-Principal, Heberden, the disciplinary officer. He was over-conscientious in his methods in that he allowed himself to be 'drawn' whenever a noise was heard in the quad. The consequence was that many noises were made for the fun of 'drawing Hebby,' the disturbers vanishing rapidly to their rooms the moment he appeared.

There was an unwritten rule among the undergraduates which was strictly observed, namely, that you must not rag the dons. It was evidently considered an unsporting thing to do, like shooting tame hens or sitting birds. I remember only one infringement of it when two undergraduates broke a don's windows with snowballs. They were visited the same night by some very active members of the college and so treated that neither they nor anyone else in my time ever did it again. But all these things were in great contrast to what I had known at Blackheath, and for my first year at Brasenose I lived what was in actuality a lonely and somewhat unhappy life. No one I came across was in any way disagreeable to me ; but my previous life had made me old for my age, and the men with whom I was thrown seemed young in years and still more in ideas. They seemed younger than my pupils at Blackheath. The senior men regarded me with a suspicion that I might, presuming on my years, claim a seniority in college equal to their own. Still, as I played in the college eleven in my first term, I got to know them. They found their suspicions groundless, but recognized my seniority by giving me the name of 'grandpa.'

In the world of sport at that time the college stood easily ahead

of all the colleges in Oxford. That eminence in sport was of old standing. The eminence in my day was due to the recent Principal of the college, Dr. Cradock. He was a keen supporter of all forms of athletics, and anyone who had been in the Eton Eight or in the cricket eleven of any public school was accepted as an undergraduate without any fuss as to a matriculation examination. The consequence seems to have been that the tutors found themselves engaged largely in preparing men for the elements of Responsions. This led apparently to a revolt on their part and a resolution of the governing body establishing a matriculation to be passed before entrance into the college. The tale goes that at the first examination which took place, Cradock undertook the invigilation of the Latin prose paper. He left the candidates to themselves for the greater part of the time, which they employed in drawing up a joint composition compiled from one another's mistakes. Cradock went round glancing over the papers and then said, 'Gentlemen, I should not if I were you translate "an old man" by *antiquus vir*, but by *senex*. The tutors will like it better.'

Only two of those prominent in the world of sport in my time were rowdy characters ; but they were in that capacity a host in themselves. Both were members of the university Rugby Fifteen and represented Scotland at the game. One of them was captain of the Scotch team for several years. He had a career possible in those times, but fortunately not now. Being a capable man, who took the Pass Schools, he managed to pass all the examinations necessary for a degree in his first three terms. But he had to reside for two more years before he could take the degree. Thus for two years he could amuse himself—which he did in his own way, as others did under like circumstances. His activities during the time I knew him were largely external. His position in B.N.C. had become precarious before my time, so much so that, if involved in any night alarm, he attended what he called a penitential chapel the next morning—an act due to virtue which was, needless to say, simulated. There was no vice about him.

By far the most dangerous row I ever saw in Oxford was at Hertford. It was not engineered by members of that college but by outsiders from bump suppers who regarded the scaffolding erected for a rising building in the quad as designed by a beneficent

providence for a monumental bonfire. You could see the flames, not merely the glare, from Brasenose gate. I, finding that a particular friend of mine had been fool enough to go there, went to haul him out of the scrummage. The door in the college gate was broken, so there was no difficulty in getting in. I never saw such a bonfire in my life. All the scaffolding had gone on to it, and the heat was such in that small quadrangle that you had to protect your face with your arms. Why Hertford was not burned down that night I cannot understand. To enliven the proceedings, a son of the then living founder of the college was at a top window firing ball cartridge at the bonfire with an unsteady hand. This incident reached the ears of A. G. (Godley of Magdalen) and inspired him to write a rhyming Latin poem in which was inserted a prayer of the governing body of the college, '*Salve nos a filio pii fundatoris.*'

While I am on the subject of college discipline and indiscipline I may mention as a warning to future governing bodies certain brief-lived institutions which came into being in my undergraduate days. The first of these was the smoking concert. The title suggests innocent amusement. In actual fact these concerts meant great disorder in colleges, because a number of guests were invited, whose names were unknown to the college authorities and who turned the college into a bear garden the moment the concert was over, doing a lot of damage. Unexpected incidents occurred at the first two concerts at B.N.C. The senior members were invited to be present at the first part of the concert. At the first concert at B.N.C. the star performer was a Christ Church man who did nigger business and was notorious for the introduction of risky elements into his patter. The most risky item on that occasion was, 'You know my sister Annie. She's a very bad girl. At dinner the other day Mother said to her, "Annie, if you do that again I shall smack you." And Annie answered, "You can't, Ma, I'm sitting on it."' The next day I heard that Heberden had vetoed the appearance of the performer at any future concert at B.N.C.

At the concert next year I happened to be sitting next Heberden. The star performer on that occasion was Paul Rubens of University College, later well known in light comedy in London. He sang a song with the refrain, 'She was fat ; she was fat, she was awful, awful fat. She weighed at least some twenty stone in nothing

but her hat.' I made up my mind that Heberden would rule out Paul Rubens next year. To my surprise at the end of the song he said to me, 'What I like about Paul Rubens is that he is so amusing without being at all vulgar.'

I had at Corpus further experience of these concerts, an experience which differed in no way from that which I had had at Brasenose. I was dean (disciplinary officer) there not very long after my election. The year before I became dean we had had a concert in the college at which some of the guests present behaved very badly. I was determined to stop the concerts or get some satisfactory guarantee that they would be conducted decently. So when a deputation waited on me to get leave for a concert on a certain date I told the members of it that I would not give leave unless senior undergraduates of the college guaranteed that they would keep reasonable order on the night of the concert. This they said they could not do. I said, 'Very well, then, no concert.' They came later to say that they would guarantee order. I am glad to say that they did so efficiently.

I am also glad to say that these concerts were not revived after the Great War. But why governing bodies had been weak enough to allow an entertainment to which guests of unknown identity from other colleges could be invited and supplied with unlimited drink I cannot understand.

A still more amazing example of the weakness of governing bodies was the institution of fancy-dress dances where, there being no women present, men dressed up in women's costumes. They only took place in one or two colleges, and so scandalous were the reports which got about concerning them that other colleges refused to allow them and they did not last more than a few years. But what of the sanity of the people who did allow them?

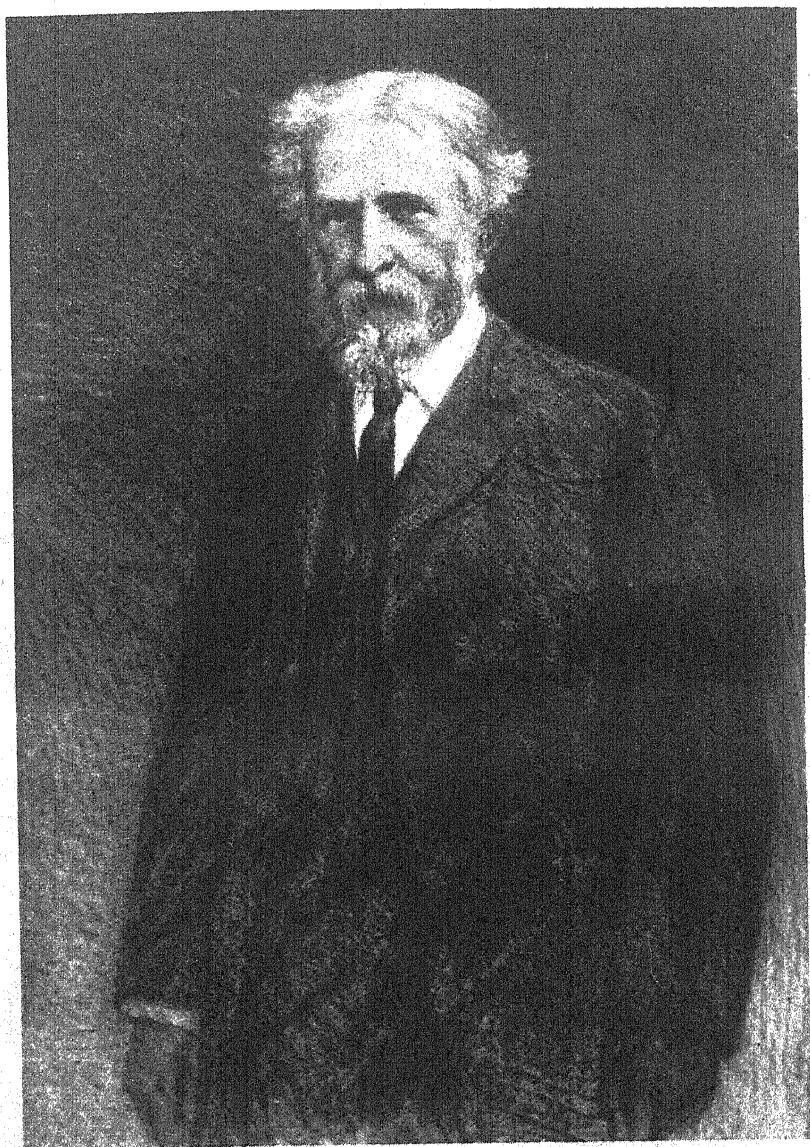
Another institution which has happily been discontinued since the last war was football matches between individual colleges at Oxford and Cambridge. They were followed at both Oxford and Cambridge by early dinners, where the givers felt that their reputation and the reputations of their college and university would suffer unless the food and drink provided were on a profuse scale. The result was that the visiting teams entered the train a Oxford or Cambridge in a state of hilarity which rendered them reckless in their treatment of railway property. I went to Cambridge on one occasion as referee in a Rugby match. I never did

so again. We arrived at Bletchley at 10 p.m., and had an hour to wait. The station staff were wholly incapable of dealing with what occurred during that hour, and a friend of mine and myself were quite unable to stop the proceedings, for when we quietened one platform, trouble broke out on another. When I went on the expedition I was well aware of the folly of allowing such matches, but I thought mistakenly that I and a few others would be able to keep things within bounds.

(I have already mentioned that Heberden's meticulous conscientiousness in college matters was well known to the undergraduate world. That knowledge was the basis of a practical joke which was played a year or two after I had taken my degree. A lady appeared at the lodge just before seven o'clock in the evening, and asked which were the rooms of the Vice-Principal—then F. W. Bussell. She was told that they were on the first floor of a certain staircase, and up that staircase she went. At ten o'clock she had not left the college. So also at 11 p.m. When it came to twelve midnight the porter, who had the mentality common to ex-sergeants in the Army, felt that something must be done, and could think of nothing better than informing the Principal, at that time Heberden, whom he aroused by persistent ringing. Accompanied by the porter, the Principal went to the Vice-Principal's rooms whose rule was to go to bed at ten o'clock and whose habit was to be furiously angry if disturbed after that hour. His indignation when, after being with difficulty aroused, he heard the cause of the trouble can be better imagined than described. He denied that any female had been near his rooms.

The cause of this trouble was an undergraduate who, dressed up as a woman, had gone up the staircase and then changed his garments in the rooms of a friend on that staircase. Such of the proceedings as were visible were watched from unlighted windows by half the college.)

Another incident which attained notoriety in Oxford occurred while I was an undergraduate, an incident in which I played a subordinate part. Two B.N.C men had been gated for a month in the summer term for coursing at Iffley. To celebrate the end of this period of confinement they invited about twenty men to dinner in their rooms over Loder's Club, opposite University College. I did not like such entertainments, and made an excuse for keeping away. But on the night I was coming back from



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Walter Pater, Fellow of Brasenose College, Oxford

Magdalen up the High Street just when the whole lot of diners issued into the street. Hilarious they certainly were; but not intoxicated. One man, an Irishman whom we called Mickey, was however in that state which the police call 'having taken liquor,' and was dazed in mind and unsteady on his legs. I got hold of his arm to take him to college, steering him with some difficulty. When we were opposite St. Mary's the cry of 'The proggins (proctor) is coming,' was raised, and I saw him with the bulldogs about thirty yards in front of us. I tried to get Mickey to the other side of the street. He flatly refused to come, and mentioned in a loud voice that he did not care a — for all the — proggins in the kingdom. I crossed to the other side of the street, having no desire to be caught in such compromising company. I waited there and watched to see what happened to Mickey. What did happen horrified me. When the proctor got close to him Mickey thought I had come back, threw his arms round the proctor's neck and kissed him, remarking in a loud tone, 'Good old chap, I knew you would not desert me. They told me the — proggins was coming.' The bulldogs disentangled the proctor from Mickey's embrace, and led the offender off in custody.

The following morning a meeting of some of the leading spirits in college was held to consider whether anything could be done for Mickey. The proctor was Arthur Hassall, of Christ Church, who had been at my father's school in Cheshire: his people had been near neighbours of ours, and his younger brothers Tom and Alfred were my earliest friends. Arthur was probably eight years older than me. He was, like all the Hassalls, a good sportsman. So I was asked to go as a deputation of one to see him. We had made up our minds that it was only too likely that Mickey would be sent down for good. I knew him to be a good fellow at heart, and had on more than one occasion spoken with much directness about certain light-hearted escapades of his. So off to Hassall's house in St. Aldate's I went. On being shown into his study he said immediately, 'I know what you've come about. I saw you last night.' I told him exactly what had led up to the unpleasant incident. He laughed, but pointed out that he had to act as proctor, not as Arthur Hassall—with which I agreed. Mickey got off with a fine of £5 and gating for the rest of term, a penalty which his B.N.C. friends regarded as a real

concession on the part of Hassall. It must not be supposed that Hassall was playing for popularity. I have reason to know that he was the last man to do anything of the kind. When I served my first period as dean (disciplinary officer) at Corpus he said to me, 'You make it the rule that I made when I was Senior Censor at the House, that in case of disorder any man who so much as put his hand on my arm should go down.'

Atty Persse, who later became the well-known trainer, was also at B.N.C. with me. To us he was known as Tommy. He was nephew of Mrs. Brassey of Heythrop, who used to ask him to bring two friends to the annual ball there. On the first occasion he asked Mickey as a brother Irishman to go with him. It was expected that Chandler, the Vice-Principal, would refuse leave. So it was suggested to Tommy that he should emphasize the fact of relationship. He went up to Chandler's room, while we waited to hear the result. He reported that Chandler had seemed inclined to refuse until he had mentioned that Mrs. Brassey was his aunt. Then Mickey went up. On coming down he reported that Chandler had at first refused leave and that he, Mickey, had said that he thought his aunt would take it very bad if he did not go, and that Chandler had then said that if his aunt would take it so bad as that, he had better go. Someone suggested that Mrs. Brassey was not his aunt, whereon he replied that he had never told Chandler that she was.

Speaking of Tommy Persse reminds me of the part of 'heavy friend' that I was invited to play by undergraduates when visited by parents of pronounced severity of disposition. Tommy Persse's father was a distiller at Galway, who regarded Tommy as more light-hearted than he need be. So when the father came to lunch with Tommy in college I was invited to come and sit next to him. As a fact, it was rather a relief to talk to anyone who came from outside the limited world of school and college life. My rôle of heavy friend was much more severely tested by the father of a very good fellow named Bayly. His father was what would be called in Ireland a black Protestant, with the stern moral views of that type. The first time I was asked to lunch to meet him I happened to go to Bayly's rooms in the middle of the morning to ask him what time lunch took place. I found him and some of his friends busied in removing from the walls a number of sporting prints and substituting for them a number of old woodcuts of

subjects from the Old Testament hired for the day from Ryman's the picture-dealer in the High. If old Bayly noticed them, he must have formed a very mistaken idea of a Brasenose undergraduate's taste in art.

As I have already said, I was unhappy in my first year at Oxford. But later, when I came to understand my fellow-undergraduates at B.N.C. better, I passed through what I now know to have been two of the happiest years of my life. My two greatest friends in college were R. E. Leigh (Taffy) and W. H. Parkin (Polly). Until the death of the latter I used to stay with him for a few days every year at his father's house (Ravenscrag) on Ullswater. I should not mention these visits were they not connected with unusual incidents. Polly's father had a grim manner, but a kindly heart. The first night I ever spent there he said to me as I was going to bed, 'Oh, by the by, it is our custom here to ask visitors to cut their name and initials on the panelling of their bedroom.' That night I determined to make a beginning of the job. So when Polly and I were sitting smoking by the fire in my room I said I would start. He said, 'Fire away.' I found that I could not even make a scratch on the woodwork with my penknife. It was Spanish chestnut, and old Parkin played the joke on every guest who came to the house. Every room in the house that I ever saw had this panelling.

About half a mile away along the lake at Sharrow Bay lived a cousin of Mr. Parkin, James Parkin, always known as Uncle Jim. He had run away to sea as a boy. When at the age of fifty-four he was captain of a large sailing-vessel, he was left a large fortune which brought in £30,000 a year. The relatives who left him the money, knowing Uncle Jim's peculiarities, had tied up the capital by settlement so that he could not touch it. As it was all going to the family, and Jim's relations were all well off, he had no incentive to save, and he was determined to spend the annual income. Sharrow Bay was a pleasant but not very large house, the upkeep of which could not absorb more than a fraction of his income; so he spent money on all sorts of weird extravagances. I went there to lunch the first time with two of his nephews. On the dining-room chimney-piece I noticed an enormous marble clock with twelve dials. Uncle Jim had, I was told, given £600 for it. The next year I went with the same nephews to lunch and noticed that the clock had disappeared. I

asked what had become of it. One of the nephews said, 'Oh, haven't you heard about it? It went wrong, and Uncle Jim tried to mend the escapement with the coal hammer, and was surprised that it still would not go.' 'Yes,' interposed Uncle Jim, 'so I sent it to a clockmaker in Penrith and he kept it for so long that I told my carter, who was going into Penrith, to call for it and bring it back whether it was done or not; and the silly fool brought it back on a load of coal and shot clock, coals, and all into the coal cellar.' I asked one of the nephews privately what had happened to the carter. 'Oh, nothing,' he said; 'I believe Uncle's rather pleased at having got rid of £600.'

Before the end of his life, which came all too suddenly and all too early, Polly served in the South African War, and later commanded the Cumberland and Westmorland Yeomanry.

I have given these somewhat lengthy reminiscences because I know that the ill-reputation of the college at that time was largely the creation of Oxford imagination, a profuse creator of the non-existent. Nearly all the men who were up with me, of whose later lives I know something, have done solid work, much of it unpaid, which has benefited the country in various ways. Their follies while at Oxford took the outward and visible form of larks, some of them maybe silly, but none of them vicious. When I got to understand that there were rigid limits to their foolishness I got to like them. But when I thought I knew them they surprised me on one occasion at least. It came about in this way. The socially elect of the college used to gather about the gate at one o'clock every day and gossip about college affairs. We were standing there one day when a certain don who posed as an ardent supporter of athletics and sport came down the stairs from the room above the gateway where a college meeting had been held, and announced in a triumphant tone, 'We have just elected a pass man and a cricketer as Fellow of the college.' He thought evidently that this announcement would be received with acclamation by his audience. So far from that being the case, it was received in stony silence. The majority of those who heard it had no intention of taking other than a pass degree; but they had not come up to Oxford to be taught by a pass man. As a fact, the undergraduate world knew well that this professed interest in sport was a playing to the gallery, and that mode of seeking for popularity is not one which the English schoolboy or

undergraduate admires when adopted by those who are set over him. The mistake was one which many have made before now. As a fact, the pass man elected was H. F. Fox who, owing to illness, had been unable to take honours either in Moderations or the Final Schools, but had made a reputation as a sixth form master at Bath College. He had also played cricket for Somerset.

The errant don was in many respects quite a good fellow who damaged the favourable impression he might otherwise have made by saying things which his friends resented. This provoked retorts from them which did not improve social relations. Also he had never learned that a young Englishman never has a high opinion of, or a great liking for, a senior who, to use their ordinary expression, 'sucks up to them.'

That many of my Brasenose friends did not pursue learning with any ardour is of course the case. But a certain intellectual laziness is to be expected in young men who have the prospect of a future which will be financially secure either by the inheritance of money or succession to some lucrative business, and I am inclined to discount that criticism of them which is common among those of us who have had during the course of our university life to face the prospect of having to work for our own living. To say that intellectual apathy on the part of a young fellow of twenty argues intellectual incapacity is sheer foolishness. I admit the expression is strong; but it is founded on the experience of fifty-three years of an active life of teaching. I found this in my Army work at Blackheath and later as private tutor and college tutor at Oxford. These lazy men, if forced to work for Sandhurst or Woolwich, or for a degree at Oxford, could acquire a very competent knowledge of difficult subjects. I will take as an example the case of boys from a public school which, according to the gossip of those who do not know it or the boys it turns out, is markedly inefficient—I refer to Eton. In my work for the Army or at the university I have had more than one hundred Etonian pupils. From a social point of view they were, with only three exceptions, as pleasant a lot of fellows as ever I had to deal with. Their intelligence was remarkable, so that they were very apt pupils. Very few indeed of them had been hard workers at school. They had done just as much work as the ruck of the boys at other public schools, and, except for a few Eton scholars who read with me for *Literae Humaniores*, no more. But whether

from natural intelligence or from the curriculum or teaching methods at Eton they had acquired an intelligent method of study. If there is any truth in the principle of heredity then Eton ought to have a large number of boys of inherited capacity, for many of them come from families sprung from ancestors who have shown marked ability in various branches of life and have consequently been raised to the peerage.

I have no brief on behalf of Eton. I have never even seen the school. But apart from my own experience, I have heard from others who have taught at Eton and then passed on elsewhere that a class of Eton boys is easier and more satisfactory to teach than classes at other schools of which they have had experience.

One word I would add with regard to the undergraduate world of Brasenose in my time.

I have said already that I was not happy in my first year. After that I came to understand that I was associating with a body of men who were for the most part very good fellows, and I think that many people would agree with me that such an association is as happy an experience as one can meet with in life. When I think now of the good fellows I have known in the past many of them stand out in my memory. Taffy Leigh and Polly Parkin I have already mentioned. There were also F. G. Barker (Fred) and R. H. Tilney (Monkey), both of them Etonians. They were senior to me in college. Neither would have been called quiet even by their most enthusiastic admirers, among whom was Heberden, the Principal of the college. But, to use a colloquialism, they came down like a ton of bricks on indecent disorder. Fred Barker, when addressing young persons in the quad who had been making peculiar fools of themselves the night before, had a command of language beyond the powers of the ordinary man. It reminded me of the tale of the bishop travelling in a third-class carriage who addressed a working-man whose language was somewhat lurid, 'My good man, where did you learn such shocking language?' 'You can't learn it, guv'nor; it's a gift.'

Fred Barker who is, so far as I know, still alive, was in command of the Berkshire Militia during the Great War, and was later for some years Master of the Garth Hounds. Monkey Tilney was Master of the Cheshire Hounds. The last time I saw Tilney was in London. He asked me to dinner. There were about twelve people present, one of whom started a conversation on epitaphs

I was asked if I knew any, and I gave a translation of one I had seen some years before in the Friedhof at Mainz: 'I will awake, O Christ, when thou callest me; but call me not soon, for I am weary and fain would rest.' Tilney said immediately, 'That must be inscribed on my grave when I die.' He died within a year; but I do not know whether the wish was carried out.

In dealing with my three years of undergraduate study I shall speak chiefly of the classical teaching in the University, as it was my determination before I came up to work for the Honours Schools in Classics. I knew that I faced these Schools under a great handicap. I had never had at school any teaching of the fifth or sixth form standard. Also during my seven years at Blackheath I had never opened a Latin or Greek book, at first because I had to spend my spare time in getting up various subjects I had never taught before, and later because I was actually afraid to open a Greek or Latin book lest I should discover that I could not translate it. As far as modern languages were concerned certain German authors appealed to me; but French literature of the classical age rather repelled me by what seemed to me its artificiality. The only subject which I had taught at Blackheath and should have liked to pursue further was Military History, on which I lectured to some candidates for the Staff College in my last three years.

As regards college tuition Oxford was at the time in an intermediate stage between the state of things which prevailed before the Commission of 1881 and that which has prevailed from the late 'nineties of the last century till the present day. Prior to 1881 such college tutors as did give personal help to their men were in a minority. My father, who saw the beginnings of the change in 1848-52, always said that it was Jowett who in his time initiated the new system. He first set the example of diligent tutorial work. The previous system, or lack of it, was largely due to the rule relating before 1881 to the tenure of college Fellowships, that Fellowships were held for life unless a man married, in which case his Fellowship came to an end. Those who remained unmarried did not, save in rare cases, do any teaching work, and most got ordained and took a college living. It is perhaps of such that Dean Gaisford is said to have spoken in an ordination sermon preached at the cathedral, 'By this course of conduct you may attain to everlasting life and also to positions of considerable emolument.' Fellows of colleges who remained at Oxford as bachelors were

provided for life with an adequate bachelor income for which they had not to do any work, and were content to leave it at that.

By my time official Fellows of colleges were elected with a view to their teaching a definite subject ; but in the case of some of them their pupils cut their lectures and tuition with impunity, that which could not have happened at Brasenose or any other college ten or fifteen years later. No body of men could have been more kind to me than the Fellows of Brasenose ; but it is the case that the tuition for Honours Moderations was very ineffective until H. F. Fox arrived towards the end of my second year. Having left school so early, I had done very little continuous Latin prose, and no continuous Greek prose. At first I took my Latin proses to a tutor who made the same remark about each of them, ' Quite Ciceronian ! quite Ciceronian ! ' in a tone which implied that had he been examining Cicero in Honours Moderations he would have given him β (a second class) in Latin prose. No corrections or amendments were made. At the suggestion of a Hertford man, I went to the Greek and Latin prose lectures of John Sargent, the well-known author of the work on those subjects. The lecture was a very large one. Each attendant at it had to do a copy of a piece set at the previous lecture. At the next lecture, when Sargent had looked them over, he handed them back with remarks which were sarcastic and extraordinarily witty, so much so that I have always regretted that I did not make a written collection of them. After a week or two he arranged to take two Hertford men and myself in a special class. It varied in personnel as time went on, but I remained in it even at the time I was reading for the Final School. In Honours Moderations I had a serious disaster. Coming from the magnificently bracing climate of Blackheath to the relaxing climate of Oxford I had frequent brief periods of illness, and one of these occurred on the last days of the examination in which the Greek and Latin prose papers were set. I was wholly unfit for any kind of work, and the result in the form of my marks for those papers wrecked any chance I had of getting a first-class, for in those days bad work in prose debarred a candidate from obtaining the highest honours. John Sargent's kindness to me was so remarkable that it made me feel my failure all the more keenly. A year later in Greats I did very much better in these subjects. He will always hold a very high place in my affection. During the whole time I was with him he charged me a

purely nominal fee for his assistance ; and there was nothing whatever save pure kindness of heart which can have made him do so. I shall have occasion to mention later that there were other Oxford men who in the years which followed the close of my life as an undergraduate showed me the same marked kindness.

Two lectures which I attended when preparing for Moderations made a lasting impression on me. The first was Professor Henry Nettleship's series of lectures on the Latin language, based on the works of Cicero. I never attended any lectures of which I remember more at the present day. Nettleship was a kindly man, with a shy manner. Finding after one trial that I appreciated a good story, he got into the way of overtaking me after lecture and telling me some from his very large and miscellaneous repertoire. The other lecture was by Mr. Jackson of Worcester on the interpretation of Thucydidean Greek. He gave me an interest in the subject which led later to my devoting many years to the study of that author. But, apart from lectures, he was to me a very helpful friend, and our friendship continued till his death. After Moderations I found myself face to face with the fact that owing to what had become the large advances made to my father I could not afford more than one year's reading for the Final Schools instead of the two years usually devoted to it. But I did work hard that year.

For seven years at Blackheath I had been working at subjects of direct practical value to those who studied them. I was therefore at first rather distrustful of subjects which did not seem likely to be of use to me in any profession I might take up. Like others in the same position I did not look far enough ahead. Never since then have I doubted the immense value of the reading for the school of *Literae Humaniores* at Oxford. Nevertheless it is true that the ancient history side of the examination attracted me much more than the philosophy side. I was keen enough about the Greek philosophy ; but the modern philosophy seemed to me to be rather of the back attic than the Attic variety. Perhaps I came to it too old.

I found that both Greek and Roman history dealt with political problems which were just as much present in modern as in ancient life, the developments of which had not arrived at completion in the modern but were quite traceable in the ancient world. Of this aspect of ancient history I shall have occasion to speak later.

My study of philosophy was handicapped by the fact that I

could not face it with the open mind of the undergraduate of average age. I was, as I have said, just a bit too old ; and furthermore, an early independent experience of the world had led me, as it leads others, to form philosophical conceptions of my own, elementary maybe, but as I think now, fifty years later, not wholly unfounded. The Greek philosophy, especially that of Aristotle, appealed to me. The Ethics seemed to throw a new light on problems of life, the nature of which I had recognized but had never understood. Plato did not appeal to me to the same extent. Greek and Roman history I studied with zeal tempered by the fact that the histories of Grote and Mommsen which formed the basis of our reading were obviously biased, and left parts of the story of the ancient world unexplained as though they were dealing with a world wherein the laws of cause and effect did not at times prevail.

But, whatever my zeal, the brevity of the period available for study made it impossible to think out the material my mind had absorbed. The warp was there, but the woof was imperfectly woven into it. In the examination I did well on the history side and unexpectedly well on the side of scholarship. On the philosophy side my marks were so poor that the examiners—very properly, as I, who was later an examiner in the school, think—gave me a second class.

During my period of preparation I attended certain lectures which were then, and still are, famous. On the history side Pelham was lecturing on Roman Constitutional History. He dealt with that intricate and difficult subject so clearly that you might have remembered in detail the gist of what he said without taking a single note. As a fact I took copious notes. I never heard any lectures of such lucidity except a series by Colonel Henderson on military history, to which he admitted me when I was preparing to teach that subject to candidates for the Staff College whom we had at Blackheath.

Another Roman History lecture which I found useful and interesting was Strachan-Davidson's on Cicero's *Letters*. I remember that he used with quiet amusement to touch on the minor improprieties of high life at Rome. I have also reason to remember an incident with which our relations, which in later years became very friendly, opened inauspiciously. He one day asked those attending the lecture whether any of them had a copy of the third edition

of Watson's edition of the *Letters* which had just come out. I found that I had, and said so. He asked me to look at a certain note on a certain page. I had had my copy interleaved, and in books so treated the finding of a page is rendered difficult by the habit that the blank pages have, in accordance with what Mark Twain calls 'the cussedness of inanimate things,' of obscuring the numbers of the printed pages. So I was slow in finding the page for which he asked. He said irritably, 'You had better learn to turn over pages before you attend this or any other lecture,' at which the large audience laughed. I am of a naturally mild nature; but I am wont to endeavour to give anyone who has been gratuitously rude to me cause to regret his rudeness. So, when I got back to college, I wrote a note to Strachan which ran as follows: 'Dear Sir,—I am sorry that I annoyed you this morning by my awkward attempt to be polite. Let me assure you that nothing of the kind shall ever occur again.' I despatched it by messenger shortly after twelve midday. At about one o'clock when I was at the gate at B.N.C. Strachan came in and went to the Vice-Principal's room. A little later the porter informed me that the Vice-Principal, Chandler, wanted to see me. Chandler hummed and ha-ed with a smile on his face and told me that Strachan reported that he had had a very impudent note from me. He produced the note and said that it was very ambiguous. I told him that if Mr. Strachan-Davidson chose to put the worst construction on it that was his look-out, not mine. That ended the interview, and I never heard anything more of the matter, except that two years later I heard that Chandler had handed the note round the Senior Common Room.

Years later when Strachan and I had become very good friends a similar incident occurred. I always sent my B.N.C. and Corpus men, about fifteen in number, to his lecture. One morning Strachan turned up at my house and asked me why I had withdrawn all my men from the lecture. He said that they had turned up regularly for the first fortnight but not for the last week. I said that I had not done anything of the kind, and did not know that they had deserted him, but would certainly inquire into the matter. I must mention that Strachan always at the end of a lecture called over the names of those present. One of the C.C.C. men had a German name, and Strachan invariably mispronounced his name, saying that he did not know how such a name was

pronounced. This raised the semi-official laugh customary at lectures. Our men could not stand this any longer and went off to a lecture of Warde-Fowler's on the same subject, and my B.N.C. men followed them out of sympathy.

I made some pointed remarks on cutting lectures without my leave ; but I did feel that the men had a grievance, and left the matter as it stood. At the same time I did not like to tell Strachan, a man much older than myself, whose friendship I valued ; but I had to tell him the facts, which I toned down by saying that he knew how absurdly touchy undergraduates were on such matters.

The Greek History lectures of my time were of two kinds. Some I sampled were merely *précis* of Grote. Others were of a fashion which then prevailed at Oxford—and elsewhere—devoted to destructive criticism of Greek authors much of which seemed to me to be founded on evidence more slender than that of the authors themselves. The Minotaur tradition was a solar myth—whatever that might be : the Trojan War was legendary, and so forth. Nearly all this destructive criticism has been proved to be false ; but at that time it was regarded as showing great mental acumen on the part of the critics. One series of Greek History lectures which was very unpopular with undergraduates I attended throughout, that of Macan on Herodotus. His language was rhetorical, so much so that he took three times as long to make a point as another lecturer would have taken. His ideas as expressed followed the course of an Ionic volute, going round and round the subject in an ever narrowing orbit until they arrived at the centre, where resided the idea. But I found the ideas good and helpful for the understanding of that Greek author.

The most striking lectures that I heard during my undergraduate career were those of R. L. Nettleship on the Ethics of Aristotle. My first private reading of the Ethics had made a great impression on me, but there are elements in them which jar somewhat on a reader of the present day. Nettleship dispelled this uncomfortable feeling by showing that the Greek in his judgment of moral values referred them to a human standard, whereas under the Christian dispensation the standard to which they are referred is the perfect standard of the divine.

A few years later I was lecturing on the subject to pass men at Brasenose and giving private tuition to many commoners of other colleges. I have noticed that tutors in Oxford who have never

taught commoners for the pass schools are wont to suppose that such pupils would never take more than a perfunctory interest in such a subject. As a fact I found no difficulty in getting them to take a very real interest, and I suspect that the reason for my being able to do so was that I made free use of Nettleship's lectures.

It is true that his lectures on Plato's Republic were far more appreciated and more largely attended than his lectures on the Ethics. I have all but verbatim notes on both series for, owing to his habitual repetition of ideas, with wonted 'What I mean is this,' it was possible to take notes as if from dictation. I did not then, and I do not now, appreciate the Plato so much as the Aristotle lectures; but that may perhaps be a reflection of the value I set on the two authors.

Nettleship was in his lifetime almost deified by the undergraduates of Balliol. He was famed for his avoidance of the positive. He is said to have come nearest to it in the remark, 'Not but what it may not be: possibly it is.'

Nettleship died in the Alps in a blizzard which caught him and his guides on the mountain-side and compelled them to spend the night there. Balliol, a college apt to invent stories about itself and its members, reported that Jowett in a sermon commemorative of Nettleship concluded with the words, 'Lastly, I would speak of his unselfishness. On the last night of his life he tried to sustain the courage of those who were with him by singing to them. And we all know that he could not sing.'

After the examination for Literae Humaniores was over Burge, afterwards Headmaster of Winchester, and later Bishop of Oxford, asked me whether I would go to Wellington College as sixth form tutor on the modern side in place of Cyril Carter, afterwards Fellow of Madgalen. I went there immediately. It was in the last years of Wickham's tenure of the headmastership. The state of things in the school at that time will be known to old Wellingtonians. It was not a happy one. Wickham, who was a fine classical scholar, had tried to convert the school from one devoted mainly to modern subjects, the object for which it had been founded, into a classical school, with results which were only too apparent when I went there. In most respects my short experience of the place was most favourable. I liked the boys immensely, and many of the thirty-four assistant masters were most kind to me. The fir and heath country around it attracted me. But difficulties arose.

The classical side of the school contained about half the numbers in the modern side, yet Wickham allotted the same number of masters to both of them with the result that the forms on the modern side were far too large for the successful preparation of candidates for Sandhurst and Woolwich. As most of the boys intended to compete for entrance into the Army, this was a very serious disadvantage. I had thirty-six boys in the upper sixth and several hours a week I had to take the upper and lower sixth together, fifty-four boys in all. I had no trouble with the boys themselves in respect to discipline ; but many of them had never learnt what work really was, and really effective treatment of thirty-six boys, a large percentage of whom confined themselves to as much work as would keep them out of actual trouble, was impossible. The majority of the assistant masters, rightly, as I think, were opposed to Wickham's policy. As a body they were singularly devoted to their work, and for the most part very efficient. At the time of my arrival their hostility was beginning to take a dangerous form. This was accentuated by the indifference which Wickham and his wife, who was a daughter of Gladstone, showed to all social relations. It was not merely that many of the masters who had been there for years had never been invited into the headmaster's house, or that Mrs. Wickham had never called on or made the acquaintance of the wives of some of the married masters, but even when parents came to visit the school their entertainment had to be provided by the masters of houses and dormitories. I never came across people so utterly oblivious to the fact that those in a certain position in life have laid upon them certain social duties. Those running a great business or institution must show a certain amount of hospitality to those who work with them or under them if the work is to go smoothly. Without that intercourse, misunderstanding and even bitterness may arise between those engaged in promoting the interests of the corporation to which they belong.

I myself had nothing to complain of in the attitude of the Wickhams towards me. Wickham found that he and I had common interests, and he asked me to dinner no less than three times during the short period I was at the college. As there were masters who had been there for years without having been entertained by him, my apparent relations with him caused remarks in Common Room. As a fact school matters were never mentioned to me by Wickham, nor, of course, did I as a newcomer mention them, save that I did

in self-defence tell him that the upper sixth on the modern side was far too large and unwieldy to secure success for its members in competitions for Sandhurst and Woolwich against boys prepared by the 'crammers' (*sic*) and certain public schools. But I found that some of my new and very kind friends in Common Room began to show a disposition to shun me, and, socially speaking, my life for the rest of the brief period I remained at Wellington became very lonely.

In justice to them I must say that they had this much reason for distrusting me, namely, that a former assistant master, a relation of Mrs. Wickham, had told Wickham tales of what was said in Common Room, and had caused considerable trouble by so doing. At the end of term Wickham offered to recommend me to the governors for a permanent position on the staff. I did not refuse it or accept it until I had seen Burge at Oxford. The income offered was only £50 larger than what I had received at Blackheath at the age of twenty; but the real difficulty was the relations between the headmaster and the staff. I told Burge my experiences, and he told me that he had left the school because he foresaw serious trouble and did not wish to be in it. He advised me to refuse the offer; and I followed his advice.

The catastrophe came a year or two later. As is customary in such matters, the real reason for Wickham's resignation of the headmastership was disguised. He was held responsible for the outbreak of typhoid fever in the college!!

Whether schoolmaster or don, I have always had an unofficial sympathy with the larks perpetrated by young people provided they are not tinged with an element of malice or are a repeated nuisance. I was the unintended victim of one while I was at Wellington.

Wickham had introduced a lesson on the New Testament which was peculiarly unpopular with both masters and boys alike. It came late on Sunday afternoon and lasted an hour and a half. The sixth form tutors on the classical and modern sides were exempted from it. The consequence was that any master who wanted to be away at that hour made a bee-line for the nearest of those tutors with a view to get him to take his place.

Among the large staff of masters there were only two who were unable to keep discipline in class. On a certain Saturday one of them, a kind-hearted soul who had been long in the school and had,

owing to his weakness in discipline, descended gradually to the charge of the lowest form, came to me and asked me to take his class as he was due to preach next day at a church in the neighbourhood of the college. I, not having any excuse handy, said, 'All right! What epistle?' He said, 'Romans.' My knowledge of that epistle was confined to the references explicit or implied to the life of the contemporary world.

At the time appointed I went down to the front quadrangle where was his class-room and found the class of twenty or more boys standing outside the door, whereas they ought to have been in the room. I noticed an expression of dismay on their faces when I appeared. They had evidently expected to see their form master. I asked them why they were not in the classroom, and they said the door was locked; so I sent one of them across the quad to fetch the porter and the key. The porter protested that he had unlocked the room a quarter of an hour before. The situation began to reek of mischief. The boys all hung back, so I opened the door and beheld four large swans walking about among the desks and waving their heads about in every direction as much as to say, 'Where the devil have we got to?' I have always since then congratulated myself on the self-control which prevented me from laughing. I maintained a stern demeanour, nearly bursting myself in so doing, and ordered the eight biggest boys to drive the swans to the lake from which they had been abstracted. Two of the boys tried to carry one of the birds; but finding that a lusty old cock swan could when angry make himself very unpleasant, they adopted the less dangerous course of driving. The class had an extra half-hour that day and an hour's detention on the next half-holiday. I did not cane any of them—not that they did not deserve it—but because, though I regard caning as a salutary and necessary punishment for some offences, I dislike intensely having to inflict it, and never did inflict it, for instance, for bad work in class. Nor did I ever set 'lines' to write. That practice is not calculated to increase a boy's interest in literature. The writing out of fine passages from Virgil as impositions does not call forth admiration for them.

[Another amusing example of the humour of boys occurred before I went to the college. The governing body had insisted that the teaching of science should be part of the curriculum. Wickham, determined that the evil should be reduced to its lowest

terms, appointed a middle-aged man from a school in the north Midlands who had no experience of public school boys and had a defect fatal in their eyes, that he was socially not out of the top drawer. But even had he belonged to the peerage he could not have kept order under the circumstances imposed on him. Wickham arranged that two or even three forms should go to him at the same time. Also, his teaching was expected to cover all sorts of branches of science. (One day when about sixty boys were enjoying a botany lecture in their own way, he said to them, 'I don't think you boys take a sufficient interest in botany. If you did, you would go about the neighbourhood of the college and take a little notebook with you, and collect plants and put down their names in your little notebook. And if you did not know the names of any of them, you would bring them to me at the next lesson and say, "Doctor —, I found this little plant in the neighbourhood of the college, and I don't know its name"; and I would tell you, and you would put it down in your little notebook.'

The result of this exhortation was startling. On the next occasion that these forms attended his instruction the appearance of the science room would have given anyone who entered it the impression that one of the fir copses in the neighbourhood had been transplanted into it. Every boy present grasped in his arms large and small specimens of the fir trees which abounded in the neighbourhood. You could hardly see the boys for the trees. When Doctor — entered the room a boy grasping a sort of Christmas tree about ten feet high staggered up to his desk, and producing with some difficulty a little notebook said, 'Please, sir, I found this in the college grounds and I don't know its name. Would you kindly tell me so that I may put it down in my notebook.'

After leaving Wellington I had a letter from Wolfram asking me to come and see him at Blackheath, and saying that he was prepared to consider my taking over the place on terms which might be arranged. I had no real intention of going back to the work; but I thought that I might have some employment during the rest of the Long Vacation. To my sorrow I found that during my time at Oxford the numbers at Blackheath had fallen from one hundred and thirty to forty partly as the result, which I had foreseen three years before, of the change in the examinations, partly because Wolfram had been unwise enough the year after I had left him to go away, as he had done in the latter part of my

time, for the winter to the south of France. He either forgot or risked the fact that when I took charge the men knew me, whereas the man he left in charge, an ex-Colonel in the Army, was unknown to them. A future brother-in-law of mine was there at the time, and from what he told me the disorder must have been awful, so much so that twenty to thirty men were withdrawn during the actual term, and another twenty left to go elsewhere at the end of it. After that, Wolfram did not go away for the next two winters; but the mischief was done. The state of things so depressed me that I could not face it for more than a fortnight. Not long after this Wolfram closed the place down. He had made quite enough to live comfortably in his villa at Beaulieu in the south of France. I had been asked by J. E. King, of Lincoln, who had just been elected headmaster of Manchester Grammar-School, and was later headmaster of Clifton, to go with him to Manchester to carry out some changes on the Modern side of the school. So we went up together. I stayed with him for a fortnight at Cheetham Hill. Then some of King's relations came to live with him, and I had to find lodgings, somewhere near the school. They were not easy to find. At last I got some just off the Oxford Road. Compared with them the hut of a Greek peasant would have seemed luxurious, and have been far more sanitary. The bath was used as a sink, and was full of sewage. There were also worse things than that. I got through my work at Manchester in three weeks, and then, as nothing permanent had turned up, I went to Oxford just before the beginning of the October term with a view to taking private pupils.

To my surprise, twelve Brasenose friends of mine who had been undergraduates with me in the previous term came to me as pupils, as well as some men from other colleges. I rather fancy that some of the B.N.C. men were sent to me by Sampson, who was Principal many years later, and remained till the end of his life as true a friend as I ever had. I think I was partly responsible for a very drastic change in the views which the undergraduates held with regard to Sampson. They had always, quite mistakenly, regarded him as opposed to their interests. The change came about in this way. At the end of the autumn term of 1890 the Bursar, A. J. Butler, sent for me and asked me if I thought the undergraduates would like to buy wine and spirits direct from the college instead of from the Junior Common Room man. As the stuff the latter supplied

was awful—the name commonly used for his sherry being ‘prussic acid’ and for his whisky ‘hellfire’—I said I thought they might, provided the list of drinks supplied was unchanged; but I would consult with them. They welcomed the proposed change. So the matter was arranged. At the beginning of the Lent term an indignant deputation came to me to say that they had found the new wine list in their rooms and that there was no fizz or whisky on it whereas I had told them that there would be no change. I said that that was the case, and that I would see the Bursar. I went to Butler and told him that the change was a breach of the promise he had made to me. He adopted a stubborn attitude and said that the governing body had thought it *infra dig.* to supply champagne and whisky to undergraduates. So I went to Heberden, the Principal. He adopted the official attitude that he could not interfere with what the governing body had done. Then I went to Sampson. He said that the governing body had never been told of the agreement made with me, and that he would bring the matter before it. Later, Sampson sent for me and told me that the matter had been settled in our favour. I reported this to my disaffected friends, emphasizing the fact that it was Sampson who had taken our side. After that the suspected Sampson became ‘Good old Sammy’ in popular parlance.

From October 1891 to April 1893 I continued my work as a private tutor, and as I was successful in getting men through Pass Moderations and the Final Pass Schools, I made what seemed to me a satisfactory income. That eighteen months of work was broken by three events: that in December 1891 I got married; in February 1892 I got the University Geographical Scholarship; and I spent December 1892 and January 1893 on survey work in Greece.

Of my marriage I will speak later. Suffice it to say here that after fifty-three years of married life I have every reason to be glad of that mad act.

The examination for the Geographical Scholarship was brightened by a touch of comedy, which, as I thought at the time, would cost me the scholarship. At the viva voce examination the examiners were three members of the Council of the Royal Geographical Society, of whom Mr. Douglas Freshfield, the celebrated mountaineer, was one, the University Reader in Geography, and another Oxford man. The Reader viva’ed me. He was unfortunate in his choice of a subject, the French frontier

from Dunkerque to Ventimille, a subject on which in my later work at Blackheath I had lectured on in connection with the Franco-German War of 1870-1 for one hour a day in all three terms of a certain year. I knew the whole frontier in minute detail, for I had mapped it by hand on the blackboard several dozen times at least. He asked me a question about the Argonne, which I answered. He said my answer was wrong. I, knowing it was right, said so, and asked for the production of an atlas. He said that there was no time for that. He then asked me the breadth of the well-known military gap at Belfort between the Jura and the Vosges. Again he said my answer was wrong. I replied that I was right. Here Freshfield intervened and insisted on the production of an atlas. The atlas showed I was right, and the Reader brought the viva to an early close. Twice in later life Freshfield reminded me laughingly of the incident.)

How I spent the £200 the scholarship brought me in I will tell in relation to my journeys in the Near East.

I have omitted to mention one event of 1892 which at the time, and later, brought me into contact with a peculiarly pleasant form of social life. In June 1892, only a little more than six months after I had taken my degree, I was elected a member of the Senior Common Room of B.N.C. Some remarkable men were at that time members of it. To me Walter Pater seemed the most remarkable. He was already famous as the author of various books, amongst others *Marius the Epicurean*, which were marked by a very elaborate form of English prose. The form I never appreciated, because I have always regarded the style as too elaborated, and have always thought that English prose attained its greatest height in the works of Gibbon and later in the writings of Froude, Tom Hughes, and Charles Kingsley. Before dealing with Pater as I knew him, I should like to speak with some emphasis of a reference to him in Sir Charles Oman's recently published autobiography. He admits that he never knew Pater well, and then speaks of him as a man whose life was a pose, meaning, I take it, that his manners and conversation were mannerisms. I knew Pater well in the last years of his life. In Common Room he seldom joined in any general conversation; but he often stayed after the talkers had gone, and I was careful to stay also. Finding that I had an interest in what he said, he would then talk freely on literature, art, and architecture, and I never heard anyone talk

on such subjects in the fascinating way in which he did. He had sought in life that which was exquisite, and the search had not been in vain. His conversation, his writings, and what seemed to those who did not know him well, his mannerisms, were outward expressions of the true nature of the man. I never heard him mention Aristotle; but on one subject his views were evidently Aristotelian—that a man should show by his manner, by his acts, and even by his external appearance, such good qualities as he claimed to possess and should act in such a way as to make their existence evident to others, since otherwise insight into a man's real nature is denied to other men. Outside college a top hat, a black tailcoat, and dark striped trousers were *de rigueur* with him. This was the formal dress which that age expected from respectable people who went to London or to church.

I used sometimes to go short walks with him after lunch in Common Room. One day when we were going along the path under Merton wall, I noticed that the then newly founded dons' hockey club was playing on the meadow by the side of it. It attracted Pater's attention, and he said to me, 'Who are these playing on this field? I did not know games were allowed here.' I told him it was the new dons' hockey club. He looked at it for a moment, and then took my arm and said, 'Come away. I don't think we ought to look.' This was not a joke. It was the expression of his sense of the indecency involved in middle-aged Fellows of colleges engaging in such a pastime. As a fact, 'pastime' is too mild a word to apply to it. It was the most dangerous game I ever saw, and I had played football in former years for Blackheath, a notoriously large-sized and rough team whose methods were very successfully imitated by their opponents for the time being. But this game on Merton Meadow played by many who had never before taken violent exercise resulted in far more casualties, so that those who participated in it might be distinguished by black eyes, scars, bandages, and sticking plaster. They played regardless of the laws of God, especially as illustrated by the sixth commandment, or those of man, or those of hockey.

I never heard Pater say anything which disclosed his views on religion, but I fancy that those ascribed to John Inglesant in Shorthouse's famous story might possibly represent his attitude towards it.

Some faint clue to his feeling on religious matters was afforded

me by a somewhat curious incident. One Sunday night a number of those dining in college left the Common Room very early. Pater asked me why they had gone. I said that I expected that they had gone to hear Canon Gore (afterwards Bishop of Oxford), who was addressing the undergraduates in the large lecture-room on the subject of the Trinity. Pater expressed a wish to hear what he had to say, and we went to hear him. We got seats just inside the door. I noticed that Gore, who was drawing near the end of his address saw Pater come in, and showed by his expression of face that he would rather he had not come to hear him. We only heard the end of the address. At the conclusion Gore said that if anyone wanted to ask any question on what he had said he would, if he could, answer him. Gore ought to have known better than give such an invitation to a body of undergraduates who had listened to an address on such a subject. After two minutes of profound silence a little undergraduate got up. He asked, quite innocently I am sure, a question which was so blasphemous that I shall not repeat it here. Pater turned to me and said, 'I am going.' And we went out together. He was intensely shocked, and never said a word as we walked across to his rooms. Nor did he ever refer to the incident later.

At Easter 1893 I went to live at Cowley, at the Oxford Military College, two miles outside Oxford. In that and the following year Pater came several times to Sunday evening supper at our house. He expressed his admiration for two things : the military uniform of the boys, and my wife who, he said, reminded him of the Florentine women of the period of the Renaissance.

In the autumn of 1894 he died unexpectedly, and I felt then, and feel now, that his death left a gap in one department of my life which no one else could fill.

Another remarkable member of the B.N.C. Common Room at that time was Albert Watson, whose name is almost unknown to the present Oxford world except as the author of an edition of Cicero's *Letters*. But to those who knew him at that time he seemed a very remarkable man. He was Principal of the college during my first year. He then resigned. Oxford gossip, always inventive of myths, alleged that his resignation resulted from the fact that the architect of the new Principal's house, which was completed just before his resignation, in showing him over it, pointed out two rooms designed for day and night nurseries. He

was a very shy man, and no one who knew him could ever suppose that he had at any time in his life contemplated marriage. His most striking gift was his memory. It was extraordinarily detailed and extraordinarily accurate, and it covered the most unexpected subjects, amongst others racing. We used when strangers were present at dinner to get him to display, quite unconsciously, this gift. Someone would deliberately start the subject of racing, one on which the accumulated knowledge of the rest of us did not go beyond the name of the winner of the last Derby, and then someone would say, 'Watson, what was the name of that horse which was third in the St. Leger of 1858?' The answer was always forthcoming and correct, as Madan, who was sub-librarian of the Bodleian, used to discover later by reference to the *Racing Calendar*. In the field of literature his memory was equally remarkable, whether the literature were ancient or modern. He could quote numerous passages relevant or apt to the conversation of the moment. He seemed to know Thackeray and Dickens off by heart. He seldom talked in Common Room; but when he did, he was always worth listening to. He died in the autumn of 1904, in the same week as Thomas Fowler, the President of Corpus.

Sampson, of whom I have already spoken, was a consistently good friend to me for more than forty years, and helped me again and again at times when I badly needed it. He also had a remarkable memory concentrated on *Bradshaw's Railway Guide*. You might cross-examine him on the times of trains on any line, however remote, in the United Kingdom. He could give you the time of every train during the twenty-four hours. He was much later an excellent Principal of the college after Heberden.

Heberden became Principal at the end of my first year at the college. He was the most conscientious man I ever met. His original idea in coming up to Oxford had been to read for a musical degree, and, though he did not carry it out, music was the most absorbing feature of his private life. I have never heard anyone, amateur or professional, who was so beautiful an accompanist as he. His nature was of a refinement which did not make him an ideal head of a college where the refinements of culture were, to put it mildly, not ardently pursued. In the latter part of his period of rule, after F. W. Bussell had greatly improved the discipline of the college, the men came to see what a kind friend he really

was to them. In my time the best men liked him, others did not understand him, and a few set themselves to give him trouble. Of his sense of humour it is difficult to speak. It was very limited in certain respects, and in others very keen. I had a very humorous friend named Edward Tuckwell, at that time of the London Stock Exchange, but belonging to an Oxford family, who used to tell very amusing tales of old Oxford days. The first time I had him to dinner at B.N.C., Heberden, not I, kept him at his tales till after midnight, and it was so on later occasions when Tuckwell dined with me. Early in the last war there was an undergraduate at the college named Allies, who became a commissioned member of the O.T.C. Despite his age he had more natural humour than any man I ever met. You had only to say, 'What were you doing yesterday, Allies?' and he would give an account of quite commonplace incidents which kept you in uncontrollable laughter. Heberden asked him many times to dinner, and always told me when he was coming.

I got to know Heberden's brother, William Heberden, better than I knew Charles. He had been head of the Inland Revenue, and also honorary treasurer of the M.C.C. I stayed with him at the Heberden home just outside Exeter on several occasions, and we spent our time in playing golf and running up to Taunton for the day to see Somerset county cricket.

Of F. W. Bussell, who has recently passed away, I must say a word or two. He was in my day a well-known character with an affected manner which gave an entirely wrong impression of the actual man. He was Pater's closest friend in Oxford. Whether his mannerisms were, like Pater's, born with him I cannot say; but I do know that he was just the same as a boy at Charterhouse as he was at Oxford. Just after my time, when at least four members of the governing body had tried with conspicuous ill-success to preserve discipline as Vice-Principals, Bussell was appointed to keep order. Oxford thought the college was mad to make such an appointment. I, knowing Bussell, said 'Wait and see,' an expression which I learned from our old nurse, not from Mr. Asquith. (She had another wonted expression which she used when we asked her to do what she did not want to do, the pathetic excuse that she could not do it because she had a bone in her leg, a disease which seemed to us so dreadful that, as we loved her dearly, it always provoked our tearful sympathy.) In a com-

paratively short time Bussell had reduced the college to something like order. He did it in a simple way. He always went to bed at ten o'clock, and no amount of noise would get him out of bed after that time. But he had at the outset of his period of office told the college porter that in case of disturbance he must identify the culprits and give him their names in the morning, and if he could not do it another porter would be got who could. Disturbances found that the anonymity they had enjoyed under previous Vice-Principals was no longer theirs and in fact that rowdiness did not pay.

Beneath his apparently frivolous manner Bussell concealed a nature which took certain sides of life very seriously. He was always ready to give gratuitous help to candidates for ordination. He spent the greater part of his vacations in giving his time to the spiritual welfare of those queer little parishes to be found in various parts of England called donatives, parishes to which so small an income was attached that few people could afford to take them, and still fewer did. He was supposed by people who did not know what a donative was to have made money by buying the advowsons. All that he could get from those investments was a very little money and a great deal of work. He spent his vacations in their service. His resignation from his tutorship involved the departure from the college of one who had done as much for it as any of his contemporaries.

There is one more member of the Common Room at B.N.C. whom I must mention, Mr. Turner, then Senior Fellow, and a Registrar of the University. He had been Vice-Principal of the college in my father's time, forty years before. He was a don very much of the old type. He wore an eyeglass, which emphasized somewhat his 'you be damned' expression of countenance. He held rather incongruous views of university life, on the one hand that Oxford would be a much better place without the undergraduate, and on the other that, as he was a necessary evil, anything which cut short his stay at the university would be a lifelong disaster for him. In this spirit he wrote a letter to the parents of a Brasenose undergraduate who had died in the middle of his first term. The last sentence of the letter ran thus: 'It may be some consolation to you to know that the young man would in any case have had to go down at the end of the present term owing to his failure to pass Responsions.'

At the time I began to read for *Literae Humaniores*, A. H. J. Greenidge, of Balliol, had just been appointed Lecturer in Ancient History. Greenidge's life, which ended all too early, was rather a pathetic one. He was a Fellow of Hertford, and had not long taken his degree. His Brasenose pupils were the first he had ever taught. He was lecturer at Brasenose for many years and while he was so he married, and had in consequence to resign his fellowship at Hertford, such being the statutory law of that college. Then, so I believe, but cannot definitely ascertain, he was elected later to one of the married fellowships at Hertford, but could not take it up because he could not conscientiously comply with some religious conditions attached to the fellowship. In respect to character and disposition he was one of the best and most conscientious men I have ever known. He had really earned a fellowship at Brasenose by his hard work for the college, and very capable work it had been. But for some reason or other the college would not elect him. I fancy that the reason was that there were a certain number of members on the governing body at that time who were definitely opposed to people who showed any disposition to fill in their leisure time with research, and suspected him of a tendency that way. His financial position became consequently very critical, and the worry and anxiety caused by it told on his health. He admitted that it did; but he never complained of the way in which he had been treated. Pelham took up his case and got him elected to a fellowship at St. John's; but it was too late to save him, for he died not long after his election, and his wife, who had shared his worries and anxieties, died shortly afterwards, broken-hearted by the trials of his later years.

Sampson, when senior tutor of the college, described to me feelingly the difficulties which may arise in a college which has among its tutors men eminent in learning and literature who cannot teach. At B.N.C. the first difficulty arose not long before I came up. John Wordsworth, afterwards Bishop of Salisbury, was one of the most famous theologians of the day. As tutor he had been in the past assigned various classical subjects with results which had invariably been, to say the least of it, unpromising. Finally a despairing senior tutor allotted him the task of teaching the Greek of the four gospels to candidates for Divinity Moderations, an elementary examination which all junior members of the University had to pass. The lecture was designed to last one term.

At the end of the term the senior tutor discovered that Wordsworth had got as far as the third chapter of St. Matthew's gospel, and that he had been enlivening the lecture by giving the Brasenose commoners the various readings of the Biblical text from the *Codex Sinaiticus* and other codices ! His discussions on various readings were delivered to men to whom the Greek of the New Testament presented a serious difficulty.

The other tutor was Pater. That innocent-minded recluse did not know the arts and wiles of the B.N.C. pass man. To him was allotted as a *dernier ressort* instruction in Plato's *Apology* and *Meno*, passages from which he set for translation between lectures. Most of the translations came of course from cheap cribs, but one was always from Jowett's translation in order that the learner might discover to his delight the number of mistakes which one man of learning found in the translation of a rival (*sic*). They were not aware of the dictum of Walker, the eccentric but great headmaster of St. Paul's School, who said that Jowett's translation of Thucydides showed how little Greek a professor of Greek at Oxford was expected to know.

In the winter of 1892-3 I spent part of the money derived from the Geographical Scholarship in surveying the battlefield of Plataea, and the site of that ancient town, as well as in discovering and surveying the field of the Battle of Leuctra. In the winter of 1893-4 I went to Italy to examine the sites of the battles of the Trebbia and of Lake Trasimene, involving a survey of the latter.

R. W. Raper, of Trinity, who helped many a young Oxford man to make a start in life, sent for me in the Lent term of 1893 and told me that the headmastership of the Oxford Military College was going to be vacant, and that he, having been asked to recommend someone for the post, was prepared to recommend me. No one could have been more kind than he was on this and other occasions in my life at Oxford up to the time I became a Fellow of Corpus, for though the result of his first attempt to help me was somewhat disastrous, the disaster was not due to any fault of his ; but, as I shall explain later, to the fact that he was told on what must have appeared the best authority a deliberate lie as to the financial position of the college.

Raper was for some time—I believe for a long time—disciplinary officer at Trinity. His official notices on the notice board

amazed the casual visitor to the college. I remember two of them :

CRICKET MAY BE PLAYED BY MEMBERS OF THE
COLLEGE ON THE LAWN IN THE COLLEGE GARDEN

on payment of a sum of one guinea by
each player on each occasion.

The other was :

UNDERGRADUATE MEMBERS OF THE COLLEGE
WHO COME FROM FAMILIES WHERE THE PRACTICE
OF THROWING BREAD OR OTHER EATABLES
PREVAILS AT MEALS MAY CONTINUE THE
PRACTICE IN THE COLLEGE HALL

on payment of a fine of half a guinea on the first,
and larger sums on later occasions.

I had heard a good deal about the Oxford Military College from my experiences at Blackheath when we had pupils who came to us from it and gave a very bad account of the discipline prevailing there. Rumour also said that the finances were in a very bad condition. So I told this to Raper and said that I would rather not accept it. A week or two afterwards Raper sent for me again, and said he had made inquiries on the points I had raised, and had been informed that under the headmaster who was about to leave the discipline had been good, and that the secretary to the governing body had assured him that the finances were perfectly sound. So I consented, not without misgiving, to be nominated. The college was at Cowley, two miles from Oxford. I went to it in April 1893. I found that the discipline was quite satisfactory ; but there had been a failure to pass boys into Sandhurst and Woolwich owing to defective work. I also found the boys a very nice lot of fellows. They gave me no trouble and no anxieties save those which are always, even when quite unfounded, at the back of a headmaster's mind. At the very outset I tightened up the scheme of work with the result that in the next few years the numbers passing into the Army from the school were satisfactory.

Within six weeks of my taking up my residence, early in June 1893, I opened *The Times* one morning to see in the headings of

news, 'Bankruptcy of the Oxford Military College.' I went over to see the secretary, who lived close by. The interview was stormy ; but he admitted that the news was true. He said that the statement he had made to Raper about the financial situation was the only one he could make as an official of the college. He also said that there was no money to pay the incomes, wages, and the tradesmen at the end of the term. On returning to my house I found a telegram from Raper asking me to come and see him at once ; so I went off immediately and found him as much distressed and horrified as myself. On the way back I called on my father's cousin, Chapman, Fellow of Magdalen, who advised me to see Davenport, a well-known Oxford solicitor. I asked Davenport whether my appointment, having been made under false pretences, was not subject to an action in law. He said that that was as it might be, but he would write to Lord Wantage, the chairman of the governors, and first cousin of the secretary, and lay the points before him with a hint that action might be taken. He also said that, knowing Lord Wantage, he was quite certain that under the circumstances he would meet the liabilities for the current term. That Lord Wantage did. The next result of the advertised bankruptcy was that the parents of twelve boys who had been put down for the next term, two of whom were younger brothers of old pupils of mine at Blackheath, withdrew their applications. They thought, naturally enough, that even if the college was carried on, it might come to an early end, and their boys might be left in the middle of their school life at an age at which no public school would accept them.

A week or two later I got a letter saying that a meeting of the debenture holders, of whom the Marquis of Hertford was chairman, was to take place in London at an early date, and the committee would be glad if I would attend. At breakfast-time on the day of the meeting, just as the cab arrived to take me to the London train, there came a telegram to say that my mother had died late on the previous evening. She died before her time, killed by work, worry, and anxiety. To her children she had been everything, both when they were children and when they had grown up.

At the meeting the committee of the debenture holders said they would carry on the school if I would remain there. I had anticipated the possibility of such an eventuality, and also had anticipated what would and did happen, namely, that the bankruptcy would kill the school. But on the other hand, if the place

were closed down immediately, most of the boys, very good lads too, would be thrown on the school world without any good school which would take them, and many of the masters, some of whom had served the school for a long time, would have difficulty in finding places.

I remained there till the end of 1896. It is true that new boys came, but not in very large numbers, from parents who did not know of the bankruptcy. But applications were withdrawn by parents who discovered from friends that the bankruptcy had taken place. It was a heartbreaking task. The work of the school improved owing partly to my introducing the Oxford and Cambridge Lower Certificate Examination for the lower forms. But the numbers fell gradually till, seeing that we should get into debt, I resigned, and the debenture holders determined not to carry on.

I spent much time during my last term in finding schools of repute willing to take the younger boys. The older boys went to Army tutors. There were also the masters to be considered. After much correspondence with headmasters I got all save one places in public schools. The two principal servants I got stewardships in good schools. Both had well deserved all I could do for them. Had I not succeeded I should have been haunted all my life with the feeling that good men who had worked honestly and efficiently for me had been left, for no fault of their own, in a position from which it would have been very difficult to rescue themselves. In so doing I only did what every friend for whom I have felt a real affection would have done, and what in the next few years my best friends at Oxford did for me.

When it was all over, I wrote a letter to *The Times* which, despite its length, the editor was kind enough to publish, explaining the circumstances which had brought to an end a school which, though its existence had been brief, had become well known in England, and showing that the ill reports which had been spread about it were certainly not true of its later years under my predecessor and myself. I remember that I mentioned one small but significant fact—that I had never had occasion to speak to a boy about behaviour in chapel.

Throughout my relations with him, Lord Hertford was kindness itself. He sent his two boys, Harry and Edward Seymour, to the school, of whom Harry became in later years colonel of the

Grenadier Guards, and from what I heard of him had been a very fine soldier indeed. He died quite recently. Lord Hertford, and on occasions Lady Hertford, stayed with us for week-ends at Cowley, falling in quite naturally with our simple life.

I confess that, when it was all over, I felt a broken man without any future that I could see. I feared also that I should be regarded by those who did not know the facts as responsible for the failure of the school. On this point I was soon undeceived, for my Oxford friends showed every disposition to help me. There is a little incident which I may mention, because it may incite others to do the like for friends in distress. From the time we settled in Oxford five years before as a married couple we had known Merry the Rector of Lincoln and his wife, and many other august members of Oxford society through Mrs. Chapman, the wife of Chapman of Magdalen, and had gone to numerous dinner-parties, including parties at the Merrys'. In January 1897 we settled down in a small house in St. Margaret's Road, and the day after we got into it Merry and his wife came to call and were very kind and sympathetic. That little visit did much to dispel the depression which hung over us. Little acts like that are great kindnesses to those in trouble.

I have always admired the courage with which my wife faced the disaster which had befallen me. I have no doubt it worried and saddened her as much as it did me ; but she never showed it by word or deed, and encouraged me to face the future with a good heart.

CHAPTER V

1897-1903

I STARTED again as a private tutor, and to my surprise and relief got as many pupils as I could possibly take. Most of them came from Brasenose and Christ Church ; but in the years which followed I had men from many other colleges.

And now Henry Pelham comes into my story, the man who above all helped me to enter a life more happy than my life had been before. My work in Greece in 1892-3, in 1893-4, and in 1895 when I made a survey of Pylos and Sphakteria, had been favourably received both at home and abroad, especially in Germany, and that made it possible for him as Professor of Ancient History to appoint me lecturer for the professor. It gave me an official status, a very valuable asset in a world like that at Oxford. He himself lectured on Roman History, chiefly, I think, because it had been his main interest, and it was arranged that I should lecture on Greek History. I lectured for him for twenty-two terms, giving a different lecture each term, a thing which was very useful to me later, because I acquired an unusual knowledge of the subject which was very valuable when it fell to me to prepare pupils for the Final Classical Schools. I have a great deal to say of Pelham, partly because he showed me greater kindness than I ever received from anyone else in my life. It was chiefly to him that I owed my subsequent career, for it was he who strongly recommended me to Thomas Fowler, the President of Corpus, for my subsequent fellowship at that college. Apart from that, he did everything to encourage me in my work in Greece, and persuaded the trustees of the Craven Fund to contribute liberally to my expenses.

I got to know him first in 1889-90 in the field of golf, a game which was at that time coming into vogue in Oxford and elsewhere, and for nearly twenty years he and I played together once a week during term time, and once or twice went during vacation to play at Cromer, where he had relatives, the Hoares. I must have seen there Sir Samuel Hoare, who would then, if I am not mistaken, have been a boy. Even when I was an undergraduate,

Pelham treated me as a friend. He was an ardent member of a match-playing team which I got together after taking my degree, a team I shall have to mention later in reminiscences of the world of golf.

Of his position in Oxford, I think I may say that from the time at any rate that I first knew him up to his death in 1907 he was the most influential member of the University, a liberal in politics, and a strong advocate of the reform of the University from within, that is to say, without interference from a government commission. He supported strongly the claims of science and of the women's colleges, both of them with effects which were not realized till after his death. But he paved the way for their realization. He was the most effective speaker in Congregation that I have ever heard. Even his most stubborn opponents admitted that reluctantly. His speeches were clear and to the point, brief, unadorned by rhetoric or verbosity, a survival of the style which was most effective in the senate of the Roman Republic.

After his death certain obituary notices commented on the fact that he had made hardly any written contribution to ancient history. This comment was due to the fact that Oxford gossip had attributed to him the design of writing a history of the Romans under the Empire. In the last seventeen years of his life I had, not unnaturally, many conversations on Roman history with him without his even hinting that he ever had such a design. I have heard other such designs attributed to other men in Oxford, some of them to young men whose advancement was due to the creation of such a myth ; but in no case did the myth win its way into the realm of reality.

But in some more important respects Pelham was the best and most effective professor of Ancient History I have known in Oxford. His lectures were attended by almost every man who read for *Literae Humaniores* during the time he was in office. More than that, if he published but little himself, he was zealous in support of any young man who was keen on research. He encouraged and helped many besides myself ; and I venture to think that the encouragement of interest in his subject is the most valuable contribution a professor can make to his university.

Among the many pupils I had during my two periods of work as private tutor there was only one I disliked. He was what is called a ' nasty piece of work ' whom his college sent to me against

his will. The others were as nice fellows as I ever had to do with, and it is rather distressing to me to recognize that, except in a few instances, I have not been able to learn anything of their later careers.

One of those I most liked was Simon, Lord Lovat, the father of the present peer. He came to me from Magdalen to read for the Army. The published life of him of which Lady Lovat sent me a copy as a small contributor to it, showed that in post-Oxford days he took life very seriously and did a great deal of very useful public work, including the raising of Lovat's Scouts at the time of the South African War. To his Oxford life the term 'serious' was not applicable; but everyone, even the dons at Magdalen, liked him. Isay 'even the dons,' for the joyousness of him and a few friends about 3 a.m. was an unmitigated nuisance. He came to me one morning about a fortnight after the beginning of a summer term to say that he had been sent down till the end of the term, and would I intercede on his behalf with the dean. From B.N.C. pupils I knew his reputation in college and that intercession would be useless. But I did go to D. G. Hogarth, who was the dean, and said what I could for him, namely, that there was no vice but too many animal spirits in him. Hogarth agreed to that, but said that he was, in spite of warnings and gatings, an absolute nuisance. So down Lovat went.

That had a sequel.

To understand what I am about to say I must mention that Lovat looked much older than his age, mainly because he had a big moustache. Some time later, in Eights' Week, I was playing golf with Encombe, a son of Lord Eldon, and brother of the well-known golfers Michael and Denys Scott, when he proposed that after the golf I should go to tea with him at Magdalen and walk down with him to the six o'clock division of the Eights. We had begun tea when a man named Clarke, who rowed in the Oxford Eight and was a pupil of mine, came in with a young parson whom he introduced to Encombe. Encombe, who was a great friend of Lovat, talked very politely to the young parson for about five minutes, and then sprang up and said, 'Good God! It's Lovat.' I had not recognized him. He had shaved off his moustache, and, as he was a Roman Catholic, his dress as a young Anglican parson was calculated to mislead even those who knew him well. He stayed in Oxford the whole week, and had the cheek to go to the

Magdalen barge every night. Clarke was, of course, in the know from the beginning, but the Magdalen dons never heard the tale till some years later, when I told it in their Common Room to their amazement and amusement.

Lovat was also the author of a note which I received one morning. It read, 'Dear Sir,—I am sorry I cannot come to work this morning; but I am feeling very well.' The accidental omission of the negative probably made it more true than if the negative had been there.

One man I came to know well in the years between 1890 and 1903 was H. M. Burge, Fellow of University College, afterwards Headmaster of Winchester, and Bishop of Southwark and later of Oxford. He was a layman when I first knew him. He came back to his old college from Wellington, where he had been sixth form master. Owing to our mutual keenness for golf we were friends even while I was an undergraduate, and friends we remained till the day of his death. I am almost shy about telling the truth about him, because those who never knew him may think that what I say is exaggerated. I have been singularly fortunate in having good friends, in fact I have never met anyone who was so fortunate in the friends he made as I have been while at Oxford. But Burge was the most lovable man I ever knew; nor did I ever know any man who had so many devoted friends dispersed through many departments of life.

He himself was a sportsman as well as a scholar. He was a good enough cricketer to play for the Free Foresters, and had he had the time would have made a good golfer. When he was headmaster, and when he was bishop, he was just his own cheery self. He was not only the most popular but also the most justly popular man I have ever met; not merely liked, but also deeply respected by men who knew him well from the Archbishop of Canterbury downwards. He and I used to chaff one another unmercifully about our respective performances at golf, and he also used to chaff my wife and myself on the folly of getting married. But on the question of marriage Nemesis overtook him. It was at a dinner-party at the house of the Master of Pembroke, Bartholomew Price, at which the company consisted mainly of other heads of houses and their wives, if any. The conversation got on children, and in a momentary silence a girl who was staying at the Prices' and whom Burge had taken in to dinner asked him if he was fond of children,

and he said he was, and should like to have children of his own. He then caught my eye on the other side of the table, and remembering that he had been upbraiding us only the previous Sunday on our folly in marrying, added hastily, 'but I should not like to be married.' In that eminently respectable company this produced a sensible chill, which was not reduced when the girl said, 'Oh, but that's impossible, Mr. Burge.'

I saw very little of him when he was at Winchester and Southwark; but we corresponded frequently. When he was translated to Oxford after the Great War the old association was to a certain extent renewed. I soon became aware that he was physically a changed man, though in disposition he was still his old self. He had told me in a letter years before that he had been very reluctant to become Bishop of Southwark, but that Bishop Thorold, who had been bishop of that diocese, had impressed on him that it was his duty to accept the see. My uncle had worked in that diocese as diocesan missionary, and he had told me years before that the bishop's work in that not very promising field, South London, was such as would try the strongest man. In the next year or two I heard confidentially that Burge's health was causing ever-increasing anxiety to those about him, and when he came to Oxford it was plain that the rumours had only too much foundation. So when the presidency of Corpus fell vacant a year or two later I wrote and asked him whether I might nominate him for election. I knew that if nominated he would be elected unanimously. He wrote and told me that he could not stand because, amongst other reasons, he had refused to be nominated for another college. I would not take 'No' for an answer, and so went over to Cuddesdon to see him. Up to that time I had never spoken to him on the subject of his health; but on that occasion I did tell him that he must know that he was physically incapable of carrying on much longer the work of a diocese, that he had made a mistake in refusing the first offer made to him, and that he would not correct the original mistake by making another of the same kind. In the end he consented to stand provided the Archbishop of Canterbury allowed him to do so. As I was very doubtful whether he would tell the Archbishop the whole truth with regard to the state of his health, I wrote to the Archbishop myself and told him what I knew on the subject, and what others had reported to me. I also told him that I had heard that he had definite hopes with

regard to Burge's future career—hopes which could not possibly be realized unless Burge took a temporary holiday from diocesan work such as the presidency of a college like Corpus would give him. He (Randall Davidson) wrote me a very kindly worded letter from Florence, dated April 1924, without committing himself either way. In the end I am sorry to say he declined to assent to Burge's retirement from the bishopric. My fears were realized sooner than I had expected. It was not very long afterwards, I cannot say how long, that I went to lunch with him at Cuddesdon early in the summer term. We spent the afternoon in the garden discussing a subject which I have never discussed with any other man I have known. Mrs. Burge told me soon after I got there that his health had been much better of late, news which cheered me greatly, for I felt that if he passed away I should never know another who could take in my life the place which he had taken ; and I can quite imagine that there were many other friends of his who felt the same. Before I left he asked me if I would give him dinner in college the next day, Monday, as he had a meeting in Oxford. He came, and showed that cheerfulness which was characteristic of him. Later in that week I heard that he was ill, and later still that he had died. On the day of his funeral I went away purposely from Oxford. I felt that if I went to it, I should break down ; and I prefer to keep my emotions to myself.

I have said much of him, partly because of my feelings towards him and partly because I am sure that he must have exercised a great influence for good on many men of his time. He was not all things to all men, but he was one thing to all men, and that was Hubert Burge. He was absolutely tolerant of the defects of others, provided they did not include what is nasty in social life. He knew all sorts and conditions of men, bishops, scholars, literateurs, and sportsmen, and he was the same to all.

A predecessor of his in the see of Oxford, Bishop Stubbs, I got to know well when I was at Cowley. He came in my first term to a confirmation in our school chapel, and as I had often seen him pass our gate in the afternoons in his long but customary walk from Oxford to Cuddesdon, I asked him to come in to tea when he felt inclined to do so. He came in on various occasions in the next few years. On his first visit he was accompanied by his chaplain, a very shy man. My wife, who was very young at the time and had been brought up in a family where live bishops

were unknown, was somewhat frightened of him. He made matters rather more difficult by saying in answer to a remark of hers about the weather, 'I always refer questions about the weather to my chaplain, Mr. Holmes.' I cannot say whether my wife or Mr. Holmes was the more embarrassed. Stubbs was a great historian. He also had the reputation of being a great humorist. Some years' experience of him made me think that bishops might gain that reputation somewhat easily. But humorist or not, you could not help liking him. In the summer of 1895 we met by arrangement at Marseilles, and spent four days together seeing the town and its neighbourhood. The visits to the neighbourhood were all very well; but when he insisted on seeing the slums of Marseilles the case was different. I consulted the proprietor of our hotel, the Hotel de Noailles, who lifted his hands in horror: 'Mais un évêque anglais dans ces parages là! C'est impossible!' But Stubbs was stubborn, and we went that evening accompanied by two detectives from the police station whom the proprietor had got from the chief of the police. I have seen some queer scenes in continental cities, but nothing like what I saw in the streets near the old harbour at Marseilles. On the score of decency they are far beyond description.

I had known him for several years before he suggested to me that I should take Holy orders, and asked me to come to Cuddesdon to discuss the question with him. I went there very unwillingly. I had always supposed that he was rather a broad churchman. I found him one of the most rigid high churchmen that I ever met. Towards the close of the interview he asked me to name some churchman with whose views I was in sympathy. I named Charles Kingsley. The interview came to an end very shortly afterwards.

It was during this period of my life that I began to take part in discussions on university legislation in Congregation. The burning question of the time was compulsory Greek. The battle on the subject had reached its bitterest stage between one side prepared to keep it compulsory as a subject for all entrants into the University, the other prepared to vote that all without exception should, if they so wished, be exempt from it. Compromise did not seem at that time a very hopeful policy, such was the intransigence of the opponents. In the first battle Greek won easily if I remember aright. I supported it because I felt that the reading

for the Pass Schools would lose its value if the candidates did not read the *Ethics* and some Platonic dialogues, the only items in the schedule in which, as I knew from my large experience in teaching for those schools, they acquired a real intellectual interest. But I did feel that the demand for just enough Greek to pass Responsions from science scholars who would merely cram up the minimum for the examination and probably never look at the language again, meant the existence in Oxford studies of an element which the outside world might regard as suggesting that a very low standard of learning was demanded by the University from its students. So I wrote a letter to the *Oxford Magazine* proposing that scholars and exhibitioners in Mathematics and Nature Science should be excused Greek in Responsions and be made to offer in its stead a modern language. I never expected that a letter from one unknown in university politics would attract the slightest attention, and was therefore surprised when Dr. Jackson, the Rector of Exeter, wrote to me and said that he would like to get together a committee to formulate my proposals and bring them before Congregation. So the committee was formed and the proposal came before Congregation. We won on a very large vote by a small majority. But the intransigent Greeks carried the matter to Convocation, and there we were defeated by the outside vote. I felt then, and I feel now, that the advocates of Greek would have done well to let this proposal pass, because the exaction of Greek from those it exempted was by far the strongest and most appealing argument on the side of those who attacked it.

An old Brasenose friend of mine treated the whole question from a personal point of view. He said that he would rather have been swished at Eton for not knowing Greek than never have known it at all.

As far as my personal career is concerned I was during these years studying questions concerned with Herodotus and Thucydides. In 1899 I was abroad for three months at Syracuse, Thermopylae (where I made the first survey of the Pass), and later in Roumania and Transylvania, where I dealt with an outside subject, the Roman province of Dacia. With the work on Herodotus I won the Conington Prize in 1900, a prize open to all members of the University of not more than fifteen years' standing from their degree. It is the most valuable classical prize given at Oxford, and the fact that it was open to graduates up to thirty-six or thirty-seven years

of age made the competition, to put it mildly, serious. I had been in for it in 1897 when it was awarded to F. G. Kenyon, later chief Librarian of the British Museum, for his edition of the text of the *Ἀθηναίων Πολιτεία*. In 1899 I was proxime accessit for the Arnold Historical Essay with a paper on Roman Dacia, and received half the value of the prize; but the prize itself went to J. L. Myres, till recently professor of Greek History. In 1902 I took the degree of Doctor of Letters which had then been recently established.

For those who do not know Oxford I may explain that this degree and the sister degree of Doctor of Science were established for those who had engaged successfully and on some scale in original research. It was the second great step in that movement which had aimed at arousing the University from that shocking apathy into which it had fallen in the first half of the nineteenth century—the first step having been to make the college tutorial system a reality by making tutors give far more time to the instruction of their pupils. This last-mentioned advance had not been due to legislation but to the growth of an opinion that the slackness which had prevailed in that department of work imperilled the very *raison-d'être* of the college tutorial system. The movement towards the recognition of research took practical form in the very first year of the present century. At the time the movement came to a head there were four doctorates existent in the University, those of Divinity, Law, Medicine, and Music. For the first two the qualification was a formal thesis which demanded very little more learning than was required for the ordinary bachelor's degree in those subjects. The only serious obstacle to obtaining it was the very high dues payable on so doing. For the doctorate of medicine the standard required was higher than that demanded for the same degree at any other British University. I know this from a relative of mine who was at the time Dean of St. Thomas's Hospital in London and had been a gold medallist in the School of Medicine at London University. He told me that though the number of Oxford medical students in London hospitals was but half that of Cambridge, the higher posts in those hospitals were held by twice as many Oxford as Cambridge men. So no opposition to the new degrees came from the Oxford science schools, in fact they welcomed the proposed doctorate of science as a degree which could be obtained by those who had worked on sciences other than medicine. I do not remember any opposition from members of the law

school. The opposition came mainly from senior members of the University who had never done any original work in their subjects, and were too old to have much hope of doing it for this degree, and also from the divinity school, whose members feared that young theologians might prefer this degree to the doctorate of divinity, and thus lower eventually the reputation of the latter—a fear which was realized in later years. Obviously with a view to weaken the reputation of the new degrees Strachan-Davidson of Balliol was put up by the opposers to propose that the degrees might be conferred *honoris causa* on such people as the heads of houses and other dignitaries. The real object of the proposal was so evident that Pelham spoke rather bitterly against it. At the end of his speech he made a remark, which made the house laugh, to the effect that he would not touch with a (pause) punt pole degrees which could be conferred on persons who had not fulfilled the conditions attached to them. Why a barge pole should be considered an implement too indecent for Congregation, Congregation did not see. Strachan-Davidson's proposal was thrown out by a considerable majority. After the degrees were established some senior members of the University proclaimed loudly that they would not take the degrees, a self-denying ordinance which was regarded as showing prudence on the part of most of those who published this decision.

So matters went on for some years, during which it became evident that the new degrees were stimulating Oxford scientists and scholars to do something to raise the reputation of the University as a centre of learning. But the opponents of the degrees were not done with yet. The trouble arose about the American Rhodes Scholars. A difficulty had arisen which was due to the fact that the American universities had in their general scheme of studies copied the practice of the German rather than of the English universities. The principal difference was that, whereas an English degree was obtained by examination, a degree in America was granted for a thesis on some special subject. Behind all this was a fact not brought into prominence—that the secondary school system in America was not satisfactory and consequently the youth went to the American universities without a proper grounding in the subjects in which they proposed to engage in special research. Oxford accepted the thesis principle, and an American Rhodes Scholar whose thesis was deemed satisfactory could take the degree

of Bachelor of Letters or Bachelor of Science. So things continued until the Rhodes Scholars found that these degrees were not recognized in the States as qualifying them for advanced teaching, for that in the American mind had always been associated with the doctorate. It was plain that a continuation of the then existent state of things would mean a considerable diminution in the number of Rhodes Scholars coming to Oxford from the States which, in view of the fact that they had been a very valuable and popular addition to the University, would have been deplorable. To the amazement of the University the Hebdomadal Council proposed that the degrees of Doctor of Letters and of Science should be granted to those whose theses were accepted for a degree. But students who had spent one and three-quarter to two years under the supervision of an expert and had produced a thesis could hardly be expected to have produced 'an original contribution to knowledge' which 'had been submitted to criticism'—to quote the conditions requisite for the obtaining of these doctorates—in other words, these doctorates would be no longer indicative of real and substantial research. Before, and indeed since, that time I have examined in the *University Gazette* the notices announcing the leave given to individuals to proceed to the D.Litt. or D.Sc. and the lists of works on which the candidate has founded his claims, and my experience is that these lists show work which must have taken the candidates an average of ten years to do. Yet it was now proposed that youths who had spent *under supervision* two years at most in the study of their subject, on the basis of a very imperfect knowledge of the department of learning within which their subject fell, should obtain from the University the same recognition as a man who had spent a substantial fraction of his life on the work on which he founded his request for leave to take his degree. In only one case in the last forty years have I felt a suspicion that, as far as those subjects on which I could form a judgment are concerned, a candidate has been awarded a degree of D.Litt. on work below the standard implied by the statute establishing the degrees.

The Hebdomadal Council has within the last fifty years made proposals which have astonished the University, and such proposals have been attributed to some clique within it. It is inconceivable that on this occasion it should have failed to recognize the effect of its proposal, if carried; and Oxford opinion expressed more than a suspicion that the proposal emanated from a clique on the

Council which was hostile to research, and thought it saw an opportunity of attacking an institution set up with a view to encourage it and so making up for the failure to reject the degrees at the time they were set up.

For some weeks the proposal of the Council was violently discussed in Oxford Common Rooms, the violence showing itself not in antagonism between individuals present but in criticism of the Council.

I heard several of these discussions ; but a fortnight passed without anyone making any constructive proposal in opposition to that of the Council. I suggested in my own Common Room of Corpus the Ph.D. of continental universities as a solution of the question. Finding it well received, I wrote a long letter to the *Oxford Magazine* attacking the proposal of Council and suggesting the Ph.D. That was in November 1916. I do not know how far that led to the solution being adopted ; but I do know that my letter was the first appearance of the proposal in print. The debate on the question in Congregation did not take place till February 1917. The Ph.D. proposal was carried by a majority in the ratio of five to one.

Farnell of Exeter was a keen-eyed guardian of the statute. On one occasion he called a meeting of the D.Litt.s and D.Sc.s in reference to a proposal of Council to confer the degree of Hon.D.Litt. on a gentleman who had never done or shown the slightest intention to do original research. The meeting decided that the Vice-Chancellor should be notified that a non-placet would be proposed if the matter were brought before Congregation. It was dropped. But in quite recent times since Farnell's death that honorary degree has been conferred on certain persons whose literary work has had no relation to research or even learning. Is Thucydides' dictum, 'Decay is a law of nature,' to hold good in respect to the sound institutions of the University ?

During the seven years with which I have been dealing I had a good deal of viva voce examining to do for Oxford and Cambridge Schools Examination Board. I examined nearly a hundred schools in England, many of them several times. They were mostly girls' schools, a type of school for which I was chosen because I knew French and German, and because it was supposed that I should not introduce doctrinal matter into divinity examinations, and finally because I had an unblemished record in the matter of never having

reduced a class of girls to tears. My record in the last respect was possibly unique. The girls were particularly anxious to do well in the examination, and were also in deadly fear of an examiner as a being more or less inhuman.

If you worried a girl about a question she could not answer, tears were apt to follow, and the rest of the class would shed tears of sympathy. I had been warned of this very possible danger, and I staved off disaster by opening proceedings with each form by asking some such question as, 'Who is the lady in the third row with a pink bow in her hair?' After that I was regarded as a commonplace piece of humanity, a mere man who need not be feared. There is a practical value in establishing this relation between yourself and a class. No examiner can find out the real knowledge of a nervous class or of a nervous candidate. A candidate in *Literae Humaniores* (the Final Classical School) who is given a long viva voce examination knows perfectly well that his class is at stake, and that his future in life may depend on his performance. He is naturally nervous. I had a striking case to deal with when I was examining in the school. The examiners were divided in opinion as to whether a man was to be put into the first or second class. I was strongly in favour of giving him a first. He was to have a long viva voce in history, and it fell to me to take it. He knew his position, and was so nervous that he could not answer my earlier questions. So I tried a plan which had succeeded on various other occasions, and said to him, 'By the by, I cannot recall at this moment the date of the doubling of the tribute. Can you tell me?' He brightened up and gave me the correct date. After that his nervousness had vanished, and he did so well that four out of the five examiners voted him a first class. A very distinguished career in the Home Civil Service has since confirmed the favourable view I took of him. Some examiners fire off questions at a nervous candidate like a human machine-gun, a practice which can only result in serious mistakes being made.

[To return to my girls' schools. I only came across one in which the girls did not fear man. Their attitude towards God I was unable to discover, because they knew no divinity. They had in fact been hopelessly lazy. But they were amusing. One form was reported to have studied the Tudor period. The first girl in answer to the first question I put to her replied, 'You surely don't expect me to know that!' Another girl in the same form who had failed

to answer any question, however elementary, on the subject I asked finally, 'Can you tell me anything about Henry the Eighth?' She brightened up immediately and said, 'He married.'

On one occasion I experienced the fact that popularity may be embarrassing. I went to examine a large public school in North London, where I had examined the year before. When I went in to take the first class a little girl came up to me with a bouquet well over a foot in diameter and said the class hoped that I would accept it as a gift from them. I expressed my gratitude in appropriate terms. At the end of the day I had ten such bouquets, for all the classes gave me similar gifts, none of them smaller and some of them larger than the first. It would have taken a very stalwart bride to use one of them as a bridal bouquet. I had deposited them in the headmistress's room, and she being a woman with a gift of humour became more and more amused as the day went on and the pile of bouquets increased. She told me that I had been very popular as examiner in the previous year. (I may say incidentally that I have met as examiner more than a hundred headmistresses of girls' schools and hardly any had that exaggerated sense of propriety with which they are commonly credited.)

When the day's work was over I called the headmistress's attention to the fact that I could not possibly carry all the bouquets away. She said that it would never do to leave them behind as all the girls would be at the windows to see me go off. She said that she would send for a cab to take me to the station which was only one hundred yards from the school. So, literally up to the neck in flowers, I went to the station in a cab. An amazed porter carried them on to the platform. I presented him with one bouquet 'for his missus,' and told him to send his mates to me. Among them I distributed the rest. It was 4.30 p.m., an off hour at the station. Just then the stationmaster came on to the platform and, seeing all his porters carrying large bouquets, evidently thought that they were mad or that he himself was suffering from hallucination. Finding out the identity of the donor of the gifts, he came up and looked at me meditatively, evidently considering whether he ought to send for the police and have me removed to an asylum. Just then my train came in and rescued me from a threatening situation.

(It is commonly said, even in Oxford, that amusing situations occur in the examination schools. From the physics school comes the tale that an examiner, dealing with a man who was totally

ignorant of his subject and had been palpably idle, finally asked the question, 'Can you tell me, sir, what electricity is?' The candidate looked vaguely round the room as if seeking for inspiration, and then said, 'I'm afraid, sir, I've forgotten.' 'That's a pity,' said the examiner, 'for there are only two who could have told us—the Almighty, who won't, and you, who've forgotten.'

I have examined many times in various schools in the University, but have in only two instances come across anything which could be called amusing. On one occasion in Divinity Moderations I was the senior of three examiners. One morning just before the viva voce examination began, an excitable little colleague of mine came into the room in a state of great indignation and said that one of the men whom we had agreed to pass on his written work must be ploughed as his paper on the subject-matter of the gospels contained a very indecent joke. I asked him the nature of the joke. He said that he'd answered the eighth question, 'What are we told in these gospels with regard to the state after death?' in two words. I said the answer seemed rather concise, but what were the two words? He said that the words were, 'Lazarus stank.' I said that even if the answer was a joke it might have been unintentional, but we would see. When his name was called there came up to the table a little, quiet, and obviously very nervous man who could not have made a joke if his life had depended on it. When he was asked how he had come to give such an answer he explained that he thought that the question referred to the bodily state. He passed.

I cannot pass from the story of this period of my life without mentioning Pat Henderson as he was always affectionately called by his many friends, his full title being the Reverend Patrick Henderson, Warden of Wadham College. I got to know him very early in my Oxford career. Socially he was one of the most attractive men I ever met. He was a Scotsman with that excellent wit which some Scotsmen possess—a wit he used on his best friends. While I was still an undergraduate I played a weekly golf foursome with him against Pelham and the old Principal of Hertford, Dr. Boyd. The golf was not of a very high class, but it was great fun because my three companions chaffed one another unmercifully about the deficiencies in their play, which provided ample subject-matter. I, being much younger than they, did not join in the chaff except as a sufferer from it; but I played the part of a laughing chorus. I always enjoyed that weekly engagement.

In 1901 or 1902 I had a narrow escape from becoming once more a headmaster. The headmastership of Christ's Hospital fell vacant. I never dreamt of standing until Raper, ever a friend of mine, suggested that I should. Then some twenty other friends in Oxford drew up a joint testimonial for me, crediting me with many virtues, some of which I only knew by hearsay. The election was conducted in a curious way. The governors gradually reduced the number of candidates at a series of meetings to two, of which I was one and Upcott the other. One reason at any rate why they took Upcott was because some of them wanted a parson. He held office successfully for many years. I was not very disappointed, because I had for ten years been doing what is called research in Ancient History, and had not long before published a book on the story of the Graeco-Persian wars as told by Herodotus which had been well received, so I wanted to continue that work, an ambition which the headmaster of a public school could hardly realize. I was fortunate in that the possibility of realization came in a peculiarly happy form very shortly afterwards.

CHAPTER VI

CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, OXFORD

IN June 1903 I was elected a Fellow and tutor in Ancient History at Corpus. It was the college which, had I had the choice, I should have chosen, for from my undergraduate days onwards I had always heard of it as a college containing very able men. Moreover, the standard of work throughout the college was reported to be very high. In the world outside Oxford, Balliol, thanks largely to Jowett, had a greater reputation; but in Oxford itself, outside those who had been at Balliol, Corpus was regarded as being very close indeed to it in respect to the quality and capacity of its undergraduate members. I had been taking the Corpus and St. John's Greats men for a year before I was elected at Corpus, and that year at Corpus contained some very able men who have attained to very high positions in public life.

Dr. Thomas Fowler, the President of Corpus, was a very remarkable man. He ruled the undergraduates in a patriarchal sort of way which, however, left on their minds the impression that disorder or laziness would be dealt with drastically. Any man who came into college after 11 p.m. on more than one night in any week was summoned to meet the President. Of disorder there was hardly any save once a year when the smoking concert, that abominable institution common at the time to most Oxford colleges, took place, and then the rowdiness and disorder were due almost entirely to the guests of the evening. I conceived during the short time I served under Fowler the greatest admiration for his management of the college. He had one hallucination which had a depressing effect on the incomes of the tutors. He thought the college was on the verge of bankruptcy. The college finances were not flourishing; but bankruptcy was not in sight. (Fowler spoke a marked Lincolnshire dialect. Mischievous undergraduates used, when they breakfasted with him, to get the sugar basin to the far end of the table from him in order to hear him say, 'Will you pass the shogger, please?') He died in November 1904, in my fourth term at the college. To me he had been invariably

kind, especially when in my second term I had a rather dangerous attack of malaria, the only one I ever had in England.

I am now going to say something with regard to the election of his successor. At the time and for some years later the college was much criticized for not having elected Arthur Sidgwick to the presidency. He had been a master at Rugby, and had come to the college to act as tutor for Classical Honour Moderations under a specially favourable agreement as to income. He did his work well and was much appreciated and liked by his pupils. But he had also been active in other ways. He had for some years been taking a prominent part in the activities of a certain clique in the University which wanted to give the University as such a much larger control of the incomes of the colleges, that is to say, to absorb a large portion of their incomes and divert it to unspecified University purposes. That would have meant the beginning of the end of the college tutorial system, and have made such tutors as survived mere subordinate assistants to the professors, some of whom had in the past been incompetent and others lazy, or at any rate purely perfunctory in the performance of their work. A recent professor of Ancient History had, for instance, delivered his statutable number of eight lectures all in one week of each term, and for the rest of the year had resided in London. Three of the Fellows of Corpus at any rate had no intention of giving Sidgwick or anyone else an improved chance of promoting such a state of things. In other cases personal considerations came in. Two resident members of the governing body had been some years before deprived of their tutorships. Whatever the merits of their respective cases may have been, it was not likely that they would support Sidgwick who had played a prominent part in the deprivation. So these two sufferers under this grievance put up a candidate of their own, and a very good candidate too, who had not resided in Oxford for many years past, and was unknown to the other electors, except myself. But before they did so I had approached Thomas Case, then Professor of Philosophy and *ex officio* Fellow of Magdalen, who had consented to stand. There turned up for the election six old life Fellows of the college from various parts of England. Only one of them, Little, had ever done any tuition for the college. One, Clarke, was rector of Cheddar, in Somerset, a good man, but unfortunately—from my point of view—a friend of our resident Fellow, Plummer, and sure to vote with him. Another was

Robertson, who had been made Lord Lochie as holder of a minor post in the late Gladstonian government. He was evidently possessed of the idea that the members of the governing body would be much impressed by the views of a member of the peerage—views he stated to me in a form so peremptory that I recommended him to state them to others—which he did with, I fancy, good results for my side. He supported Sidgwick because Sidgwick had been active in Liberal politics both in the University and the city. What further prejudiced Sidgwick's candidature was the fact that some misguided person had persuaded past and present undergraduates to send a round robin to the governing body in favour of his election.

The first vote was indecisive, no one getting a majority of the votes 'of those present and voting,' as the statute laid down. At the second vote Plummer and his friends came over to our side, and Case was elected.

Looking back to the matter after forty years I feel that I have no reason to regret my opposition to Sidgwick ; but I had later reason to regret my selection of Case as a candidate.

I am going to speak at some length of Case, for he was a remarkable man who for fifty years played a considerable part in University affairs. In the last twenty years of that period, when he was President of Corpus, the Fellows of the college experienced a side of his character the existence of which his earlier acquaintances, even his best friends, had, I am fairly certain, never suspected. I had known of him and had been acquainted with him for at least ten years before his election, and my idea of him pictured him as a learned and genial sportsman of a kindly disposition ; and that was the idea I should have formed had I followed the opinion of him prevalent in Oxford prior to his becoming President.

Only the other day I was reading Trevelyan's *History of Trinity College, Cambridge*. His account of Bentley before and after his election as Master of that college might with hardly any modification be applied to Case.

That Case had in the past shown eccentricity was known. He had revolted against living with other boys in a house at Rugby, and had been allowed, even by Temple, to live as the sole boarder in the house of one of the masters. He had been in the University cricket eleven and had refused election to the Harlequins Club because a friend of his was not elected at the same time. But later

he had secured an area in the parks as the University cricket ground, and this in the face of considerable opposition. He had fought others, but he had never shown any disposition to tyrannize over anyone, for the reason, as I know now, that he had never been in a position which gave him the power to do so with security. I say 'with security' advisedly, for an incident which occurred just before his election gave me a new sidelight on his character. Four days before it took place I got a note from my colleague, Schiller, saying that he had been for a walk with Case that afternoon and had told him of the round robin sent in by the undergraduates in favour of Sidgwick's election, and that Case had said that he would withdraw his candidature. I went straight to see Case and asked him what all this meant. He said that he was afraid that the undergraduates would be unruly if he were elected. I told him that the round robin was not to be taken seriously, and was undoubtedly a put-up job on the part of some senior member of the college, and that once he was President of the college the undergraduates would forget the whole incident. So Case did not withdraw.

Later, very early in his presidency, I was dean. He tried to make an arrangement with me by which all favours conferred on undergraduates should be in the hands of the President, and all punishments inflicted by the dean. I refused this proposal, and finally a paper was drawn up which made quite a different arrangement. But his action showed that he was still in fear of the undergraduates, and anxious to be popular with them. My successor as dean had the same trouble with him, with the same result. But after a year or so Case found that the undergraduates were not prone to disorder, and were more afraid of him than he was of them and became at times arbitrary and tyrannous in his treatment of some of them, and that at times in the case of men who did not deserve such treatment.

But he evidently made up his mind to get the whole management of the college under his control and set about it by claiming, professedly under the statutes, powers which did not reside with the head of the college. This he attempted in matters great and small, seeking to veto acts of the governing body on the allegation that they were in contravention of the powers of the President, and to do without reference to a college meeting that which could only be done by that body. Altogether he urged a somewhat wild career. This was the beginning of a long period of agitation and

unpleasantness which lasted throughout the years of his presidency and destroyed the amenities of college life. Finding he could not browbeat the tutors into compliance, he finally determined to outvote them by the addition to the governing body of three professors.

He conceived the most violent antipathies to those who opposed him. He told a friend of mine at a time when I had angered him by opposition that he had given up walking down Merton Street because a man whom he peculiarly disliked lived there. I was living in the street at the time, at Beam Hall. Yet later, owing to words with other tutors, he became on relatively friendly terms with me, and that even after I had upset his great final coup. The coup took the following form. Owing to some gross miscalculation made in the late 'seventies or early 'eighties of the last century it was reckoned that the prospective income of the college would be very large in the near future. Consequently the University Commission of that time had saddled the college with the payment of the incomes of no less than six professors. Also the statute provided that when the college proceeded to pay any one of the professors in full he became *ipso facto* an official Fellow of the college. The college had never been able to pay more than three of them in full, for the good reason that it had not had enough money to do more than that. At the time of which I am going to speak the three professorial Fellows were Stuart, Vinogradoff, and Clark, of whom Stuart was an old friend of Case's. Vinogradoff disliked the tutorial system and those who represented it, and dear old Clark was for peace at any price and gave his vote for that which he thought would lead to the least trouble in the near future.

Suddenly Case announced at a college meeting that on the death of a certain legatee the property of a lady in London was to come to the college, and also said that it would benefit the incomes of the college tutors, which, as their incomes were not overlarge, was for them a pleasing prospect. The old lady, having no near relatives and only one dependant, a companion, had consulted her solicitor—who happened to be also Case's solicitor—as to what to do with her money, and he had suggested that Case should be consulted. Case advocated successfully the claims of his poverty-stricken college. After the companion's death a few years later the estate fell to the college (*sic*), and the will was produced and read at college meeting, when it was discovered that the bequest was not to the college but

to trustees, and was to be applied to very restricted objects, of which neither the classical tutors nor any other tutors were one. But one of the objects was to pay in full the incomes of the three professors who had not so far received their full incomes. This filled us tutors with consternation, for it seemed to mean that Case would have the votes of six professors to set against the votes of the six tutors, all the more so as the trust would put the bequest in the hands of two trustees, of whom Case as President would be one. We adjourned for lunch in the silence of dismay. It occurred suddenly to me that it would be strange if the last University Commission had allowed a statute to be so worded as to make it possible for a private benefactor to foist a new Fellow on the college by leaving a bequest for the full payment of his income. I looked up the statute, and found that it only came into force if the amount necessary for the full payment of the income was paid by the college. As I have already said, the money had not been left to the college but to trustees, and the governing body would not have any power whatever of dealing with it. I mentioned the statute's wording to Schiller, and said that I should raise the question after lunch. But when we met, Schiller clipped in first. I could see that Case was very much taken aback ; but he stuck to his point at first, though later, after a somewhat animated discussion, he said he would consult his solicitor. When the matter came up at the next college meeting I asked him what his solicitor had said. He refused to tell us, saying that the communication with his solicitor was a private matter. I pointed out that the question would have to be settled, and the meeting decided that a competent legal decision must be obtained, and appointed me to draw up the case against the President's interpretation of the statute. The President asked Vinogradoff, the professor of jurisprudence, to draw up his case. I was rather taken aback at having to put a legal case against a professed lawyer ; but a legal friend at another college said to me, "Don't worry, Vinogradoff knows no English law. He's like that law tutor at Lincoln who was always called "Necessity." The counsel to whom the matter was referred, Tomlin, K.C., afterwards judge, took my view outright, and flattered me by telling the college solicitor that I should have made a good lawyer.

The decision broke Case. In the short period which intervened before his resignation he fell into a sort of apathy with regard to college affairs. I had made up my mind that, as far as possible

friendship between us was concerned, it was all over, and I was sorry, for reasons which I will give later. But as a fact he became friendly with me, and began to ask me to come to his study sometimes of an evening and have a talk with him and a glass of the rum which his son, also Tommy Case, who was managing director of Guinness's, used to send him from Dublin. I do not like rum as a rule; but that rum!! Those who knew him will understand that Aristotle figured largely in these conversations. My expert knowledge of that author is confined to a small fraction of his extant works, the *Ethics*, the *Politics*, and some parts of the *Metaphysics*, but Case's conversation on the subject interested me immensely and would, I think, have interested many other people. After all, Aristotle was, on the theoretical side of life, the greatest intellect produced by the ancient world. I remember also his saying on one occasion that he thought the *Memorabilia* of Xenophon gave a truer picture of Socrates than the conception which would be formed from reading the *Platonic Dialogues*.

His conversation sometimes went off at a most unexpected tangent in the form of some strange remark wholly unconnected with the subject which had been under discussion. One night, apropos as it were of nothing, he suddenly said to me, 'Do you know, Grundy, I fancy I am the only head of a college in Oxford who believes in the resurrection of the body.' I asked whether he meant the actual physical body, or whether he meant the survival of individuality. He said he meant the actual physical survival or reconstruction of the physical body. So it may be suspected that his original remark was true.

At a viva voce examination of scholarship candidates the first question he asked one of them was, 'Mr. —, have you ever seen the devil?' It took the candidate and the other examiners aback. A curious thing was that the college had to refuse to elect that candidate owing to circumstances which, as I have very good reason to know, cannot have been known to Case at the time he made the remark.

He could be unconsciously amusing in the expression of his views.

The internal management of the college was at one time not satisfactory. Livingstone—now President of the college—proposed that an in-college Bursar should be appointed. Case remarked that the statutes of the college did not permit of our paying any

salary to such an official. He said he would draw up such a statute and bring it before the next college meeting. So at the next meeting he produced it. It ran : He shall do so-and-so ; he shall be paid so-and-so, and so forth. Livingstone said plaintively that the wording would not permit of the appointment of a woman to the post. (My wife had some time before been appointed domestic supervisor at Oriel, with extraordinarily good results—the first woman who had ever been appointed a member of the management of a college, as Livingstone knew.) Case answered, ‘I rule that the word “he” in this statute apply to both sexes. I will not have the word “she” in the college statutes.’

I have dealt thus intimately with Case’s presidency partly because gossip in Oxford relating to it has tended to take the line that as far as the President and the tutors were concerned the cause of the troubled life of the college was due as much to the tutors as to the President. Looking back from twenty to forty years I may say emphatically that the tutors acted throughout in self-defence and in defence of the principle of government existent in Corpus and in other Oxford colleges. Had they shown weakness Corpus would have passed outside the collegiate system existing in Oxford. In college meetings the discussions which arose from the various attempts Case made to establish a tyranny were serious, but never acrimonious either on his part or that of the tutors ; but they did give rise to ill-feeling and worry which kept those responsible for the government of the college in a state of discord.

The cause of the trouble was that Case was the most pronounced individualist I have ever come across. He had his own views of life, and they were in many instances very different from those which are held by the average man of education. Some of them were amazing, especially in the fact that they were irreconcilable with other views held by him. Even as a boy at Rugby he had, as I have said, shown an eccentric attitude towards social life. On various subjects, great and small, his attitude was peculiar. Married women should always wear black. Dancing was an immoral exercise. Yet on certain moral questions his views were more lax than those usually held.

On University matters he was a rigid conservative all along the line ; a determined opponent of the abolition of compulsory Greek, of the admission of women to the University, and of what he considered the exaggerated claims of science. He read hardly any

modern literature except *The Times* and the *Daily Herald*, the latter with a view to keeping *au fait* with the evil-doings of the Labour Party. When I was made college librarian he advised me to buy no new books for the library. He said that he had been the college librarian for many years and had never added a single book to the library during his tenure of office.

I cannot cite here the whole catalogue of his peculiarities ; but I can say that where his views were concerned he rejected all compromise. When he as head of a college came into a position in which he thought it possible to force his ideas on others, he tried to do so—and failed.

But I feel that in trying to describe him I am attempting to describe the indescribable. I have made the attempt because it is possible that even his oldest friends in Oxford never realized a side of his character which he never showed till he found himself in a position in which he considered it safe to show it.

To show the lengths to which he would go in attempts to force his ideas on others, I may mention finally the attitude he adopted at the beginning of the Great War. I knew long before the war that he regarded the German race as the most capable nation in the world, not merely in respect to learning, but in other things also. With respect to the world of learning I was in agreement with him ; but in other things not so. But I did not then realize how far he was prepared to go in support of his views.

In the early weeks of it he was at Weymouth, and in a letter which I had to write to him I mentioned casually that I had offered myself for active service, or, if too old for that, for work in a government department. I got a letter by return of post—a letter I have preserved—in which he said that by making that offer I had, *ipso facto*, vacated my fellowship and tutorship of the college. I wrote back and told him roundly not to talk nonsense. I communicated this to my colleagues, and on inquiry we discovered that he had told various undergraduates that if they volunteered for service they would not thenceforth be regarded as belonging to the college. At an informal meeting of those members of the governing body of the college who were in Oxford we drew up and issued a circular saying that those members of the college who volunteered for service should not in any way be prejudiced in their relations with the college.

At Weymouth he blocked the way for a company of recruits

marching down the street, refused to move, and had to be forcibly conducted to the sidewalk.

I have, I think, made it clear that I had little sympathy with many of his ideas and his acts, actual and attempted. Yet I feel certain that in whatever he did, however unpleasant it might be to those affected by his action, he did it with the conviction that he was acting rightly. Had he never been placed in a position such as seemed to him to afford the opportunity of putting his eccentric ideas into practice, he would have left behind him the reputation which he had in Oxford before he was President—that of an eccentric but harmless and genial crank. I have said that Trevelyan's account of Bentley as Master of Trinity Cambridge, might be applied almost as it stands to Case. The passage runs thus: 'It was scarcely their [the electors] fault if they failed to suspect his latent tyranny and arrogance, for these features of his character had not yet displayed themselves on any public stage. . . . He kept the college simmering and exploding with angry brawls.'

And yet in spite of the trials and troubles which he brought upon the governing body, his devotion to the college as a college and his effective statement of the reason for that devotion persuaded two testators to leave to the college large sums of money which enabled the college to give financial aid to needy and deserving undergraduates and to meet the large expenses which fall on many Oxford colleges owing to the nature of the local stone of which many of them are built. In a recently published autobiography of a former undergraduate member of the college, the writer has set on record the not very interesting fact that he 'despised' Case. The matter of the statement shows that he did not know him; the form seems to be borrowed from the female vocabulary.

Thirty or forty years ago there were many Fellows of colleges who had lived lives, if not of hermits, of men to whom association with others was confined almost entirely to those whom they met in the evening gathering in their college common rooms. Many of the social habits of men who live ordinary lives of intercourse with their fellowmen and mould their habits largely on what is customary in their own social class, were unknown to or ignored by these old survivals of an old Oxford age.

One of these was Robinson Ellis, who as professor of Latin was a Fellow of Corpus for some years after I joined the college. He had lived for a long time in a quiet little quadrangle in Trinity

engaged in research on the works of obscure Latin authors which were not, I am afraid, of much interest to other Latin scholars in the University. His outward appearance was remarkable. He was a thin, tall figure with a pronounced stoop. His face was very thin and wrinkled, and adorned with a short, thin, straggling beard. He always wore a very ancient suit of black cloth whose sheen was mainly due to age, and a top hat which had the same characteristic. His feet were large, but his boots were so much larger that the toes of them turned up like the prow of a gondola. He was reputed to be a miser. So he was ; but not in the sense that he accumulated money for the pleasure of so doing, but because he suffered from that monomania which sometimes leads men to imagine that their financial position is so unsound that they must exercise the greatest care to provide for the future. At his death he left, it is said, £30,000 in current account at his bank. That bank must have wished that it had many depositors like him. Four times a year, about a week before quarter-day, he wrote to the Bursar to beg him to be sure and pay his quarter's salary punctually as he was very short of money. I had a striking experience of his parsimony. Livingstone was about to be married, and it fell to me as Vice-President at the time to collect from members of Common Room subscriptions for a wedding present. I wrote to Ellis and asked him for one, mentioning that we had agreed that the subscriptions from members of the governing body should not exceed two guineas. I got the following answer which I have preserved as a curiosity : ' Dear Grundy—I am sorry to say that I cannot possibly afford more than five shillings for the wedding present to Livingstone. I shall be dining on Friday and will give it you then.' I went promptly over to college and took my name off dinner for that Friday. I never heard anything more of the five shillings.

Some people in Oxford who were not gifted with a sense of humour regarded him as being gifted with it. They either did not know, or forgot, that people without a sense of humour may say and do very amusing things which they would not have said or done had they possessed it.

When Ellis had arrived at an advanced age without having shown the slightest sign of yielding to or noticing the attractions of the other sex, his friends were amazed when rumours went about that he had been seen walking more than once with two

elderly spinsters who had recently come to live in Oxford. Someone in Trinity Common Room happened to mention that it was reported that these ladies were exceedingly well-off. Ellis, who was present and had been dozing, woke up and said, 'Do you know, that is what I have been trying to discover.'

A surprising incident of a kindred nature took place one night in Corpus Common Room. Cuthbert Shields, who was a great and not infrequent critic of the looks of women, said in that way of his which seemed to mean in the words of the poet, 'And if the truth of this you would deny I simply answer that you tell a lie,' that he considered that Mrs. Vinogradoff was a very good-looking woman. Women's looks were not a very favourite topic in Corpus Common Room, so no one took up the challenge, and there was an appreciable interval of silence. Ellis, who had apparently been asleep in the chair on my left, woke up at this and said across me to Lightfoot, who was sitting on my right, 'I sometimes think, Lightfoot, that your wife is quite a good-looking woman.' He was right, for Mrs. Lightfoot was at the time a very beautiful girl. It so happened that I was lunching at the Lightfoots' next day, and I said to Mrs. Lightfoot, 'I met an ardent admirer of yours last night. If I gave you a hundred guesses you would never guess who it was.' It would be an understatement to say that she was astonished when I told her it was Professor Robinson Ellis, and wanted to know what he said. I told her that he said that he '*sometimes*—mind you, not always—thought you were quite a good-looking woman.'

Ellis had practically no knowledge of family life, but was very keen to inquire into its details. So innocent was he that his questions on the subject tended to take that embarrassing form which is sometimes taken by questions asked by children. At a certain dinner-party he happened to sit next a lady who had recently produced twins, and to the intense embarrassment of the company spent a large part of the evening in cross-examining her on the respective merits of producing families by ones or twos, and which method she preferred.

Woods, the President of Trinity, married, and in due course his wife produced her first child. Ellis, feeling he must congratulate his old friend, wrote, 'My dear Woods, I must congratulate you on the recent event which took me quite by surprise. You no doubt were better informed.'

He was quite friendly to undergraduates who had relations with him, but he regarded the undergraduate world as taking a low place in the life and dignity of the University. One night when someone called attention to the fact that two Fellows of a certain college had committed suicide in the same set of rooms he remarked that the college had no doubt now allotted those rooms to an undergraduate.

On another occasion when a former undergraduate of Corpus who had rowed in the University eight and whose influence in the college had been large and excellent had died in the Soudan of malarial fever, his former undergraduate friends asked if they might put up a tablet to his memory in the college cloisters, a place which had up to that time been reserved for memorials to senior members of the college. Ellis did not like this trespass, as he considered it, on so sacred a place, and voted against the proposal, giving as his reason for so doing the fact that the young man had died of an illness, but stressing the fact that he would not have voted against it had he died a violent death.

I never heard Ellis make an unkind or ill-natured remark about anyone. The nearest approach to anything of the kind was when someone asked him where he had spent a certain vacation, and he said that he had spent it with the more tolerable of his two sisters.

Ellis's lack of humour reminds me of the tale of the Englishman at Heidelberg. A certain Englishman was at Heidelberg one December, and put up at one of the few hotels then open. He was practically the only guest, and the head waiter made the most of him as a restricted field of conversation. On the last night of his stay, when he was at dinner, the head waiter said to him :

'Oh, before you go, sair, I must ask you a very fonny riddle.'

'Please don't,' said the man, 'I never guessed a riddle in my life.'

'Oh, but sair, it is a very fonny riddle.'

'It's no good asking me ; for, as I have said, I never guessed one.'

'But, sair, it is very simple : My fader had two sons ; my broder vos one, who vos ze oder ?'

'I haven't the ghost of an idea.'

'But, sair, if my fader had two sons and my broder vos one, surely I vos ze oder.'

'I say,' said the guest, 'that's rather good. Just repeat it again and let me take it down.' (Which he did in a notebook.)

The next day he went off to Lucerne to spend Christmas at the

Schweizer Hof. On Christmas Eve the English people staying there got up some games, among them asking riddles. The man from Heidelberg said, 'I heard an awfully good riddle at Heidelberg the other day. Wait a minute and I'll read it to you.' So he read it from his notebook. 'My father had two sons. My brother was one, who was the other?'

'Oh,' said his hearers, 'that's an easy one. Of course it was you.'

'Ah,' said he, 'I thought I should catch you fellows. It was a waiter at Heidelberg.'

Cuthbert Shields, who was a colleague during my earlier years at Corpus, was in a way a remarkable man, and also was a recognized character in Oxford. He was a mystic. His real name was Robert Laing, but he had abandoned that for one which signified that he regarded himself as under the protection of St. Cuthbert of Durham. He had founded a society which he called the Society of the Grain of Mustard Seed, of which friends and acquaintances were liable to find themselves members. He was also a firm believer in the reincarnation of those who had lived in the past. Save for these fantasies he was sane during the years that I knew him. It is true that on one occasion he was reported to have shown signs of a coming breakdown, and Plummer warned us all that we must be careful how we talked to him. One morning about that time I was breakfasting in Common Room with Plummer and Schiller when the door was opened and almost immediately I found that someone behind me was holding a walking-stick under my nose. The stick had a glass ball at the top of it, through which could be seen the coloured picture of a woman such as you might have expected to find in the valentines of former days. Then came Shield's voice saying, 'Of course you know who that is.' I confessed that I did not know, but in order to be conciliatory asked who she was, and was told that it was Queen Elizabeth and that she was a reincarnation of Joan of Arc. In a further successful attempt at conciliation I said, 'That's very interesting. I never heard it before.' So far, all had gone well. But Schiller, who could never refrain from making a joke, however bad, said he supposed that Joan of Arc was a reincarnation of Noah's wife. This brought about an explosion so tremendous that I hastily found business elsewhere. The explosion confirmed the impression that Shield's mind might be affected, an impression which led to further results.

At the time of his previous breakdown many years before Shields had made a bonfire in his room which had fortunately been discovered by Plummer, who lived opposite to him, and extinguished before serious harm was done. But owing to the possibility of a repetition of this performance Schiller took the matter seriously, for he lived on the top floor of the same building. So he spent the day in devising and purchasing a means of escape in case of fire—got a metal ring screwed into his bedroom floor, and managed to purchase a rope ladder from a builder—total cost, £15. I mention this in order to show how expensive a bad joke may be. There was no bonfire, and nothing further happened.

On all questions except those I have mentioned Shields was perfectly normal. He had a large and accurate knowledge of modern history, and could talk in a very interesting way on questions connected with it.

I must say a word about those who as tutors for *Literae Humaniores* were closely associated with me. Schiller made a great name as a philosopher of the pragmatic and humanistic school so that his work was far more widely known in the outside world than that of any other philosophical teacher in Oxford. But his views were anathema to those who were regarded in Oxford as orthodox philosophers, so much so that he was never elected to any Oxford professorship. There were some who supposed that his teaching prejudiced his pupils' chances of success in the schools. As I saw all the marks obtained by our pupils in *Literae Humaniores*, I may say that neither he nor I had any reason for supposing that to be the case. It is very rare indeed for an Oxford examiner to be suspected of visiting the prejudices of a tutor on his pupils.

As a colleague, Schiller was almost ideal. We worked together for more than twenty years in complete harmony. I was equally fortunate in my Brasenose colleague, A. J. Jenkinson, with whom I worked for eleven years, and Hardie, who succeeded Schiller at Corpus. In all the years I knew Schiller I never on any occasion heard him speak angrily or show any sign of loss of temper.

A. C. Clark, who succeeded Robinson Ellis as professor of Latin, was an amusing and popular member of Common Room. Everybody liked him, and his all-too-early death was a great grief to all of us.

E. P. Warren was connected with the college in the middle years of my tutorship. He was in his way a somewhat remarkable man.

He was an American from Rhode Island, U.S.A., who, after being an undergraduate at New College, came to live in England. His English home was at Lewes, where he had bought Lewes House, a large house in the main street. He also bought in order to preserve it a very beautiful house, Shelley House, near the west side of the town. When I knew him he always lived in Oxford during term time. He was a man of real classical culture, which was probably the reason for his taking up his home in England, for he regarded American classical culture as superficial. He was indeed in his spirit and his ways more English than American, and in one sense more English than the English in that he was more critical of the ways of his fellow-countrymen. He rather derided the famed culture and social life of Boston, Massachusetts, and used to cite certain verses relating to it :

This is the city of Boston,
The home of the pease and the cod,
Where Adams talk only to Cabots,
And Cabots talk only to God.

Another such verse was :

There was an old lady of Boston,
And a great sea of doubt she was tossed on
As to if it were best
To be rich in the West
Or poor and peculiar at Boston.

He reproduced a dictum of a Bostonian on Shakspeare : 'Yes, sir, William Shakspeare was a very great man. I don't think there are twenty men in Boston who could have written what William Shakspeare has written.'

He had aristocratic leanings, and disliked the free and easy social ways of American democracy :

This is the country of the free,
The cocktail and the ten cent chew,
Where you're as good a man as me,
And I'm a better man than you.
O Liberty ! How free we make !
Freedom ! What liberties we take !

Of Prohibition, that tragic triumph of faddism, he had many tales to tell. I remember one of them.

A traveller by rail arrived at a town in the Middle West. On leaving the station he asked a native if he could tell him where

he could find a house where he could get a drink. The native said he could. He told him to follow the street in which they were and take the third street on the left ; follow that street for three blocks and turn to the left ; then after turning he'd see a house painted white. ' Got it ? ' said the native. ' Yes,' said the traveller. ' Well,' said the native, ' that's the only house in this town where you can't get a drink.'

We made Warren a Fellow of the college. He gave it money during his lifetime and left a considerable sum to it after his death. He was probably the greatest living expert on Greek gems, which he used to buy both for himself and also for the New York Museum. He also had at his house in Lewes a very valuable collection of old china.

I stayed twice with him at Lewes. The household included two or three rather feckless young men who had failed to make a living by professed yearnings for culture without any desire to study seriously. Warren supported them out of pure but mistaken kindness of heart.

In the years before the last war Robert Bridges, the Poet Laureate, used to dine in college very frequently on Sunday evenings. He was an old Corpus man, and he had been made an honorary Fellow of the college. We found him a very pleasant member of the Common Room. He talked well on subjects which interested him until the time came when his mind became obsessed with the idea that English poetry might, like Latin and Greek, be written by length of syllable, ignoring the stress accent. He even produced MSS. of poems written in that way. The only defect I ever discovered in Bridges was that he was very self-opinionated on any idea on which his mind was set, so much so that he obviously regarded those who differed from him as lacking in intelligence. We made very unsuccessful endeavours to read the lines of the poems in a form that could be called scansion, but found that when we applied his classical form of the scansion to them they did not sound intelligible English and when they were read as English their rhythm bore no relation to any classical model. My own impression is that any language in which the stress accent prevails is incapable of being scanned by length of syllable. No English reader would ever have regarded any one of the experiments which Bridges tried as being poetry.

We got rather tired of his repeated arguments on this question,

and he apparently got tired of what he regarded as our dense stupidity ; but I have never found in any criticism of Bridges' poetry written after his death any assertion, much less any proof, that the scheme was a literary possibility. He, however, was wedded to his views, so much so that he ceased to come to Corpus Common Room and got himself elected at New College. Whether he made any converts there I do not know.

I was sorry to lose him as a member of our society. But, though I was certainly one of the unconverted, he did for the last few years of his life give me an open invitation to go up any Sunday afternoon to his house on Boar's Hill where we used to sit talking for hours in that very pleasant semi-detached study of his. I also lectured once a year to his family and neighbours on Boar's Hill in Saxon times.

He was a likeable man, whom, had I known him longer, I might, I think, have called lovable. His death left a gap in my life, one of those gaps which have been all too frequent of late years.

Of my undergraduate friends during the time I was tutor at Corpus I can only say that, with very few exceptions, they were the most likeable lot of pupils I ever had to teach. Many of them showed very high capacity during their undergraduate career and have since attained to most important positions in public life. The positions to which some of them have attained were catalogued in a recent college report, and I think I may quote that catalogue without giving those I do not mention the impression that I am not appreciative of their capacity and character. As a fact, the standard of the Corpus men with whom I have had to deal was in both respects very high. My own contribution to that success may have been small ; but that success does at any rate show the negative fact that I did not let them down. I think, too, that they realized that I was keen on my subject, Ancient History ; for in the whole of my twenty-eight years' experience at Corpus, and my eleven years as Ancient History tutor at Brasenose, no pupil from either college ever cut an hour's work with me.

I have spoken above of former pupils of mine now in high official positions. One is second in command at the Treasury (Secretary) ; another is Auditor General ; another is one of the two permanent chief secretaries of the War Office ; another is principal private secretary to the Prime Minister (Mr. Churchill) ; another head of a department in the Treasury ; three others (one of them

a Brasenose man) are heads of departments in the India Office; another has just been appointed second secretary to Lord Wavell, the Governor-General of India. It is remarkable that such a number of high posts in connection with the government should be held by members of one of the smallest colleges in Oxford. Apart from that, in my own subject of Ancient History three old pupils, one a Brasenose man, are professors of the subject in English universities; another, professor in a Canadian university; and another in a university in the United States. One of my latest Corpus pupils is at this moment first secretary at the Embassy at Washington.

In the earlier part of this period of my life there were two University matters which attracted considerable attention at the time. The first was the election of Lord Curzon as Chancellor of the University in 1906. For more than twenty years after I joined Corpus my interest in University affairs was spasmodic, and consequently my attendance at meetings of Congregation was likewise spasmodic; but there were occasions when I did play a part in events which makes it possible for me to disclose matters and incidents which did not come into the light of day then and are not commonly known at the present time.

There was a good deal behind the election of Lord Curzon. When the vacancy first occurred, the general expectation among Conservatives was that Lord Lansdowne would be the Conservative candidate. But it soon came out that the game called hanky-panky was being played by some members of the party from a centre in All Souls who had not only intended to put up a former member of that college, Lord Curzon, but had also induced my friend Henderson, the Warden of Wadham, who had been a great friend of Lord Lansdowne when they were undergraduates at Balliol, to write to Lansdowne to say that Curzon was going to be put up. Apparently Lansdowne had been approached by other members of the Conservative party, and the instigators of that letter knew well that Lansdowne would not stand if he knew that such a candidate as Curzon was going to be put up against him.

I happened one day to be passing through Brasenose old quad when I found R. W. Leage, the then law tutor of the college, and F. W. Bussell in earnest conversation. They called me to them and expressed much anger at what had happened about Lord

Lansdowne, and also a devout wish that Curzon should not have a walk-over. I sympathized with them, but pointed out that it would be useless to try to get any Conservative to stand against Curzon, and, after thinking the matter over, proposed that they should try to get Lord Rosebery to stand. After all, Lord Rosebery had at least as good a reputation in politics with the Conservatives as with the extreme members of the Liberal party. He was a highly cultivated man and, since Lord Balfour's reputation had suffered greatly from the mistakes made by the recent Conservative government, many regarded Rosebery as, *faute de mieux*, the best statesman in England at that rather lean time. Leage went to see Lord Rosebery at Epsom, who consented to stand; but did so reluctantly. Except as a voter I did not take any further part in the matter. Leage's ideas of the management of an election were not mine. I did not know it at the time, but Leage's mentality was breaking down. Rosebery was, of course, defeated; but it came out later that he had a large majority of the votes of residents in Oxford. (This was in contrast to the voting in Cave's election twenty years later.) Rosebery was defeated on the out-vote.

The election was followed by the outcry usual on such occasions for the disfranchisement of the out-voter. A more stupid demand is hardly conceivable; for, had it been successful, it would have reduced the electorate to a few hundreds, and would at the next revision of the constituencies have led inevitably to the disfranchisement of the University on the ground of the smallness of the constituency. It would also have affected the finances of the University, because so many Masters of Arts kept their names on the books and paid dues to the University in order to retain their vote.

Poor Leage's breakdown came very suddenly in connection with a matter which the present generation in Oxford has either, in most cases, never known, or, in others, forgotten. It is very desirable that it should not be forgotten, for the memory of it will be the best safeguard against the recurrence of it or its like. There had been a good deal of criticism of the fact that a number of quite senior Greats tutors in Ancient History had never been nominated as examiners in the School. A little research disclosed the fact that two senior Ancient History tutors had examined a large number of times, and that when one of them went off the other immediately went on. A further discovery was that when the time of one of them as examiner came to an end he immediately

joined the small board for the nomination of examiners for the School. In fact, it had been obviously arranged that when one was examiner the other got on the board, and vice versa. Thus they had kept the ball rolling in a narrow groove. A. J. Jenkinson, my colleague as Philosophy tutor at B.N.C., a quiet little man, but absolutely fearless in attack on anything he considered to be wrong, got a demand signed by the requisite number of members of Congregation for the discussion of this curious phenomenon. He asked me to support him ; but though I had signed his requisition, I refused to do more as I was one of the senior tutors who had been excluded from the post of examiner. To our embarrassment Leage said he would raise a point of law. We tried to dissuade him from so doing, but without effect. As no law applied to the case, his action would only weaken our position. I told him that what had been done was an abuse, not a contravention, of the law. Jenkinson spoke first, a plain but telling speech which obviously made a great impression on the house. Walker of Queen's answered him ; but his speech was followed by a gloomy and ominous silence in a crowded house. Then Leage got up, only to have his argument cut to pieces by A. V. Dicey, who all the same did not defend what had been done. However, the house had shown what it thought of the matter, and as its silent condemnation of the behaviour of the two persons concerned was quite apparent, Jenkinson did not press for a division.

I have mentioned this matter because I think that a careful watch should be maintained on the course of affairs in the University, though their usual course does not call for destructive criticism. Irregularities may occur in the best regulated families, and it is not well that such irregularities should be regularized by being overlooked or ignored.

Leage walked with me to Brasenose from the meeting, asking repeatedly in an excited way whether I thought Dicey had got the better of him. I simply reminded him of the fact that Jenkinson and I had told him beforehand that no question of law was involved. The next day I heard to my sorrow that his mentality had completely broken down, and that it had been necessary to send him where he could be cared for. He never came back to college because he never recovered. It was a pitiful tragedy.

The rejoicing of the Conservative party at Curzon's election was short-lived. A body which called itself 'six Oxford tutors'

put forward some strange proposals for the reform of the University, founded, as other and similar proposals have been, on a brief and necessarily partial knowledge of the facts ; for it came out, when their anonymity had been dispelled, that they were for the most part very recent additions to the graduate body. To the dismay of Curzon's Conservative supporters he showed a disposition to take their views seriously, so much so that he entertained them at lunches at which reforms were discussed. Apart from this, various meetings were held at which the would-be reformers were faced with considerable opposition. A friend suggested to me that it was much easier to kill a movement by ridicule than by argument, and urged me to make an effort to do so. Looking for historical parallels in verse it struck me that 'The Walrus and the Carpenter' provided the nearest to the situation, especially as lunches and conversation were playing a prominent part in the reform movement. So I contributed to the *Oxford Magazine* a parody of that celebrated poem under the title of 'The Chancellor and the Councillor.'

I did not anticipate that it would cut much ice ; nor do I even now know that it did. But shortly afterwards I got a letter from Lord Curzon saying that he understood that I was opposed to the reforms suggested, and asking me if I would come and see him at Hackwood Park, near Basingstoke, the following Sunday at lunch-time.

From what I had heard of Lord Curzon I expected that a good deal of the conversation would be in the imperative mood. But I have never been afraid of reputations. However, I was agreeably disappointed. No one could have been more pleasant in his manner than he was. We discussed the reform proposals. He did not argue in favour of them, though he suggested that some of my views were rather one-sided. But I rather gathered from something he said quite early in our talk that his enthusiasm for the reforms had never been very great or had weakened. I stayed with him till about five o'clock, and I enjoyed my visit thoroughly. We talked about various things besides reform, amongst others about Persia, when he told me one thing that greatly pleased me, namely, that Sir Percy Sykes, the authority on Persia, had told him that my account of ancient Persia in my book, *The Great Persian War*, was the best he had ever read in any Greek History.

In the period preceding the Great War the Honours School of Modern Languages was established. Important details were debated. I wanted two languages to be demanded from candidates, not one, arguing that we did not want to turn out people suitable for the few professorships which might be established in English universities, but also men who might make their living in schools and in business, and that those who wanted to aim at professorships could qualify themselves by post-graduate study, *e.g.* in philology, which could be made the subject of a special diploma. I proposed this scheme in Congregation, but was defeated by a not very large majority.

Later the detailed scheme for the examination was produced before Congregation, and to many people's amazement, it did not propose to test candidates either by linguistic knowledge of the language or by translation into it of passages from English. As I had long felt that the absence of an Honours School of Modern Languages was a very serious gap in the Oxford curriculum I was keen to have a really good school established. I cannot understand to this day how the Hebdomadal Council came to allow such a schedule to be put before Congregation. When the scheme was produced, I moved an amendment introducing into the examination prose and a colloquial test. For some reason I do not know, Merry of Lincoln, the Vice-Chancellor, sent for me before the debate and asked me to withdraw it. I refused to do so, and carried it by a very large majority. I pointed out that if the original schedule stood, it might be discovered later by an astonished world that a man who had taken a first-class at Oxford in a certain language could not speak it or even write it correctly. Later a very strange thing happened. When the amended form of the statute appeared in print, I found that my wording of the amendment had been altered so as to imply that prose and colloquial were merely voluntary subjects. I appealed immediately to the Vice-Chancellor, who had the original wording restored. The events I have just been describing had an aftermath.

Those who have had even a moderately long experience of Oxford will know that Boards of Faculties and such-like committees tend at times to get under the control of the most energetic member of the body, one who has taken the trouble to get an intimate knowledge of its working and its business, whilst the remainder of the members have in many instances spent far

more energy in scheming for their election to the body than they ever, when once elected, show in relation to its business and working. This means eventually that they are not in a position to contest the proposals of the energetic leader, and apart from that, are pleased at saving time by adopting his proposals without discussion or examination. This had apparently happened in a very pronounced form in the case of the Curators of the Taylorian Institute, which was the centre of modern language teaching in the University.

The first I heard of this was from a staid and trustworthy member of the University who happened to be sitting next to me at a debate in Congregation. He told me that he and certain others were disturbed and distressed to hear that a certain teacher employed at the Taylorian had been dismissed from his post at the instance of the secretary to the Curators, and that he and his family had been thereby placed in a deplorable financial position. He said that he and his friends were friends of the sufferer, and that they could not very well take up the case. He also told me that the person who had brought about the dismissal had later gone to a college where his victim was employed as lecturer and tried to get him dismissed from his post there, evidently with a view to banish from Oxford a man whose case might provoke a sympathy which might take an unpleasant form. The college refused to do anything of the kind.

He asked me if I would take up the case, pointing out that my position in the matter would be a strong one, as I was not acquainted with the sufferer, nor, for that matter, with his assailant. I confess that I did not like the job, but I said I would make inquiries into the matter and, if I found that a good case could be made out, would take it up. My informant then gave me the names of certain well-known people in Oxford who could give me useful information.

From personal experience I knew the misery caused to a man, his wife, and his family by his being thrust out of a job at which he made his living, and that experience has always prompted me to make any man or body of men who have been guilty of such cruelty regret what they have done. But, though I had a certain confidence in the information which had been given me, I knew that if I took action, I must present a case which would carry conviction to those who would have to decide it. So I went to

work on the collection of evidence. The first question was the capacity and energy my client, if I may so call him, had shown in his teaching work. The college which had refused to dismiss him, a college, if any in Oxford, which would not be likely to put up with slackness or incapacity, made it quite clear that they had no cause for dissatisfaction with him. I found that he had also been assisting in the modern language teaching at Somerville, and the two Fellows of Somerville who were responsible for that teaching spoke enthusiastically in his favour, and those two Fellows were probably the most capable teachers of modern languages in Oxford at that time.

As regards the person who had brought about the dismissal, people both in and outside the University gave reasons for dissatisfaction with his conduct on former occasions ; but the most significant piece of evidence was given me by the head of a certain college, who told me that the person about whom I was inquiring had been years before assistant-master at a school kept by the father of the man whose dismissal he had brought about, and had had a bitter quarrel with his headmaster. I was then prepared to bring the matter forward, and I had no doubt that I could get the necessary number of supporters to demand a debate on the subject. But the debacle came about sooner than I had expected. It happened in the following way. Before I was ready to act, the secretary to the Curators of the Taylorian did two things. He persuaded the Curators to alter the charges for attendance at lectures at the Taylorian. Hitherto each attendant had paid so much for each individual lecture which he had attended. Now a comprehensive fee was to be paid for the whole series of lectures, whether the student did or did not attend all of them. The aim was obviously to corner the whole of the modern language teaching in the University, because men students, and still more women students, would not be able to afford to pay twice over for lectures at their colleges and also at the Taylorian, and the colleges could not provide *all* the teaching required. In the case of the women's colleges it would mean that they would not be able to keep their modern language tutors. It was a scandalous proposition. Just about the same time the annual report of the work at the Taylorian was presented to the University. When it appeared on the printed notice of the meeting of Congregation people were amazed to see that, according to it, over 2700 students were attending the

lectures there. I knew it to be wildly impossible and accordingly gave notice of a question on the subject, for I had discovered that this number was grossly, and without doubt deliberately, misleading. As I have said, the wording in the report could mean nothing else than that this large number of *individual* students were attending the lectures. As a fact the secretary to the Curators had in answer to my speech to admit the fact that if an individual student attended four lectures, each lecture on eight occasions in the term, he counted for thirty-two attendants at the institution. The whole report was an incredibly silly attempt at fraud on the University, intended to back up the claim for comprehensive fees I have already mentioned.

My attack on this report was intended to be preliminary to the main attack in order that the University might form some idea of the nature of the man with whom I proposed to deal. But more than I had expected resulted from this debate. After I had spoken showing the fallacious character of the report, Sir William Anson, the Warden of All Souls, spoke saying that rumours had been going about for some time that undesirable things were taking place at the Taylorian. Then the secretary to the Curators got up to answer our criticism. I do not suppose that any speech like it was ever made in Congregation. It was from end to end a tirade of vulgar, childish abuse. It was received for the most part in dead silence, except for a few 'Oh's!' at the worst parts of it. When it ended, the Vice-Chancellor asked me if I wished to say anything in answer. I said that I did not, the speech had answered itself. That speech, far more than anything I had said, destroyed the reputation of the speaker. Oxford, with that enthusiasm which it sometimes shows for ill-founded reputations, had been advancing him to all sorts of responsible posts, membership of the Hebdomadal Council, etc. From that day he faded completely out of Oxford official circles. His victim was avenged; but, alas, he was not reinstated, because in the time I had been collecting evidence his health had broken down completely under stress of worry. He died away from Oxford about two years later. I never knew him; I never spoke to him; and, so far as I know, I never saw him. Two men summed up the situation. Heberden, with whom I left the house, said, 'How dreadfully shocking! He has done for himself.' Vinogradoff later summed up the matter, 'Put a peasant in power and you create a tyrant.'

I have had to relate certain events in Oxford which were unsavoury. They are not characteristic of Oxford life. But they have occurred and they will occur again if Oxford men do not keep on their guard against them, or, worse still, shut their eyes to them. Such incidents are, as I have said, of rare occurrence in Oxford life, because the vast majority of those who work in Oxford are not men who would ever think of taking part in a shady transaction. They are consequently unsuspicious of actions which ought to be treated with suspicion, and are apt when such undesirable action is detected to abstain from opposition to it on the plea that controversy on the indecent is not a thing in which they are disposed to play a part because it advertises defects in University life. Thus the support of the outwardly decent makes the perpetration of the indecent an act involving no risk to the perpetrator. Abstention from moral action can only lead to the development of defects so scandalous that they cannot be hidden from the world outside, and possibly cannot be corrected. Defects are not cured by ignoring them. But the experience of the last forty years has shown that if a man is courageous enough to attack that which he can show to be demonstrably wrong, he will have the whole-hearted support of Congregation.

(There were during these years men well known in Oxford, but whom I never knew well. One of them was Bywater, the professor of Greek. He had the reputation of being a very accurate scholar and of possessing a gift of humour which was apt to be biting. Of this humour I know of only two examples. A certain family of three brothers, all of whom had taken firsts in the classical school, and one of whom had been a pupil of Bywater's, was mentioned in his presence, and Bywater remarked with his slight lisp, 'The —, a family with a dithguthing appetite for facts.' On another occasion when I was present, Marett suggested that the headships of colleges might be awarded by competitive examination. 'A very good idea,' said Bywater, 'but in order not to break with custom the lowest on the list should be taken.') Cook Wilson, the professor of Logic, was also one of the prominent figures of the period. My impression of him was formed on the papers which he read at the Philological Society ; and if they afford a criterion of his capacity, I cannot understand how he came to be regarded as a man of great ability. I am not, I think, exceptional in regarding relevancy in the treatment of any subject,

whether in the field of learning or outside it, as a crucial test of high ability. I never knew any learned man so irrelevant as Cook Wilson.

In arranging the papers to be read in the course of a certain term I mentioned that I had a short paper which would not take more than twenty minutes to read, and Cook Wilson also said he had a short paper on 'The Undergirding of Ships.' So it was arranged that they should be read on the same evening. The evening came and Cook Wilson started off at 8.30 p.m. Up to 9.30 p.m. he had not said a word about undergirding or even about ships. About that time I went to sleep. I was on a couch, with Macan next to me. I was awakened by what I dreamt was an earthquake; but it was Macan, who had also gone to sleep and had fallen against me. The time was then 10.30 p.m., and Cook Wilson was then saying, 'After these preliminary remarks . . .' I went over to the chairman of the meeting and whispered that I was going as it would be impossible for me to read my paper that evening. So I went out. Half the meeting followed me; and a very angry crowd they were.

It may have been a year or two later that Cook Wilson was advertised to read a paper on a question concerned with Homer. I had to be present officially. After reading for an hour and a half he had not mentioned Homer or anything connected with him. At that point Sir Arthur Evans interrupted the paper and asked the chairman on a point of order whether it was permissible for the reader of a paper to advertise a subject and then waste the time of his audience by spending one and a half hours on matter wholly unconnected with it. Evans left the room, and so did the greater part of the meeting. I slipped out unobtrusively.

(There was a meeting which became famous in Oxford held at the house of Professor Sanday in Christ Church. It was addressed by Cook Wilson on 'The Nature of God.' It began at 8.30 p.m. At twelve midnight he was warming up to his subject, when someone suggested that the rest of the paper should be read at an adjourned meeting at a certain date. No one turned up at that meeting.)

It has always seemed to me a strange thing that people in Oxford should have ascribed ability of a high order to a man who talked on subjects without any appreciation of what was relevant to them.

CHAPTER VII

THE PERIOD OF THE GREAT WAR

I HAVE already related my experience of Case's views on the war. My offer of active service was rejected on the score of age. For the first two months of the war I had no appointment in the public service. My wife had employment in a rather unusual form. In September 1914 thousands of men all over the country were offering themselves as recruits. They came much faster than they could be enrolled. The position at Oxford became serious because there were several hundreds of men gathered there waiting for enrolment, a large number of whom were without the means of paying for board and lodging. The town council decided that something must be done for them, and so the mayor called on my wife and asked her whether she and some friends of hers could provide a supper every day at the town hall for some hundreds of men, the first of which should take place within twenty-four hours. To get food for hundreds of people and the cooks to cook it within twenty-four hours was a tall proposition; but they did it. She carried on for some time. Then my wife was asked to help in the catering for a large Army hospital in Oxford holding several hundred patients. This she did for two years, and after that was asked to organise food control in Oxford. She was elected to the Town Council and made a J.P. in the first list of women magistrates ever issued.

In October 1914 I was summoned to London by telegram to do work for the War Office, namely, a route-book for northern Greece and Macedonia. The tracks and passes of northern Greece I knew well, and I also knew the main routes of Macedonia. In order to be within reach of books of reference, I worked first at the headquarters of the Royal Geographical Society; but I found there certain gentlemen who were in charge of some amateurs who were doing work for the Admiralty, and when they began to interfere with my work, about which they knew absolutely nothing, I moved to the War Office, to a room in the Military Intelligence Department which was under the command of General

Macdonogh, who had been for two years a pupil of mine at Blackheath nearly thirty years before. I finished the job in a little over a year. It was troublesome, because the information had to be in minute detail, some of which I had to get from the works of other travellers. I was very much impressed with the efficiency of those I came across in the War Office. One of them happened to be Mr. L. S. Amery.

When my work on that route-book was done I was asked to do a similar book on Rumelia. But I recommended that the work should be done by a friend of mine who knew far more of Rumelia than I did. I only knew the fortified lines of Chataldja, north of Constantinople, and the lines of Boulair at the neck of the Gallipoli peninsula, which I had visited in 1886 at a time when I was lecturing on military history.

But before I left the War Office Captain Reginald Hall, the director of Naval Intelligence at the Admiralty, asked me to go and see him with a view to doing a job for him. To my surprise he proposed that I should draw up a memorandum on the coasts of Greece. He said that there were details that the Admiralty charts did not include with regard to the small bays and inlets where U-boats might lurk. On thinking over the matter, I recognized that at different times I had got to know all the coasts except on the outside of Euboea. I made a lucky shot at the outset of the work. I mentioned to him a small bay just to the north of the Bay of Navarino as an ideal place for U-boats. Unknown to me, Hall passed on that piece of information to the Mediterranean Fleet, and a little more than a week after I had told him, informed me that they had caught and destroyed a U-boat there. I doubt whether the rest of my information was equally useful.

A rather amusing incident took place in reference to the map I sent in with the paper. In inserting the place-names I had put an accent over the stressed syllable in each name, for a Greek peasant would not understand a name wrongly stressed. (For example, if you were in Thessaly and asked the way to Larissa he would say, 'I do not understand.' But there would be no difficulty if you said Lárisa.) When the printed proof of the map came back I found that all the accents had been crossed out. So I went to Captain Hall and asked him why this had been done. He said that it had been done by a civilian member of his staff who had been planted on him as an expert in Balkan geography.

The man was an Oxford man who had been known to me by a reputation which did not include accuracy of knowledge. Hall asked me to meet him next morning in his (Hall's) room. I met him accordingly and asked him what in the world he meant by crossing out the accents on my map. He said that he had not put accents in any other Balkan map. I said it was not a question of other Balkan maps, but of a map of Greece, and asked him whether he knew Greece, Greek, or Greek place-names. He admitted that he did not know any of these things. I pointed out that a naval party which happened to land and inquire for a place the name of which they stressed wrongly would not be able to get information. 'Suppose,' I said, 'that I told you I was going to a place called Exéter, what would you say?' 'Oh,' he answered, 'I cannot be expected to know all the names of places in Greece.' 'Of course not,' I answered, 'but the place happens to be Éxeter in Devonshire.' Hall immediately said, 'I think we will have the accents restored to the map.'

After my Admiralty work was done I decided to try to get work in the Government timber department. For twenty years past I had been dealing with the woods of relatives and friends, measuring and selling timber on their behalf, and had trained myself in distinguishing the different species of trees when leafless. I had also formed gradually a scale of taper which means the number of inches a tree decreases in girth between its base, taken five feet from the ground, and a point in its circumference ten or twenty feet above that, allowing for variation according to whether a tree stands in a thickly planted wood, or in an open wood, or near the edge of a wood, or in a hedgerow. Such a scale is absolutely requisite for the measurement of standing timber. The measurement of standing timber can be got through at least five times as quickly as that of timber measured on the ground. It was fortunate that I had learnt this method of measuring because, owing to the demand for timber being very urgent, the department insisted on measurement standing, and actually paid for timber on such measurement.

Lord Ernle, who was head of the Ministry of Agriculture, and had the timber department under his control, accepted my offer. I am not going to give details of my work; but I may state a few general facts with regard to it. I worked in four counties, Oxford, Buckingham, Northants, and Hertford. As in the case of my

work in London I did not ask for any payment other than out-of-pocket expenses, but I stipulated that I should be directly under the head office in London, not under any local official. This last proviso turned out to be fortunate as I found that some of the local people had got into the business on family influence rather than on knowledge.

I was resolved to pursue a certain policy which I did not disclose to the department: to pay owners a *reasonable* price for their timber: not to take anything which would spoil the beauty of land near their houses: to deal, wherever possible, directly with owners and not with agents who would wrangle over any offer, however fair. I had a typical case of this in dealing with Sir Robert Hermon-Hodge, later Lord Wyfold. I had measured a largish lot of his timber, and the average price worked out at 3s. 5½d. a foot. I had asked him whether he would deal direct with me, in which case I should have offered him the actual price I was prepared to pay. He said he could not leave his agent out, and so to the agent I offered 3s. a foot so as to have a margin for bargaining. He demanded 3s. 6d. I suggested splitting the difference, and he agreed to 3s. 3d. I was at Wyfold a little later, and Hermon-Hodge dug me in the ribs and said, 'My agent tells me that he did you in the eye and made you give 3d. more a foot than you offered.' I told him the facts quite candidly, and pointed out that he lost 2½d. a foot by not dealing direct with me. He took it quite well.

He was a most kindly man, and one way and another I saw a good deal of him. I gathered he was fond of champagne, and rather guessed that his wife had discouraged its use during the war. On the first occasion on which I lunched with him no one else was present. He said, 'Don't you think a little champagne would do us good?' I said I was quite certain it would. So we had it. On the next occasion his daughter was present. He said, 'Mr. Grundy takes champagne for lunch.' So we had it. On the third occasion Lady Hermon-Hodge was also present, a lady who looked to me as if she would possess very strict views as to conduct. To her he said, 'My dear, Mr. Grundy *always* takes champagne for lunch.' This must be a record in the formation of habit, rising in three steps from 'will take' to 'takes' and so to 'always takes.'

It reminds one of Mark Twain's account of the speeches made

at a farewell dinner on a cruising ship : 'The captain made the speech of the evening. He said, "Steward, bring some more champagne."' "

In two years I dealt with more than a hundred owners of timber. With but two exceptions they were most patriotic in their attitude towards the Government demands, though they would obviously have liked to keep their woodland. One of the two exceptions was a Duke, who refused to part with any of his timber and told me to go to hell. I said that the suggestion was kind, but unpractical, as I did not want to burn his timber but to buy it. He was the only owner I had to requisition. I had asked him for about 100,000 cubic feet. I got him requisitioned for 150,000 feet.

I think that the timber owners in my four counties must have passed on to one another the fact that I was prepared to deal fairly with them. The measurements and valuations I made were accepted without any demur, save in one or two cases where I had to deal with agents. Yet I never gave more than the timber was worth, and if the trees were sizable ones I valued each separately. In other counties the department had considerable trouble over valuations, because some of their paid agents tried to win favour with the department by grossly undervaluing the timber they proposed to buy. But I must say that the department did not favour this policy because it, as I have said, caused a great deal of trouble and delay about getting the timber the Government badly wanted. Also the department never turned down any valuation made by me. It was in respect to measurement of standing timber that the difficulty chiefly arose. In the end I found I had to do all the measurement of the lots I bought. In some regions there were professional timber measurers ; but they could only measure timber when down, and that was too slow a process in view of the urgency of the demand. So I had to work twelve hours a day, Sundays included. Trouble also arose owing to some of the agents sent out by the department being of a social class which welcomed the opportunity of dealing in a high-handed way with owners who were by no means accustomed to that kind of dealing. These owners not unnaturally made trouble, and their discontent became so formidable that the department got alarmed ; and in consequence I got every now and then SOS telegrams ordering me to go immediately

and settle the quarrels which had taken place. One of these resulted in my having a very interesting experience.

I was working on the Duke of Grafton's estate near Stony Stratford when I got one of these telegrams directing me to go straight away to settle matters with the Earl of —. I motored nearly forty miles through nearly a foot of snow and arrived at the house about twelve o'clock midday. The butler informed me that his lordship was engaged till two o'clock. I noticed that the butler's manner was more short than respectful. I told him that as the matter was urgent I must wait. So he let me in and took me down a long passage into what I recognized as the servants' hall. Two servants were laying dinner in the room. At 12.30 p.m. about twenty servants filed in. The butler asked me if I would like to have some dinner. I said I would. The housekeeper, a lady of immense dignity, but condescending manners, placed me on her right. I have never seen a meal conducted with more formality. The conversation was mainly on the weather, which, happening to be very vile at the time, afforded a fertile subject for discussion. Next to me on my right was the head housemaid, a very pretty young woman; so we got on well together. To the servants generally the housekeeper was evidently a holy terror. Owing to her presence conversation between the servants was carried on *sotto voce*. Even I in later visits to the house felt rather shy of her.

Just as dinner was ending the butler whispered something to the housekeeper and went out of the room, returning in a few minutes to say that his lordship would see me. As it was only one o'clock I suspected that something had gone wrong with the works. I was taken to his lordship's room. When I entered he got up from his chair and said, 'Good God! What's happened?' I said that nothing particular had taken place. He asked me where I had been. I said that I had had a very good dinner in the servants' hall. He said that there had been a mistake, and that I must come and lunch with the family and he would tell me all about it. I told him that I should be quite incapable of eating anything for many hours to come. However, I went in with him to lunch, and confined myself strictly to some very good Berncastler. He explained that the previous week a second-class clerk from a Government office, whom he described in what seemed to him suitable terms, had threatened to take the whole of a wood which

was actually part of the garden, and had been truculent when protest was made. Lord ——— had therefore ordered that anyone from the timber department who called thereafter was to be shown into the servants' hall. But the Berncastler healed my wounded (*sic*) feelings.

I had a similar case to deal with at the celebrated Ashridge Park in Hertfordshire when a Canadian who had been sent down there demanded all the wood in Old Copse, an essential feature of the park. It was fortunate for the department that he did not get his way, for I was warned by a timber merchant at Tring that beech trees in that neighbourhood were suffering from a peculiar disease which did not, like the ordinary beech disease, kill them or affect their outward appearance, but rendered their wood valueless. The beeches in the park at Ashridge were marvellous; whole copses of them were formed of trees running up forty or fifty feet without a branch, and containing an average of two hundred cubic feet of timber to the stem.

CHAPTER VIII

CORPUS AND OXFORD: 1919-1931

CORPUS, like other colleges, had suffered terribly during the war. Towards the end of it the British Government found itself in the position common to British governments in this century, of having copied the mistakes of the past made by itself and previous governments. In the present instance the trouble was a shortage in the supply of men suitable for staff work at the Front, a shortage due to the policy, or lack of it, which had been followed early in the war of using up the material which could have been trained for staff work as non-commissioned officers or junior commissioned officers in the army in France, where most of them perished within a few months. In Oxford alone many such cases might be cited. Could the whole tale of loss be told, it would run into hundreds. To Corpus few of those who left for the war before completing their university career ever lived to return.

When the war ended, those who came back proved one of the most satisfactory generations in the college that I experienced in my thirty-odd years as tutor. There were some very able men among them. But the most remarkable characteristic of them was their keenness to resume the studies on which they had been engaged before being called away. Several of them took first-classes in the Final Classical School and one of them got the best first-class of his year.

Another group of men of a very different type turned up in Oxford a little later formed of the members of some of the minor universities of the United States. I came across them in the first instance through my wife, on whom a small deputation called, asking her to patronize certain dances they were going to get up in Oxford. She had, at the instance of Phelps, Provost of Oriel, been appointed to the domestic charge of the college, an appointment which had attracted notice as she was the first woman who in the long history of the University had held any position in the management of a college. As she had no mind to patronize dances or anything else of the kind, she refused the patronage. I asked the deputation what was behind this scheme. They said

they wanted to see the Oxford undergraduate free from disciplinary control with a view to democratizing the University by encouraging more intimate relations between the University and the town, *inter alia*, by establishing dances at which undergraduates and shop girls might meet. This fantastic movement faded away quickly, and was finally killed by the firm attitude of Farnell, then Vice-Chancellor.

Farnell was a stubborn man. Some thought him pig-headed. He had certainly a talent for doing the right thing the wrong way. But, apart from his action in the above instance, he saved the University from some very undesirable developments. It was not to the credit of certain people at Oxford that they tried to get Lord Curzon, the Chancellor, to refuse in his case the customary renewal of the Vice-Chancellorship for a third year. His antipathy to dances and things of that kind had roused a prospective Liberal candidate for Oxford city to take what he regarded as a heaven-sent opportunity for a bid for popularity by attacking him as a violator of Magna Charta, the Habeas Corpus Act, and the British Constitution generally by debarring undergraduates from free relations with the townspeople. But there was a more direct danger to which the University was then exposed—a tendency to yield to popular clamour for alterations in the programme of university education and for a general lowering of the standards in many subjects. Moreover, as has been too often the case in Oxford, even those who were opposed to such changes showed every disposition to let the matter slide. Farnell, on the other hand, showed a determined opposition to these attempted innovations.

I wrote a strong letter to *The Times*, defending Farnell's attitude on these questions and the action he had taken, which *The Times* published in large print on its leader page. With Farnell's enemies in the University the letter was naturally very unpopular, and much criticized. But I was not repentant, all the more so as I knew there was a large number of people in Oxford who were uneasy about the recent developments, and wrote to me thanking me for writing so plainly on the subject. One of the judges told me that at a meeting of the judges of the High Court the letter was mentioned casually, and all those at the meeting agreed with it.

Shortly after the war, in 1919 I think, the Dean of Christ

Church asked me to a small private dinner at the deanery to meet that well-known soldier, Sir Henry Wilson, who was that evening giving an address to undergraduates in Christ Church hall in support of the O.T.C. About that time there was a lot of nonsense being talked about the identity of the man who had won the war. Wilson said that at a recent dinner in London he had been called upon to speak. In the course of his speech he had said in the presence of certain people who were reputed to have claims to the distinction, 'By the by, I was walking down Whitehall yesterday when a man came up to me and said he had just met the man who won the war. I said, "The devil you have! Who was he?" He said, "Damn it all, I've forgotten."' Wilson's conversation was very amusing, and of so daring a nature that it would have created a good deal of trouble had the objects of it heard of it.

A year or two after the war the India Office became alarmed at the fall of the number of candidates for the India Civil Service from Oxford and Cambridge. It was after the Chelmsford and Montague régime. Before the great war I had advised my pupils who had not a good family job awaiting them to compete in the Home and India Civil Service examination, and a lot of my Corpus and Brasenose men had passed it. I got a letter from the secretary to Lord Olivier, Secretary for India in the Labour government, asking me to see him in reference to the situation. I went to see him and told him that so far as my attitude as tutor was concerned I did not any longer recommend my men to enter for the I.C.S., nor did I say anything to dissuade them from so doing; but that, as a fact, the attitude of Oxford and Cambridge tutors mattered little as the parents of potential candidates would not allow their sons to serve as subordinates to Indians in the Service or under the orders of a government composed of Indians. At the end of the conversation I added the conciliatory remark that of course the previous Coalition government, not the Labour government, was responsible for the present state of things. Unfortunately he did not take this as conciliatory, but replied somewhat angrily that he approved wholly of what the Coalition had done. I said that I was very glad to hear that, because it confirmed what I had always said about that government—that it had not an enemy in the world but that all its friends disliked it.

That question was raised again when F. E. Smith was Secretary

for India. A circular was issued by the Vice-Chancellor (Wells of Wadham) to say there would be a meeting in Wadham Hall at which the Secretary for India would seek to get information from tutors as to the reason for the reluctance of their pupils to enter the I.C.S. I had not intended to go to the meeting, but I got a note from Wells, who knew I had seen Olivier, asking me to be present.

When I got there I was disappointed to see Sir Michael Sadler in the chair in place of Wells, who was ill, as I knew that that meant that anything implying criticism of the policy recently pursued in India would, if possible, get side-tracked. If F. E. Smith was to get the information, it would be unwelcome to people of Sadler's views. My anticipations on this point were realized. Smith's speech did not show any trace of his reputed eloquence : it was halting and confused. Nearly every sentence began with 'I assure you . . .' of this or that, and I was almost sure that two of his most important pronouncements were not founded on fact. When he ceased there was a silence of some minutes, and, as no one got up and the meeting seemed likely to come to an end without its stated object—the obtaining of information from Oxford tutors—being achieved, I got up to speak. Sadler said immediately that there would be no time for speaking but that we could put questions to the Secretary of State. I pointed out that the notice calling the meeting represented it as affording the Secretary of State the opportunity of getting information from the tutors, not vice versa. So that attempt at suppressing the unwelcome did not succeed. I proceeded to restate the case I had put before Olivier. Being uneasy as to the reliability of some of the assurances given, but not being sure of the facts, I confined my reference to them to the general remark that the right honourable gentleman had given us certain assurances which we should like to have confirmed from other quarters. At that F. E. got up and said angrily, 'What does the speaker mean?' I answered that what the speaker meant was that similar assurances were given to the English in Ireland, and we knew what became of them. F. E. did not say anything to that ; but Joseph of New College got up and said that his brother who was in the I.C.S. had recently tried to insure his pension in various insurance offices in London, all of which had refused to accept the risk, and that he therefore was surprised at the statement made by the

Secretary of State to the effect that the pensions of Indian Civil Servants were guaranteed by the British Government. F. E. had nothing to say in answer to this, and the meeting came to a close.

A week or two later to my surprise Hirtzel, the Permanent Secretary at the India Office, wrote to me and said that he had heard that there had been some 'lack of agreement' between F. E. and me at the meeting, but F. E. would like to have a talk with me. I said I was not at all keen about it as I thought it might lead to unpleasantness. He pressed the matter, so I asked him to lunch with me in London and he talked both the matter and me over. I must say that I found F. E. very pleasant and reasonable; and I think I persuaded him that the difficulty about candidates was due to the parents, not to the tutors, and that my opposition did not take the form of advising them not to stand, but of not advising them to stand.

(This was the only occasion on which I met F. E. Smith. But I knew his reputation as an undergraduate, and at that time of his life he had a well-deserved reputation for ready wit. There were two tales in connection with his activities at the Union which were current in Oxford. I must mention that the undergraduates who professed Communism were apt to proclaim their attachment to that cause by growing a beard of a disfiguring character and adopting an unwashed appearance, not perhaps real, but very well simulated. One of these gentlemen made a speech in a Union debate, and was succeeded by F. E. Smith, then a freshman, who opened his speech by saying that the arguments of the last speaker, like himself, wouldn't wash. He was fined the sum of one guinea for impropriety. Hilaire Belloc, president of the Union when F. E. first joined it, made an opening speech, and F. E. got up and expressed his admiration of it. He further added that the more often he heard it, the more he admired it. And then it struck the audience that there was a certain sameness about the oratory of the president.)

By the death of Lord Curzon in 1925 the Chancellorship of the University fell vacant. As I played a part, and until very shortly before the election the sole part, in getting a suitable candidate in opposition to Lord Asquith, it may be of interest to present and past members of the University to recount what took place behind the scenes.

Lord Grey of Fallodon, a candidate who would have had the support of Conservatives as well as Liberals, was prevented from standing by the announcement that Lord Asquith had been approached by certain members of the University and had consented to stand. As author of the measure which had placed the trades unions outside the law relating to such associations, a grave and dangerous departure from the principles of English law, and as responsible for the pressure put upon the King to create a number of new peers to pass the Irish Bill through the House of Lords, Lord Asquith was not a popular candidate with Conservatives at Oxford. Yet a self-constituted committee of eight persons who professed to be representative of Conservative opinion in Oxford wrote a letter to *The Times* stating that Oxford Conservatives would not think of opposing the candidature of so distinguished a man as Lord Asquith. This excited a good deal of indignation because the committee was purely self-constituted, no such committee having ever been elected to manage the affairs of those Oxford residents who held Conservative views. I waited for a week or two in expectation that someone would start a movement in opposition to this unauthorized expression of opinion. Time passed and the day of election was drawing near, so I mentioned in Common Room at Corpus that I thought it was time to do something, if something was to be done. My colleague, Charles Plummer, urged me strongly to take action in the matter. So I started off that very evening visiting other common rooms, where I found an unexpected amount of support. I had then to make up my mind as to the candidate to be proposed. The Conservative party at that time in parliament was singularly devoid of persons of academic distinction. Of the very few who possessed it I found that I had to rule out Lord Birkenhead. He was singularly unpopular in Oxford at that time, though in years past he had been popular and admired. What the cause of the change was, I never heard. Absolutely the only other Oxford candidate of distinction—a quality not absolutely necessary, but very desirable—was Lord Cave, the Lord Chancellor. I wrote a letter to him explaining the situation, and asking him to be a candidate. He wrote back by return consenting to stand, and I found by inquiry that he would be an acceptable candidate to those who had promised their support.

I thought I had got over my preliminary difficulties. That

was far from being the case. For pure downright shilly-shallying Lord Cave created a record in my life's experience. Two days after I received his letter he telegraphed to say that he was afraid that he could not stand as he feared he would be beaten. I discovered later that this was the fear of the Government; but at that time I sent first a long telegram and then a letter to say that his fear was absolutely groundless. I knew that the out-voters would be on our side in a vast majority, and I knew also by that time that a majority of resident voters would support him, a great change from the election of 1906, when the resident voters were largely in favour of Lord Rosebery. He telegraphed to say that he would stand. Then a day or two later he telegraphed to say that, much as he would like to stand, his colleagues in the Government were afraid that his defeat would be a blow to the Conservative party. So I did two things. I asked Sir Charles Oman, member for the University, to see Lord Cave and explain the position at Oxford, and I sent a long and very expensive telegram to Lord Cave. Later, Oman told me that Cave said that he could not stand. It was plain to me by that time that Cave personally was anxious to stand, and that the opposition came from members of the Government, so I wrote and suggested a personal interview with him. The delay was making matters critical, as it was now within a fortnight of the election, and while this uncertainty existed I could not go on collecting support for a candidate who might after all not stand. I also suggested that he might persuade some members of the Government who were opposed to his candidature to be present at the interview. He wrote back accepting the proposal, and saying that he would try to get some members of the Government to attend. He suggested the somewhat inconvenient hour of 11.30 p.m. in his private room at the House of Lords. I attended at that time. The official private room of the Lord Chancellor of England was filled with furniture which a second-hand dealer would have treated as scrap. It was a debased and dingy form of Early Victorian, rich no doubt in memories of a long historic past, but economically valueless. The Lord Chancellor informed me that three members of the Government would be coming very shortly, and that meanwhile we might have a whisky and soda. A few minutes later three gentlemen entered the room. I do not know to this day who they were, for I did not recognize them; and I hurried

away after the interview to catch a train, so had not the opportunity of asking the Chancellor their names. One of them acted as spokesman. He began by saying, 'Well, Mr. Grundy, we understand that you want the Lord Chancellor to stand for the Chancellorship of the University.' I said that that was so. He then said that the Government feared that if he stood against so strong a candidate as Lord Asquith he might be defeated, and that would be a bad thing for the Conservative party. I suggested that it would be a worse thing for the party if the impression got abroad that it did not venture to put forward a candidate against a Liberal for an office dependent on the vote of a great University. I added, 'As far as the question of defeat is concerned, putting the matter in a convincing way, I will say that if you know anyone who is likely to pay if he loses, I will bet him two to one in anything reasonable that if the Lord Chancellor stands he will get in.' The three unknown laughed, and the one who had done the talking, after looking at the others, said to the Lord Chancellor, 'Well, I think after what Mr. Grundy has said, that you might stand.' With that they left the room. Lord Cave was obviously delighted with the decision.

On getting home I communicated to the papers the list of those prepared to support Lord Cave, and later lists as names came in. In all the lists I gave the names of *all* supporters, avoiding the mistake of confining the lists to the names of so-called 'influential persons.' Those whose names appear on such lists feel a sort of obligation to vote, whereas those whose names are omitted do not like to be treated as persons of inferior importance and are apt to leave the voting to the influential persons. I have heard talk in Oxford of the importance of getting the support of influential persons, but I have never known a case in which their vote has influenced that of anyone else.

It was now within about nine days of the election. So I got together hurriedly a committee of which I asked the Provost of Worcester College to be chairman, knowing him to be an able business man. The other members whose names I remember were Professor and Mrs. T. Townsend, Lane Poole of St. John's and his sister, Miss Lane Poole. I purposely did not join the committee because I felt that where one person has played a solitary part in a piece of work he is apt to be too insistent on his views when that work passes into other hands. The Committee in the

short time—it was only a matter of days before the election—did its work admirably.

Thomas Case, in spite of being in weak health, came up all the way from Falmouth, and when Cave got in he, and many others, wrote me enthusiastic letters on the result. Cave's majority was in the ratio of five to two as near as may be.

Case had recently resigned the presidency of the college, and P. S. Allen, then Fellow of Merton, but a former undergraduate of Corpus, was elected in his place. As head of a college he was handicapped by the fact that, though he had an intimate knowledge of the world of letters, he had very little knowledge of the world outside it. He was infinitely conscientious in doing what he thought was right, but was often too narrow for the ordinary life of a college. He sought advice from all and sundry, advice which he received in a silence which seemed to indicate acquiescence, but nearly always resulted in an attempt to carry out his own ideas. But, despite that tendency, the governing body of the college during his tenure of the headship lived in a peace it had not known for twenty years before his time.

CHAPTER IX

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

I DO not propose to worry readers with details of the various books I have written ; but it may be of interest to those who write, or contribute to the writing of, books to know how some of my books came into existence.

Of the subjects I had studied as an undergraduate the histories of Greece and Rome interested me most. I have already mentioned that some of the lecturers on Greek history at the time I was an undergraduate found it easy to make a reputation for acuteness and insight by attacking the veracity of Herodotus and Thucydides in certain parts of their work, especially in their treatment of Greek legendary history and the minuteness of the topographical descriptions which they attached to their accounts of incidents in the wars of the fifth century. The lecturers were only following a fashion prevalent among writers both in England and elsewhere, who lectured and wrote on ancient history at that time. I am afraid I made myself rather a nuisance to some of the Oxford lecturers by my inquisitiveness as to the evidence on which these destructive criticisms, especially in relation to military topography, were founded, because, as I have mentioned elsewhere, I had lectured on military history during the three years before I came up to Oxford, and had visited on the Continent all the sites of battles in the three campaigns on which I lectured, those of 1866, 1870-1, and 1877-8. I found the lecturers relied on the reports of travellers such as Leake. Now Leake in his books on the Morea and Northern Greece gives very valuable information ; but he did not set himself to making a minute investigation, still less a survey, of such places as Thermopylae and Plataea. He passed through them and gave of them the impression which a traveller might acquire from brief observation. So when I got £200 from the Geographical Studentship in 1892, money which had to be spent in research, I spent it first in Greece on actual surveys of the field of Plataea, the town of Plataea, and the field of Leuctra, and secondly in the next year in Italy in the investigation of the Trebbia and the region of Lake Trasimene, and a possible field of

Cannae. The Plataea-Leuctra work was published as an additional paper by the Royal Geographical Society and was well reviewed; but, being a very specialist work, was only reviewed in certain papers. The work in Italy was published in the *Journal of Philology*. But, apart from my survey work in Greece, my observation of the country through which I passed had impressed me with the fact that certain aspects of its history had been omitted from English and German histories of ancient Greece. The first and most noticeable point was the restricted area of cultivable land—only 22 per cent. of the whole. The second point was the great difficulty facing any attempt to traverse a Greek hillside owing to the sharp, closely set rocks and low, stiff scrub. I set to work consequently to examine ancient evidence, direct and implied, on these subjects, and I found any amount of it in passages scattered throughout the works of Greek historians. After the money coming from the Geographical Studentship was spent, I continued my survey work in subsequent years at Pylos and Sphacteria, Olpae and Idomene, and Delium. This was made possible for me by various grants from the Craven Fund, obtained for me by that good friend of research and very good friend of mine, Professor Pelham, by grants from Brasenose, and later from Corpus. I reckon that I myself had to pay only half of the expenses of my various visits to Greece, Macedonia, and Rumania, the Roman Dacia, though these expenses were considerable. About this time, certainly before 1900, I became interested in the question raised by Ullrich as to the time or times of the composition of Thucydides' work. I found a store of literature dealing with the subject in the library of Worcester College, access to which the college very kindly allowed me. Ancient historians in England had left the subject on one side with, so far as I know, the sole exception of Professor Gilbert Murray, who had summed up the main considerations in his book on the Greek historians. I went into the matter in great detail, and published the result in an appendix to a book called *Thucydides and the History of his Age*, published in 1911.

In 1900 Mr. John Murray, the publisher, wrote and asked me to edit a new edition of their large classical atlas. The atlas was old and required revision. As I could not edit all the maps, I asked Haverfield whether I could get help from Oxford and Cambridge in reference to certain maps. He assured me that I could get plenty of it. His information turned out to be very

misleading, as the persons to whom I was advised to apply disclaimed any knowledge of the maps in question. But before I come to that I must mention certain preliminary difficulties which arose.

I wrote to Murray saying that I would undertake the editorship on condition the maps were produced on the coloured contour system, *i.e.* different shades of green and brown at different heights above sea-level. I insisted on this because I had lately bought the large Oxford atlas of modern historical geography, and had discovered that the maps, though excellent in respect to historical information, were produced in such a form that the physical features, especially in relation to mountain ranges, were hardly distinguishable. They were what maps printed by English map-makers were at that time, plastered with colours indicating political divisions, but quite indistinct in their portrayal of natural features. The colouring was laid on so thickly that it tended to obscure the names. Having always had an interest in maps since I was quite a lad, I had in the course of my travels in Europe collected sheets of government maps issued by various countries. Of these by far the best were the Swiss maps.

It may be well to explain that maps may be classified by the modes of delineating mountains and hills, the most important features in the representation of those physical characteristics of countries which have so largely determined their history. The modes are: (a) The two-light system, *i.e.* shading on the basis of an imaginary perpendicular light, and also shading on an imaginary horizontal light coming from the north-west. The effect is to give what looks like a relief map. The official maps of Switzerland are drawn on that system, and are the finest maps I have ever seen. Unfortunately the cost of production is great. When Sir Charles Close was Director-General of the Ordnance Survey I recommended the system to him for the one-inch maps, and he actually produced it in the case of a few sheets of them. But the Treasury stopped it on the score of expense. (b) The one-light system, *i.e.* shading from an imaginary perpendicular light. This is the system used in most editions of our one-inch maps. (c) The coloured contour system, which I have mentioned above. The German and French government maps are also produced on the one-light system. The hachuring (shading by lines) shows where the hills are, but gives no real clue as to their height

(d) Hills and mountains shown by contour lines only. The Italian survey is on these lines ; but it is cheaply produced and confused in detail.

It was the maps of the former Austrian Empire which were produced on the coloured contour system which first attracted my attention to it. It is quite cheap in production, and gives the ordinary user of maps the most effective method of learning at a glance the nature of the country he is studying.

This was, as I have said, the system I demanded from Murray. After a short interval he wrote and said that he had consulted Bartholomew, the Edinburgh mapmaker, who was going to print the new atlas for him, and that he had reported against the system as being too expensive. I wrote back to say that in that case he must get another editor.

After an interval of three months, during which, as I learnt, he had been trying to find some other editor, Murray wrote to me and said that he and Bartholomew would give way on the coloured contour system, and asking me to go and see Bartholomew at Edinburgh and explain exactly what I wanted. On my way to Edinburgh I called at Carlisle, where my brother-in-law had large works for printing expensive cretonnes, and as it was a slack period of the year with them, I got him to let me have the services of two of his engravers. I drew and coloured a map of England which, as the engraving was simple compared with what they had to do ordinarily, they finished off on six copper rollers in one working day, and the rollers were then put into one of the great printing machines, and the pattern printed off on a length of remnant white calico. The men who worked the machine told me that they, if required, could have easily run off five thousand copies in one day. All the specimens I wanted went through in about two minutes. The cost of the engraving was less than £2, and after that the only expense would have been the material and colouring matter, and the wages of the man who worked the machine.

Armed with the copies of the maps I went off to see Bartholomew. Either the maps or I, or both, convinced him of the feasibility of the plan.

Then I made a proposal to him which had great results later. In the recent summer I had been in Wales in the Snowdon district, and had bought a half-inch map of Carnarvonshire, the first issue

of a series which Bartholomew intended should eventually include the whole of Great Britain. It was one of the wretched productions universal in British map-making at that time. You had to look carefully at it to find Snowdon. I suggested to Bartholomew that he should apply the coloured contour system to the rest of the issues. This he did, and the result was the series of half-inch maps which everyone now knows so well. I wish I had had a share of the profits the series has brought him in. But, dismissing the sordid question of profits, I think I may say that the maps of Murray's new atlas were the first coloured contour maps produced in England—in other words, I introduced the system into this country. Now the system is widely known here. The Murray atlas was issued in parts at my suggestion. As an atlas it would have been very expensive. In parts, as hand maps of individual countries, each part can be purchased for two or at most three shillings.

Before leaving this subject I must say a word about two of my contributors. The map of Palestine was edited by Professor George Adam Smith of Aberdeen, and a very good map it is, compiled by an expert who took the utmost pains to make it as good as possible. The map of Asia Minor reflects even greater credit on its editor, Professor J. G. C. Anderson, because the sites of many places known to ancient history could only be ascertained by one who had first-hand knowledge of the region and who had always shown a determination and an ability in respect to the accumulation and investigation of available evidence and a capacity for drawing the right conclusions from it.

The first large book I published was *The Great Persian War*, dealing with Herodotus. That was in 1901. It was well reviewed, especially in the *Athenaeum*. As to its acceptance by the learned world I only know that it was sold out many years ago, and that the booksellers not long ago were asking two guineas for second-hand copies of this guinea book. My experience is that the author of a professedly learned book is the last person to hear, except from reviews, how it has been received by those who are reputed experts in the subject with which it deals. My *Thucydides and the History of his Age* was published in 1911. I offered it to John Murray who had published my previous book. He gave me to understand that the result would be the bankruptcy of his famous firm. So I said that I would take it elsewhere. He then

said that he did not intend to refuse it, but repeated his gloomy prophecy as to the results of accepting it. When the book appeared it was extraordinarily well reviewed in the papers, especially in the *Literary Supplement of The Times* which printed the criticism with the heading, 'The Secret of Greek History,' bringing to my face the nearest thing to a blush from which I have suffered since early childhood. The German reviewers were also complimentary, but of course critical with respect to details, which was not surprising, inasmuch as I had entered boldly on that most disputed question *die Thukydides Frage*. In Oxford its reception was not so cordial; in fact, my friends began to tell me that certain revered and reverend members of the University regarded it as the work of an impudent heretic. But they did not attack it in print. As a fact, Greek and Roman history in Oxford were dominated and confused by creeds originating with Grote and Mommsen. It is plain in the case of Grote that he started with the idea of proving that the fifth-century Athenians had ideas identical with those of the Early Victorian Liberals, and vice versa. Of Mommsen it is known that his work was a *παλινωδία* for his views and actions as a revolutionary of 1848, and he therefore glorified the actions of those Romans whose ideas of rule seemed to him to approximate closely to Prussianism. At the time Grote and Mommsen wrote it was considered quite an open question whether an historian was justified in making what professed to be history political propaganda which might influence the men of the times at which he wrote. Such so-called historians do not seem to have falsified such evidence as did exist, but to have omitted or suppressed such as conflicted with the views they sought to propagate. One well-known Oxford lecturer in Greek History attacked my views, especially on Spartan history, in his lectures. I therefore made a point of sending all my Corpus and Brasenose men to him. Undergraduates enjoy differences between teachers whom they regard as authorities, and I knew my own pupils would listen eagerly to these lectures in order to produce them in essays brought to me. And then! After some years *ecce mutata omnia!* The lecturer came round largely to my views. I was the loser, because thereafter essay hours became less amusing.

Urged by a friend, who was one of the electors, I stood on one occasion for the professorship of Ancient History. The same friend told me afterwards that my work on Thucydides had cost

me the post. That did not trouble me much, because that between its issue in 1911 and the beginning of the great war in 1914 out of some seven hundred copies then sold two-fifths had gone to Germany, and the reputation of Germany in classical scholarship was at that time far higher than that of any other country in the world. I may also mention incidentally the fact that, in spite of four years of war, the book went out of print shortly after 1919, and some years later I found that when I wanted a second-hand copy of it I could not afford to buy it, as the price of that 18s. book had gone up to £3, 17s.

Vinogradoff, who had been educated in Berlin, said to me more than once that the truth, whether pleasing or displeasing to the world in general, was recognized by German scholars of his time as the end and aim of scholarship. Many of them have perished in recent years as martyrs to a truth which they refused to disown.

But in the last great war there was a strange exception among German scholars, one who made the most reckless and extraordinary assertions which he, if he did not know that they were untrue did certainly not know that they were true. I knew Eduard Meyer, the author of the *Geschichte des Alterthums* (History of Antiquity). He had stayed with me in Oxford a few years before the war. Of course we talked endless shop—to my edification if not to his. As an historian I had regarded him as a very learned and very level-headed man. And then there came into my hands after the war a pamphlet he had written in which, amongst other things, he accused all the women of England of being prostitutes. But, before this absurd document became known to me, I had come across a book on the monarchy of Caesar which he had published during the war. The first fifty pages of it aimed at confuting the very exaggerated views of Mommsen on Julius Caesar, and I thought that, if translated into English, it might correct the views of English scholars and students on this important subject, though there was much in the latter part of it with which I personally could not agree. So a few months after the war ended I wrote asking him if I might translate it. He wrote back in December 1919 that I might publish it if I wished to do so, but that he would not in any way collaborate as he had sworn 'with the approval of many honourable men, women, and scholars who had approved of his oath' not to have any relations in the future with Englishmen.

I did not carry out my plan because, as I have said, I found much in the latter part of the book which seemed in agreement with the exaggerated views of Mommsen. I was astonished to find that he had taken that line; for, while he was staying with me, he had told me a very interesting thing about Mommsen which is difficult to reconcile with those views of his own to which I have just referred. I had asked him how it came about that Mommsen never carried his history into the imperial period. He said that Mommsen had in his account of Julius Caesar attributed to that great man so much that formed a part of the organization of the empire under Augustus that when he came to look into the evidence of what Augustus did he could not give a true account of his organization without stultifying what he had already published on the work of Julius; and that he was not disposed to do. His history of the Roman provinces under the empire was compiled from what he had collected for the comprehensive work on the empire which he had originally designed.

In 1908 I was incited to take up a new subject of inquiry by certain absurdities which occurred at a meeting held in Oxford. To one who knows Oxford well, the proposals which are sometimes passed by such bodies as the Hebdomadal Council and the Boards of Faculties are amazing. I have already cited two cases, that of awarding the D.Litt. to Rhodes Scholars on two years of supervised work, and the omission of prose and colloquial from the proposed statute on the School of Modern Languages. But, as far as the element of farce is concerned, the incident I am going to relate leaves the others in the background.

In the autumn of 1907 a notice was sent round to the effect that a joint meeting of the philological societies of Oxford and Cambridge would be held with a view to drawing up a scheme of the Latin pronunciation of the classical age, 'the new pronunciation' as it was called in England. For those to whom that period of Oxford life is prehistoric, I may mention that in such schools as had adopted the 'new' pronunciation one of two modes, the German or the Italian, each varied by pet heresies introduced by individual schoolmasters, had been used. My own attitude in the matter was that of most classical teachers in Oxford—that it did not matter whether pupils who had never been taught Latin with a view to colloquial use of it used the new or the old pronunciation. The joint meeting of the societies was

held under the presidency of Farnell of Exeter. When I got to it I was amazed at the numbers present, until I heard that the invitation had been extended to anyone who cared to attend, so that the classical scholars present amounted to certainly not more than 30 per cent. of the whole. The rest were drawn from modern history, mathematics, and science, etc. That being so, I was still more amazed when Farnell in his opening speech announced that each letter would be taken separately, and the pronunciation adopted would be that voted for by a majority of those present. I was quite certain that not 5 per cent. of the meeting had ever seriously considered the question, much less made any scientific study of it, and yet it was designed that what was decided at a meeting of the inexpert was to go forth to the world as the final and authoritative decision of British scholarship. Very few Cambridge men were present; but the few who were there, especially Conway, then professor at Manchester, and Postgate, did most of the speaking. Conway was known as a man inclined to rush at conclusions, accepting anything, even the genuineness of the text of the lost books of Livy which a fraudulent Italian forged about that time. For myself I had never had any inclination to look into the question of pronunciation as a whole, but I had looked into it sufficiently to be sure that the Latin 'v' was not in the Augustan age pronounced like the modern English 'w,' and to conclude on such evidence as was available that the Latin 'ae' was not pronounced as a long English 'i' in the Augustan or any other age of Latin. The evidence suggested that the Latin 'ae' was really a modified 'a' like the modified 'a' of German, and that that was possibly the case with the Greek *α*. Conway contested these views, but on cross-examination was quite unable to cite any scientific evidence in favour of his own view.

The meeting got through and settled in less than two hours a question which had been for years a matter of controversy. All the letters and even the more difficult question of the diphthongs were hurried through in that time. It accepted the proposals of Conway and Postgate all the way through; for men who know nothing cannot profess to criticize the pronouncements of those who profess to know something, however little or however mistaken that something may be.

I spent my spare time in 1908 collecting such evidence as I could on the pronunciation of Latin. In point of fact, the only

first-hand evidence available was from the transliteration of Latin personal names in Greek inscriptions supplemented by those in the texts of Polybius, Josephus, Diodorus, and, to a certain extent, Dio Cassius. I read extracts from the paper to the Oxford Philological Society, and later by invitation to the London Philological Society, which latter published it in the Society's *Transactions* of 1907.¹ I may mention that certain evidence contained in this article pointing to the trustworthiness of the extant texts of the authors I have mentioned is worth consideration by textual critics, of whom I am not one except in relation to Thucydides.

In 1913 I took my literary life in my hands by publishing a collection of translations of the poems and epigrams in the Greek Anthology. It was a venture which had allured many others besides myself. I was bold enough to include a certain—rather large—number of my own rhyming versions. I did not expect to find a publisher; but Charles Cannan, then secretary to the Delegates of the Clarendon Press, wrote a note to me to say that he liked some of the versions I had written. So the book, called *Ancient Gems in Modern Settings*, was published jointly by the Clarendon Press and Blackwell, the Oxford publisher. The edition was sold out a good many years ago. Five hundred copies were bought by an American publisher.

My own feeling is that translations of a work like the Anthology cannot be made attractive by being translated into the prose of another language. Rhythm at least must be employed, even if no attempt at rhyme is made. The use of rhythm in epics was no doubt mainly due to the fact that it made it much easier for the bard to remember his song or recitation. Rhyme came into poetry after it had entered into the field of literature as a further aid to memorizing the text. But these practical aids to memory had a further effect in that they created a form of literature which was attractive to the ear, and so added to the pleasure of those who heard the recitations. Some would-be purists have contended that an attempt to reproduce the poetry of the Anthology in rhythm and rhymes involves the sacrifice of some of the meaning and beauty of the Greek. But, even admitting the sacrifice, is it not a loss which must be found in any form of translation? To me personally Andrew Lang has always seemed to be the most beautiful translator of Greek poetry into English verse. It was a great pity that he did

¹ Pp. 1-26.

not translate many more of the verses of the Anthology. Such as he has translated come as near perfection as a man can get. As I wanted to attract the reader who did not know Greek as well as those who did, I confined my selections to translations in English rhyme.

In the early years of this century I was led by a somewhat devious path to a subject of study new to me. It began with an interest in Roman Britain, which had been to me, as to many others, a subject of intermittent study. It was about 1900 that I began to take it more seriously when, at Haverfield's suggestion, I joined him for some weeks each summer in excavations on the Roman Wall in north England. Not having had any experience of excavation, I accepted Haverfield's methods as examples of the right way to set about such work. In the earlier years of that experience the work was confined to minor points not calling for excavation on a large scale. But I did find that Haverfield's superintendence of the men during the excavations was, to say the least of it, spasmodic, and tended to begin late in the morning and end early in the afternoon. I myself, having come to see the results of the work and having nothing better to do when on the spot, was rather assiduous in watching the work as it proceeded. This rather irritated than pleased Haverfield. Also after a year or two's experience I began to have the uncomfortable feeling that we were possibly missing finds of interest and importance by omitting to sift the soil dug up at various sites. But Haverfield pooh-poohed that as a fad. The matter came to a head in the fifth or sixth season of our work in Cumberland and Northumberland when we tackled something on a larger scale, the excavation of the Roman fort at the ancient Procolitia on the high land to the west of the valley of the Tyne at Chollerford Bridge. The whole excavation was hurried, scrambled, and very badly done. After that I never worked with him. All I can say is—and I say it in the interest of those who shall hereafter explore Roman remains in Britain—that the places we excavated in those years will certainly repay re-excavation.

During those years I conceived the idea that the Saxon charters with their surveys of boundaries might contain matter which would add to our knowledge of Britain in the preceding Roman age. I possessed Birch's edition of their text, and I tried to start to work on it. I say 'tried' advisedly. I found that their surveys were

quite untranslatable with the aid of any or all of the Saxon dictionaries published in England or Germany, so I set out on what amounted in the end to a process of tentative inductions with a view to discovering the real meanings of the terms employed. I then began to understand why Saxon scholars had not attempted to elucidate the meaning of documents so obviously interesting and important to students of Saxon history. My process of inquiry had proceeded very slowly at first ; but by working on the charters of Berkshire which dealt with places within my reach I found that, having discovered the meanings of certain terms, reference to the actual sites to which they probably referred disclosed the meanings of other terms referring to topographical points in their immediate neighbourhood.

It was not merely the terms which were a difficulty. There was the difficulty of determining the places to which the grant of land recorded in the charters applied, since the greater part of the identifications in Birch and Kemble (an earlier editor of the charters), were many of them wrong. In the case of the very large series of the charters of Hampshire their identifications were correct in only 33 per cent. of the series.

As far as Roman Britain is concerned, the information to be derived from the charters was not so large as I had hoped it would be. It disclosed the names, hitherto unknown, of certain Roman roads. A far more important contribution to our knowledge was the fact that it showed that the Romano-British, probably in the later centuries of the existence of the Roman province, improved the great through roads of early England, the ridgeways (watershed ways), by straightening out very circuitous stretches of them, and metalling their surface in places where the original surface was bad. A few Roman villas whose position was not previously known or suspected had come to light under the name *ceastel* in the charters, and two of them have since been excavated. The sites of certain Roman camps or stations, all traces of which had disappeared, were indicated by the use of the term *ceaster*, a word which implies an area surrounded by stone or brick walls, not merely by earthen ramparts. The economic evidence liberally supplied by the charters shows the reason why the early Anglo-Saxon settlers left so many of the Roman towns derelict.

I have published numerous papers in various journals, especially the *Archaeological Journal*, on various aspects of Saxon archaeology

comprising detailed accounts of the identity and extent of the places to which the charters apply, on the ancient highways of England, and the field names of recent times, many of them survivals of names mentioned in the charters. I have also published papers on the meanings of Saxon terms either untranslated, mistranslated, or imperfectly translated in the Saxon lexicons. Judging by the number of letters I have received with regard to the questions raised in these papers, they have aroused considerable interest among archaeologists; in fact, a very distinguished recent editor of the *Archaeological Journal*, seeking to revenge himself for some disrespectful remark I had made to him, wrote to me and told me that I was their 'best seller,' a name which, as he knew well, would infuriate me. Further details of this department of work would be wearisome to any reader. I have inserted a list of the various papers and their places of publication in an appendix.

In 1926, urged by the well-known publishers, Methuen & Co., I wrote a book called *A History of the Greek and Roman World*. I accepted the request reluctantly. Now I am very glad that I did accept it, as it enabled me to state certain conclusions with regard to the Romans and their history which will eventually, so I hope, help to correct the obviously biased views of Mommsen, especially on that last all-important century of the Roman Republic. I confess that I should have liked the book to be published at a lower price; but my publishers think differently on this subject, and have recently raised the price. I have mentioned these details with regard to my books for a reason which is, I think, natural, that a writer who has taken years of trouble and research over the subject-matter of that which he has written should be pleased that its literary form should be acceptable to readers. Of such literature as I have published in the period which has elapsed since I ceased to take part in active teaching, I will deal in what I have to say later in relation to the latest phase of my life.

But I cannot dismiss the subject of Ancient History without saying something about the contributions which other Oxford writers have made to it during the time I have been intimate with Oxford life. There are two writers who have made most important contributions to the history of Greece in the fifth century.

Dr. J. A. R. Munro, till recently Rector of Lincoln College, has unravelled the tangled skein of the tradition of Marathon as it appears in Herodotus. I adopted his view, as every writer of Greek

history must do, when I came to deal with that important incident in Athenian history. Any additions I made to the evidence all went to prove the truth of Dr. Munro's theory.

The late Professor Percy Gardner in his book on Greek coinage corrected in a very convincing way the views expressed in Head's *Historia Nummorum* with regard to the coinage of the Asiatic Greek cities during the period of the Athenian empire, with the result that he showed that the relations of Athens with those cities were not by any means so liberal as had been supposed. It had a revolutionary effect on the views as to the nature of that empire. I heard the paper Gardner read to the Philological Society in which he disclosed his discovery, and I remember that, alarmed at the narrow escape I had had of expressing in print the view accepted up to that time, I was slipping out of the room to recover in private my mental equilibrium, when he called me back by saying, 'Before Mr. Grundy goes, I should like to hear what he has to say with regard to the views I have just been putting forward.' That was just what I did not want to do. But I managed to recover sufficiently to say that my own feeling was that, if his evidence with regard to the coinage was right, evidence which I could not dispute, his conclusions were right also, but very upsetting to the accepted history of the period.

The excavations at Sparta undertaken by the British School at Athens upset not merely the modern concept of Spartan history but also the tradition of it prevalent in the Greece of the fifth century. There again I was lucky in the fact that the results were published before I had myself to deal in what was then considered rather a revolutionary way with the story of Sparta in the fifth century, a story which, as my best pupils used to point out to me, was so queer in the accepted histories as to seem a chapter drawn from the history of a world where the law of cause and effect did not hold good.

Farnell wrote a very learned work on the Greek gods, and at one period of his work used to come to me with very inconveniently difficult questions on sidelines of the subject, especially on the sites of minor shrines in Greece. Of his work, as well as of that of Warde-Fowler of Lincoln on Roman religion, I may say that, except so far as the religious minutiae with which they dealt had to do with the formulae which had to be followed in such secular matters as the sale and purchase of land, those minutiae

had little effect on the life and history of the Greek and Roman peoples. Their religious belief took a simpler form, and, in the case of the Greeks at any rate, the religious belief most dominating their lives and their view of the after-life had nothing to do with the ritual of the state religion.

The Oxford contributions to Roman History in my time came chiefly from Hardy, Principal of Jesus ; J. G. C. Anderson of Christ Church, late professor of Ancient History ; and Strachan-Davidson, late Master of Balliol.

Hardy's papers were published mainly in the *Journal of Philology*. As he was almost completely blind at the time he wrote them, it is marvellous that he should have been able to do work of such accuracy involving repeated references to authorities, ancient and modern. There are quite a considerable number of them, and taken together they make a great and valuable contribution to Roman History and have done much to increase the reputation of the Oxford school. Of Mr. Anderson's work on the map of Asia Minor I have already spoken. But he has also issued editions of the *Agricola* and *Germania* of Tacitus which are, as I think at any rate, the best editions of those works which have been issued in England or elsewhere. It is a great pity that he has not been tempted to deal with Roman History on a larger scale.

Strachan-Davidson concentrated his interest on the Ciceronian period, and wrote two books on it which throw a clear light on a period the story of which has been much clouded by the prejudice of writers who preceded him.

CHAPTER X

THE WORLD OF SPORT

I HAVE confessed in treating of my life up to the time I was twenty that sport played a large part in it to the exclusion of more serious subjects to which I ought to have devoted more attention than I did at that time. Yet, looking back on it from what is now a long distance, I feel no regret that such was the case. At the same time, I must admit that had the interest continued to exist to the same extent after I was twenty years of age, I should have had plenty of reason to regret the fact. The change came when I became an Army tutor at Blackheath. My experience there taught me how to work, though the work was very hard and some of it monotonous owing to its being repeated term after term. Oxford life from the time I was twenty-seven upwards afforded me the opportunity of following that course of study which was an interest to me, and that, added to the habit of work I had acquired at Blackheath, enabled me to relegate sport to its proper place in life, a recreation which clears the mind of that dullness which arises from prolonged sedentary work, and keeps the body in that physical condition which makes hard work and good work possible. There is another consideration which did not occur to me when I was young, but has been present in my mind in later years. There is a cult of the body as well as of the soul, since the body has been given to us as the habitation of the soul in this life. A man who fails to keep his body in as fit a condition as the circumstances of his life permit is, even if it seem a strong expression to use, sinning against Nature, because he is careless in his use of that physical life in this world which divine power has given him. I admit that this consideration has come to me as an afterthought. It would be absurd to say that it impelled me originally to play cricket, golf, or any other game. Even now, when the possibility of playing games is passing from me, I feel that the impulse to play them was a good one.

But in the world of sport one learns one thing which is very valuable in one's own life, both as it affects oneself and as it affects the lives of others—that is, to 'play the game.' We know what this

means in England, and we know that it is perhaps the highest praise which can be attributed to any man to say that he 'plays the game.' It implies that a man will not seek to promote his own interests, however lawful, to the detriment of other decent men even if the concession involves some loss or some sacrifice of gain to himself. This spirit has pervaded all forms of athletic sport in England, cricket, football, and golf amongst others, all of which I played at different periods of my life. There are some who say that professionalism has ruined sport. It is only in cricket and golf that I have known professionals, and I do not think that it is an accident that all the professionals I have known have played the game in the same spirit as the best amateur. It would be a bad thing for the English as a race should they lose the love of sport. The evils of betting in connection with some sports have been much deplored, much exaggerated, and much condemned by many people who would not hesitate to make speculative investments on the Stock Exchange. My sentiments on the subject were well expressed by a sporting friend at Brasenose, 'Backing geegees is a mug's game.' But even mugs when they grow older may learn the lessons taught by misfortune.

My own exploits in sport demand but a brief record ; but they are part of my life.

In cricket I was never more than an average club and college cricketer. As such I could keep my place in the teams of such clubs as I belonged to at different times, and in the Brasenose eleven. It was as a boy of sixteen that I played cricket in the best company in which I ever played—in the Blackheath cricket team of 1877. It included Frank Penn, then one of the best bats in England, and his brother A. Penn, who bowled for Kent ; and Leonard Stokes and F. S. Ireland, both of whom played sometimes for the county. I was about as big as I am now. I had an arm like a piece of elastic due to a youth misspent in throwing stones at anything breakable. I got some success in the first match I played for the club, and was tried again. I bowled fast, a thing that a boy of that age should never have been allowed to do. My best effort was against Bromley or Bexley—I forget which—when in the first innings I took all ten wickets without ever hitting the wicket. All were caught, mostly in the slips. The ground was in an extraordinary state. There had been a short but heavy thunderstorm during lunch on a ground which, owing to a long drought, was hard as iron.

I never saw the ball come faster off the pitch. My bowling—I did not know why—always broke away to the off, and the other side kept getting it on the edge of the bat. Before the innings was over, Leonard Stokes, our captain, had six men in the slips. Only twice in my life did I ever make a century. One occasion was against University College off-bowling which my friend A. C. M. Croome called the polyhopper variety.

Croome used to tell some good tales about Gloucestershire cricket, a county for which he played in the time of the Graces. But sometimes he played for Minchinhampton against Thornbury, the Graces' home club. They had on one occasion gone over to Thornbury and were dressing in a tent when Croome heard two voices outside the tent, one of E. M. Grace who captained Thornbury, and the other of the Minchinhampton umpire. E. M. Grace was saying, 'Now when I see you come on the ground I knew you were a man who knew all about cricket. There's a thing I want to tell you. That there Mr. Croome is always appealing for l.b.w., and four times out of five the man is not out. Now I never appeal unless a man is out. Don't you forget that.' On one occasion just after the rule about declaring an innings closed came in, E. M. Grace was in a certain match well on his way to making a century, and wanted to make it. In the interests of his side he ought to have closed the innings long before; but he was not going to do that. When he had made 93 he hit a skier to long-on and trotted between the wickets saying, 'Who's under that ball? Who's under that ball? Willie Pullan's under that ball! I declare the innings closed.' So he claimed that his score was 93 not out.

Gloucestershire cricketers, when asked about L. D. Brownlee's cricket, always described him as a batsman who wanted to make 8 off every bad ball and 4 off every good one.

After my undergraduate days I played hardly any cricket, partly because I could ill spare the time, partly because I had become a confirmed golfer.

My football experience, as far as the Rugby game is concerned, ended early. I played for Blackheath School in 1877 and 1878. The school had a great reputation in the game; in fact, the famous Blackheath Club began life as a team of old boys of the school. Three of the fifteen in which I played became later international players—Philip Newton and two Spurlings. Newton captained the Oxford University team in the year before the great Vassall.

In 1879-80 I was at Reading and had to take to the Association game, playing for Reading and also occasionally for the Swifts, a very good club at Slough, a team of which six were drawn from the families of Bambridge and Hawtrey. Several of them were members of the England eleven. I think E. C. Bambridge was the finest amateur forward in the Association game that I ever saw. Hawtrey, afterwards the well-known actor, played, I think, in goal.

The first Association match in which I ever played—it was for Reading—was tragic. The captain of our side died on the field owing to two ribs, one of which penetrated the heart, being broken in a charge.

When I went back to Blackheath in 1881 I joined the Blackheath Club, and as they were very hard up for a half-back, I got the place in the team. I was a speedy runner, but I was not up to Blackheath form. My predecessor had been an International. In football of that day punting was regarded as a very low-down game, and drop-kicking was demanded from those behind the scrummage. I never could drop with my left foot and my kicking with my right foot was very inferior to the form of the Blackheath players. I never saw anything to equal the drop-kicking of the Blackheath backs. The most wonderful of them was Leonard Stokes. I saw him drop his famous goal against Scotland, a left-foot drop from close to the touch line at the half-way flag. The distance the ball travelled was eighty yards. I played during the season 1882-3 and part of that of 1883-4. The end came in a match against the United Hospitals in February 1884. I had been put to play three-quarters, not my usual place, and the ground was very slippery after rain. The forwards on both sides were breaking through in rushes, and the three-quarters had continually to take up the ball from beneath their feet. Just before half-time I got a kick in the mouth which broke off five teeth of the top jaw and four of the bottom level with the gums. As I had already had two nasty accidents, a bad concussion, and a broken nose, I gave up the Rugby game. It looked as if the next might be a broken neck.

The Blackheath forwards were a magnificent set of men, averaging over thirteen stone. It was easy football playing behind them at half-back. They could, if roused, play a rough game. I played for the club in the first match it ever played against a northern club. It was a Yorkshire team composed largely of colliers and working

engineers, and containing two internationals. Their idea evidently was, 'Here's a team of southern amateurs. Let's frighten them by playing rough.' And they *did* play rough! But they never made a greater mistake in their lives. At half-time Blackheath had thirteen men left and the others eleven. The rest had been taken in cabs to the nearest hospital. The referee stopped the match at half-time after a brief address to both sides containing some pithy remarks about how football should *not* be played. I, with unaccustomed good fortune, came off unscathed.

I began golf in 1886 at Blackheath under somewhat auspicious circumstances. Among our pupils was Freddy Tait, then a boy of seventeen, and big and strong for his age. We were good friends, and one day he suggested that I should take up golf. I went with him next day and bought the necessary clubs, thus beginning a golf career which lasted thirty years. He and I played on Blackheath every day for an hour and a half (all the time we could spare) for more than a year.

Freddy Tait was one of the best fellows I ever knew, and became one of the best amateur golfers in England and Scotland. For more than ten years after leaving Blackheath I never saw him, and then one day he turned up with a golf team which John Low brought to play the University at Oxford, and having lost his clubs in the train, had to buy a new set with money I lent him, as he had run short. Almost immediately afterwards he was ordered off with his regiment, the Black Watch, to South Africa to the Boer War, and sent from Cape Town a cheque in payment of his debt. But when I received it I knew that he had been killed at Magersfontein; so I never cashed it, and have it now as a sole memorial of an old pupil and an old friend.

When I went to Oxford, golf was represented by a grassy patch of mud on Cowley Marsh. It was not worth playing on. But, in 1889 I think, the club rented the very large field on the right hand of the road going up Headington Hill. The golf movement in England was then at its height, and the game literally jumped into popularity at Oxford when the better and more accessible ground was acquired. I played nearly every day, with the result that I got into the University golf teams of 1890 and 1891. In the former year I won my match by one hole, in the latter I lost to the celebrated John Low by four holes. It was on the Headington ground

that I made the acquaintance of Pelham and Macan, which introduced two very pleasant friendships into my life. I played every week with both of them for many years. The club was at Headington for but a short time and then moved to Childwell Farm on the Oxford side of the top of Boar's Hill, where it remained for a good many years. The standard of Oxford golf went up rapidly, and several players of that period, H. G. B. Ellis, H. C. Ellis, De Montmorency, Graham, and Johnny Bramston became some of the best amateur players of the game. Even I, by winning three important competitions in different years, arrived at a scratch handicap, which was somewhat flattering to my actual game.

In the early 'nineties I started a team of senior members of the club which I called the A.E.I.O.U.G.C. (Andient, Effete, and Inveterate Oxford University Golf Club). For some years we played annual matches against the Houses of Parliament, the Eton masters, the Winchester masters, and the Warwick Golf Club, and great fun they were. My team usually included Pelham of Trinity, W. R. Hardie of Balliol, afterwards professor of Classics at Edinburgh, Richard Lodge of Brasenose, afterwards professor of Modern History at Glasgow, and later at Edinburgh, Pat Henderson, Warden of Wadham, Henry Nicholls of Wadham, Stenning, Fellow of Wadham, and R. R. Marett, then Fellow of Exeter. In connection with a match at Tooting Bec against a parliamentary team certain incidents unconnected with golf occurred. One of my side had to cry off at the last moment, and I went and asked H. G. B. Ellis of Balliol, whom I have mentioned above, to play for the team. Ellis, to put it mildly, tended to be eccentric. He asked me whether any Balliol dons were playing. I said Hardie was. When we got into the train next morning Ellis was at the far end of the compartment from me. To my surprise he had with him one of the largest books I ever saw. He opened it, and appeared to be reading it all the way to Paddington. When we got to Paddington I overtook him and asked him what in the world the book was. He said he gathered that it was a comprehensive edition of the early Christian fathers. I inquired why he was reading it. He said that I had told him that one of the Balliol dons was playing and that the dons had charged him with being idle, so on the previous evening he had asked the librarian to let him have the largest book in the library in order that he might



R. R. Marett, Fellow and later Rector of Exeter College, Oxford



C. H. Sampson, Fellow and later Principal of Brasenose College,
Oxford

persuade Hardie of the falsity of the charge against him. He left it in the left-luggage office.

In the match which followed, my old friend R. R. Marett had to play A. J. Balfour who had recently published a book called *The Foundations of Belief*. During lunch I heard Marett telling Balfour a selection of tales. Marett had a great sense of humour with which he would adorn a tale without the slightest regard for absolute fact. In my report of the match to the *Oxford Magazine* I said that at lunch Mr. Marett told Mr. Balfour some of his truest tales. A much enlarged edition of *The Foundations of Belief* may be expected shortly. In his quite recently published autobiography, which did not long precede his very sudden death, Marett ascribed the remark to Balfour. I accused him of this falsification of fact, to which charge his retort was that it was no more untrue than the account of his anthropological activities given in certain verses of mine reproduced in his autobiography.

In the golfing world I once played a distinguished but subordinate part in the founding of that now famous company, the Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society. It came about in this way. A. C. M. Croome and I had been partners in a foursome against John Low and, I think, Mansfield Hunter, members of a Scotch team which Low had brought to play the University. Croome took us to tea at Vincent's Club. While at tea Low said he thought it would be a good idea to form a golfing society of men who had played for either University. We all thought it a very good idea, and forthwith devised means of starting it. Croome undertook the secretaryship. Later he issued a circular, and in a very few weeks a considerable number of members joined.

I played for the Society in the first few years of its existence. There were annual tours against north of England clubs and clubs in Scotland. I went on the north of England tour three times and on the Scotch once, besides playing in various matches against clubs in south England. In north England the programme was always the same, St. Anne's, Royal Liverpool at Hoylake, and Formby. The hospitality of the Lancashire clubs was overwhelming, for each of them insisted on giving us a splendid dinner after each match. The result was a marked decline in our golf as the tour proceeded. The dinners were bad for golf—or too good for golf—either expression would be true. Dinners were always enlivened by music. The song of the evening was always

by John Low, 'Jean, Jean, my bonny, bonny Jean,' which brought down the house. I remember but one verse of it :

'Jean, Jean, my bonny, bonny Jean,
You're the loveliest girl that ever I have seen.
Although your feet are flat
You're none the worse for that.
You're my Jean, my bonny, bonny Jean.'

We took very strong teams to the North, but only once in the three years I played did one of our team beat John Ball or Hilton. The strength of the Society's team may be imagined from the fact that, playing in the order of handicap, I who was scratch played on one occasion as twentieth of the twenty-two members of our side. I never on any occasion played high up in the team. The consequence was that I won every match I ever played for the Society, some thirty matches in all.

On one Scotch tour I played for the first and only time in my life at St. Andrews. We wanted to get a day's practice there before the match, so left Muirfield, where we had been playing the Honourable Society, by an evening train after the match there, for St. Andrews. Croome said that there would be a crowd there, but he thought that if we subscribed half a crown each he might be able to bribe old Greig, the starter, to let us have early places next morning. He collected about three pounds. Next morning we all turned up at a very early hour at the first tee and Croome went to old Greig's box and said we should like early starts, handing him the three pounds. Greig pocketed the money and then said, 'Thank ye kindly, Mr. Croome. Ye'll start in your proper order.' So Croome's cunning had proved unavailing and we had to wait a long time for our turns.

Greig was a well-known character. When a pair had played off he always called the next pair. To him Mr. or Mrs. or higher titles were unknown. So before I started I heard, 'Michael and Torby, tee up your balls.' The players called were the Grand Duke Michael and the Countess Torby, ardent but not expert golfers. The new course at St. Andrews had been recently opened. Greig professed no official knowledge of its existence. A man came up to the box and asked him where it was. He said, 'Aye, I've heard of it. It's somewhere over there,' waving his hand negligently over half the points of the compass.

(For several years Croome and I used to go to Westward Ho !

for the Easter meeting. On one occasion I played a pleasant opponent, who was completely off his game and said he would like to die. I, quoting the advertisement of an undertaker in the Middle West said, 'All right. You've only to die. I'll do the rest, including an epitaph.' I wrote it next morning after the fashion of epitaphs in the Greek Anthology :

'Stranger, there lies within this wayside tomb
The body of a golfer bold of whom
While yet he lived it might with truth be said
He conquered death by never lying dead.

The much-vexed earth which oftentimes he rent
With futile shots upon her surface spent,
Abhorrent ever of unnatural waste,
Has piled on him those sods which he displaced.

Yet, when to Hades' home at last he sped,
Hermes divine conductor of the dead
His spirit to Olympus straight conveyed
To show the gods how golf should not be played.'

Croome wanted it for his weekly article in the *Morning Post*. But when he said that that paper would not allow my name to be attached to it, I said that that paper should not have it.

(In my life as a golfer I learnt the danger of using the title 'Doctor' in places outside Oxford. One Easter I determined to go and play golf at Burnham, Somerset. My friend, Monsignor Kennard, who was captain of the club at Burnham that year, said he would put my name down in the visitors' book—which he did, 'Dr. Grundy, Oxford.' All went well till the night of the third day, when I was disturbed at 3 a.m. by a loud and prolonged banging at the door of my hotel. After a quarter of an hour I heard the door opened and I turned over to go to sleep. Then I heard steps along the passage to my room and a very anxious-looking man came in and, apologizing for his intrusion, explained that he was a local doctor and that he had a confinement case which gave him great anxiety. Having seen my name in the golf book, he would like a second opinion from an Oxford doctor. I said that I thought his patient might not share his liking as I happened to be a Doctor of Letters. So he fled.)

Some years later, during the Great War, I had a somewhat similar experience. I had to call on a young married woman in

relation to the purchase of some timber. I had sent in my card, 'Dr. Grundy,' and before I knew where I was I was shown into her bedroom, where she was in bed. She explained to me that, as I was a doctor, I should be accustomed to such situations. When I explained that I was not a doctor of medicine she let off a shriek ; but, recovering from her fright, said we had better settle the timber business—which we did.

At Burnham I met the celebrated cricketer and footballer, S. M. J. Woods. Hearing that I was a don, he said emphatically that he disliked dons as a class. As he had been allowed to stay four or five years at Cambridge without passing an examination I thought him rather ungrateful, but asked him what the trouble had been. He said that in an examination he had been set a piece of Greek to translate, and all he had done was to ask the man next to him what was the meaning of *ἀνθρώπος*, and that a don who happened to be just behind heard him and he was sent down for good for cribbing.

A curious match took place while I was at Burnham. A 4-handicap man, who was a notorious gambler, challenged a plus-2 player to a match for £5 a side to be played level, but the 4-handicap man was to have the right after each stroke to move his opponent's ball six inches in any direction from where it lay. A lot of people followed the match, the general opinion being that the 4-handicap man had not the ghost of a chance. But he won 5 and 4 to play.

I went from Burnham to Budleigh Salterton, where I got the shock of my life. I played first day with a stranger. I went round in 76 or 77 and was 6 down and 5 to play. At that time my opponent was unknown in the golfing world, but a month or two later he was runner-up for the amateur championship at Hoylake.

After the Great War I found that my play had gone off to such an extent that I gave up the game and took to croquet. If anyone imagines that croquet is an easy game, he is very much mistaken. But there are people who suppose the game to be what it was in the mid-Victorian era. One game under modern conditions, if they ever bring it to an end, will disabuse them of this idea. Shooting at any distance up to forty yards is not easy to learn, and running hoops with only one-sixteenth of an inch to spare on each side of the ball is not learnt without long practice. There are also many other difficult shots in the game. Furthermore, there is as much

strategy in it as in any game I have ever played. Great cricketers and golfers who have taken to croquet have spent years before arriving at the select circle of the first class.

From a social point of view croquet is as pleasant a game as any I have ever played. The amount of hospitality one receives every year is very large indeed, and takes the form of pleasant house-parties for tournaments scattered all over England. Also, though as I have said, it is a difficult game, it is one which can be played with safety at a time of life when even golf may put a strain on the system, which means a shortening of what would otherwise be the ordinary span of the individual man's life. But croquet does give you healthy exercise, though it is not violent. I reckon that on the average you walk two miles in every game you play. Also it is a game in which, like billiards, skill plays much more part than strength.

I am not singular in the belief that games are beneficial to intellectual work ; but, as regards the grounds of my belief, I go further than many would go. I think that after the recreation and exercise involved in them a man comes to his work with a mind more clear than the mind of him who leads a sedentary life. Of my own devotion to games I have never repented ; and it so happens that I have made in various fields of sport not merely the best but also the most valuable friends.

CHAPTER XI

THE WORLD OF HUMOUR

I HAVE certainly been blessed with an appreciation of humour, and I know that I inherited it from my grandmother on my father's side ; in other words, from the Beardoe and not from the Grundy family. My father was appreciative of humour, though he had not much original humour. Of the marked original humour of his younger brother, Charles Grundy, I have already spoken. As children we welcomed Uncle Charles' visits to us because he had so quaint and funny a way of saying things, and when we grew up he still caused us endless amusement.

Yet later in his life that gift brought him unhappiness, a phenomenon I have noticed in other humorous men I have known. The reason for this is, I think, that humour is a gift which enables a man to see through the shams and humbug which are so often existent in the lives of men who are credited by the world with qualities which they are eager to claim but do not really possess. This side of humour leads to cynicism, a characteristic which developed so greatly in my uncle's later life that, so far from feeling the great pleasure I had formerly taken in his company, I rather avoided him because the views he expressed were so very depressing. But, despite his innate cleverness, he had not those intellectual interests which do so much to sustain a man's happiness in later life because they are a form of pleasure which does not become more and more unattainable by reason of physical decline. The joys of the past have not become the ghosts of memory.

My own life has covered a period during which a great development of humour has taken place in the English-speaking world. I can just remember the time when the new school of American humour, as represented by Artemus Ward, Bret Harte, and above all by Mark Twain, was beginning to attract the attention of the British world. It was a humour quite different from that of Dickens and the other humorists of the early Victorian period. It was the humour of the unexpected and the exaggerated, and, quite apart from the authors I have mentioned, it was a feature in ordinary conversation of the world on the other side of the Atlantic.

There was the man who came back from the Middle West, then in process of development, who reported that its fertility was such that if you planted a one-cent nail in the evening you found a crowbar in the morning, and the man from California who reported that the trees there were so high that it took two men and a boy to see to the top of them.

If in what follows I reproduce some tales which may be known to readers, I apologize for dealing in chestnuts. But there are some to whom they may not be known, and it is for the happiness of the world that great examples of humour should be immortalized. So I would make a small contribution to their immortality. Some of the tales I shall tell are from my actual experience, and are only known to the few to whom I have happened to tell them.

I believe that Mark Twain never published his speech at a literary dinner in New York. He had been put up to reply to the toast of literature. He was expected to be humorous, but he surprised the company for a brief space by beginning in a minor key: 'How sad it is on an occasion like this to look back on the great authors who have passed away. Shakspeare is dead. Milton is no more. And I'm not feeling quite the thing myself.'

I never realized how widely Mark Twain was read in this country till he was given an Honorary Doctorate of Letters of Oxford at the Encaenia of 1906. In the procession from Magdalen to the Sheldonian each local holder of the doctorate was directed to walk with a recipient of an honorary degree, and it fell to me to walk with Mark Twain. The High Street was crowded largely with people of the working class who cheered him with shouts of 'Mark,' 'Good old Mark.' It was obvious that they knew and appreciated him as a humorist. His reception was plainly a great pleasure to him.

In England in the late 'nineties and the first two decades of the present century W. W. Jacobs was undoubtedly the most popular humorist in this country. I remember so great a literary man as Sir George Trevelyan telling me that he considered Jacobs to be a great humorist, and had read every one of his books. It has always seemed to me a pity that he did not write more tales of the imagination like *The Monkey's Paw* and *The Well*. I know of only one to equal them as sensational tales, *The Return of Imray*, by Rudyard Kipling. I met Kipling once, and once only, at dinner at Brasenose. As a rather enthusiastic admirer of his work, I was

delighted to find that he was ready to talk of it in a very candid and interesting way.

I may interpolate here, though it is hardly apposite to my present subject, an example of how taste in literature may change within a period of a few years, and how that may apply even to literature which was esteemed great by the generation in which it was produced. In about 1925 I asked some eighteen pupils of mine whether they had ever read Barrie's *A Window in Thrums*, a book which in respect to a beautiful restraint in style has always seemed to me a masterpiece. Thirty years ago every reader young and old knew it. Of the eighteen, only one had ever read it.

And so it is with humorous literature. That which is in vogue at one age tends to yield to a different type popular in the next. Still, I think that Jacobs' work will live for a very long time in English literature. The night watchman may pass from fiction into history !

Meanwhile O. Henry was making a great name in American humour, but, good as his humour is, especially as exemplified in *The Gentle Grazier*, I can quite imagine that as an author he may decrease in popularity.

In English humour of the present time and of recent years, P. G. Wodehouse holds first place. I have, so far as I know, read every book he ever wrote and enjoyed them all. Will his *Jeaves*, a great and original creation in comic literature, appeal to readers in future years ? I doubt it, because that particular kind of intimate male servant may not survive, and in that case readers in the future will only partially understand the humour underlying this creation of fiction.

But I will not bore my readers further with criticism of literature of the merits or demerits of which they can form as authoritative a judgment as I can myself, but will turn to another form of it of which I have had some first-hand experience.

Light verse is very difficult to write well because the rhythm, the rhyme, and the humour must all be perfect. I expect that even the greatest exponents of that kind of literature have scrapped a great deal of what they have written, so much that is written overnight takes a different complexion in the cold light of the next morning. I have no pretensions whatever to be more than a second-rate writer of light verse ; but I have had some experience

of the art, and that experience may be in some small details useful to those who have an impulse to experiment in it.

The framework of verse in rhythm and rhyme presents to the beginner great difficulties which tend to decrease greatly in practice extended over a period of years. An appreciation of rhythm is not an uncommon gift; but it is only to a few that rhyme comes easily. The rhymesters who have to resort to 'I wot' and 'I ween' when hard up for a rhyme may safely conclude that their powers of rhyming are not fully developed. Owen Seaman, the former editor of *Punch*, was an extreme purist in the matter of rhyme. He once wrote to me a long letter in reference to some verses of mine, saying that he would not publish anything in which 'saw' was made to rhyme with 'bore.' So I altered the lines, and the verses were published in *Punch*.

The authors of light verse who have made fame for themselves by their writings are comparatively few in number. Tom Hood was before my time, but he was much quoted when I was a boy. In my boyhood C. S. Calverley was regarded as the prince of versifiers, and various humorous poems of his will abide long in the memory of the educated world. But even in that world they were more popular than they are at the present day, and I cannot quote any lines of his which have become commonplaces in quotation.

Alice in Wonderland was first published when I was a little boy. I was given it as a present on my eighth birthday. *Alice through the Looking-glass* came a few years later. There is no term which will describe the position of Lewis Carroll in the world of humour, because there is no writer save he who makes the same appeal both to children and to grown-up people. He has hitherto proved inimitable.

I met Lewis Carroll several times in the last decade of his life when I was dining at Christ Church. He had then become a somewhat silent, gloomy man, one whom, had you not known his identity, you would never have suspected of being the author of anything humorous. I have been told by those who knew him in his earlier life that his conversation was never lit up by humour. If that be true, he contrasted in that respect with Godley (A. G.). I knew Godley for thirty years, but he was never an intimate friend of mine. I met him many times on and off. His conversation was full of impromptu humour. His written humour, mostly in the

form of light verse, but sometimes in the form of Latin or Greek parodies of passages from classical authors, is, as far as I can see, perfect in matter and form, and I think I can claim to be as wide awake as the next man to defects in the humour of others. Godley's work is not so well known as it should be, because his subjects are drawn mostly from Oxford life, some sides of which he criticized and ridiculed very effectively—to the advantage of those who lived it. I have never understood why *Punch* did not recruit him as a member of its round table, for during the period in which Godley wrote there was no writer in *Punch*, not even Owen Seaman, who was his equal. In form—that is, in perfection of rhythm and rhyme—Seaman and Godley were in a class by themselves; but Godley made fun of the absurdities of life, while Seaman chastened its defects. You admired Seaman, but you not only admired but laughed at Godley's humour. I am not assuming that Godley was not approached by *Punch*, but if he was not, then the situation was that implied by W. S. Gilbert in his conversation with F. C. Burnand, a former editor of *Punch*. Gilbert asked, 'Don't you get any good things sent you from outside?' On Burnand's saying that they did, Gilbert said, 'Then why don't you publish them?' Gilbert's retort may have been due to *Punch* having refused to publish the *Bab Ballads*. If the tale of the refusal be true, then the editor of *Punch* made a mistake such as few editors have ever made. I do not suppose that the *Bab Ballads* are as well known to-day as they were forty or fifty years ago; but such a ballad as that of 'Alice Brown, the brigand's daughter,' will live long in the memory of the English-speaking world. Also the line, 'For oysters and his mother were the only things he loved,' struck a new note in humour which is not likely to die away. It reminds me of an English boy whom I had at one time under my charge. He had been brought up in Brussels, where his father lived for many years, and French was really his native language. It was customary in the school for boys to write at the beginning of each term an essay on what they had been doing during the holidays. In one of his essays he described his arrival at home: 'Behold me in my home surrounded by my pigeons, my father, and my dogs.' On another occasion he described a visit to Waterloo ending with the words, 'Who, then, won the Battle of Waterloo? Wellington will say, "It is I." Blücher will say, "It is I." But God perhaps will say, "It is me!"'

I have read through the libretti of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas and, probably like most people who have done so, have admired the amazingly clever humour of the author. Only a genius such as Gilbert could have gone on for years producing light verse such as that which is found in these plays. Others maybe have written verse as good ; but no writer has ever written so much of it and maintained such a standard for such a length of time.

It is true that in the later plays Gilbert's contributions do not quite maintain the excellence of his earlier work. That may be due to a difficulty which is almost inseparable from collaboration between an author and a composer of music. The question whether words or music should come first is almost certain to arise. The writing of words to suit music is more difficult than the writing of music to suit words. The writing of words to music must result in an inferior libretto. It is true that the success of the Gilbert and Sullivan plays and their unexampled hold on public taste is due to the skill with which Sullivan adapted his music to the words which Gilbert had written, and that that was the order of production in the plays up to a certain point in their collaboration. But the very latest plays of the series suggest very strongly that Sullivan had composed music for which he demanded from Gilbert appropriate settings of words. In fact, the music was to be set to words, not the words to music. Any writer of humorous verse to whom such a task is set finds it much more difficult than what may be called free literary composition. He is forced to adopt a certain metre which may not be suitable to its place in the plot. That means that his humour will be, as it were, in chains and will lose some of its quality. The defect may be seen in operas of a serious kind where a foreign libretto has been translated into English. Such libretti are, to say the least of it, weak in composition ; and yet the translator, had he not been tied down to the rhythm of the music, might have made a translation of some literary value.

Even if these light operas should fall away in popularity Gilbert will have contributed to English literature, or at any rate to the English language, various sayings which will remain commonplace in our language. They may seem very simple efforts of genius, but they put the more or less ridiculous phases of commonplace life in an unforgettable form of which no one before him

had conceived. The exaggeration of insular patriotism stands out in :

‘For he himself has said it,
And it’s greatly to his credit,
That he is an Englishman.’

The common methods of harmless prevarication are typified in ‘What, never?’ ‘No, never.’ ‘What, never?’ ‘Well, hardly ever.’ The failure of looks in middle age, a subject on which Gilbert is very cruel, comes out in the judge’s song in *Trial by Jury* :

‘You’ll soon get used to her looks,’ said he,
‘And a very nice girl you’ll find her.
She may very well pass for forty-three
In the dusk with the light behind her.’

Do not despise commonplaces in literature. Their commonplace character is often due, whether in serious or light literature, to the apt cleverness of their original expression. The Greek Anthology is full of commonplaces of a kind very different from those of Gilbert, the first expression by various authors of that pathos of life and death which had been ever present in men’s minds but had never been so clearly and so beautifully expressed. Commonplaces imply in their creators a genius for putting into words that which men have felt with regard to both the brighter and the darker sides of life.

Of my own efforts in light verse I need say little because it is not a subject which will be of great interest to anyone except myself. What I have written I wrote mainly before the Great War. I contributed a certain number of verses to the *Oxford Magazine* because the editors of the last few years of the last and the early years of the present century urged me to contribute something to weekly numbers for which they could not extract anything from A. G. (Godley of Magdalen). Those who know Godley’s verse will understand that my work would suffer greatly by comparison. I published a good deal in the *Saturday Westminster Gazette*. Carruthers Gould, the celebrated caricaturist, was at that time editor of the light literature published in that paper.

Every man in the course of his life has had amusing experiences, and has heard tales which amused him. My own life has not been exceptional in that respect. Some of the tales I have heard may be known to some of my readers ; but, even at the risk of boring

those to whom they may be chestnuts, I will tell them for others to whom they are not known.

It is a relief in these gloomy days (1943) to deal with the lighter side of life.

Anyone who is a diligent seeker after the amusing could not do better than attend during an election as many political meetings as possible in Lancashire. The Lancashire working classes have a wit which is much above that of the same classes in the southern counties, and the heckling at political meetings is of a highly original and amusing nature. So sometimes is the speaking. I remember a meeting at Newton-le-Willows, one of the few political meetings at which I have ever spoken. Owing to a late train I arrived late, and was told by the agent that the chairman was speaking, and that I should speak next but one. When the chairman finished, the man next me got up, a quiet-mannered man with a placid, matter-of-fact style. Three-quarters of the hall were occupied by people with blue rosettes, the Conservative colour, but at the back were some rows of pink rosettes, indicating Liberal voters. My neighbour began his speech as follows: 'Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen,—I notice that a large majority of those present are Conservatives; but I see some members of the Liberal party at the back of the hall, and I daresay that if I were to ask one of those gentlemen why he is a Liberal, he might say, "I'm a Liberal because my father was a Liberal before me." Well, that reminds me of a man whom I once knew who got well on in life without marrying. So a friend said to him one day, "Why in the world don't you marry?" and he answered, "Why should I marry? My father never married."'

The election was that of 1906 at which Protection was a subject of bitter controversy. Later in his speech the same speaker referred to it: 'There are some people in this country who tell us that we ought not to adopt Protection for fear of offending our neighbours—for instance, Germany. I may mention a parallel case from my own neighbourhood where there lived an old woman who had to go to her work every day past a farm where there was a savage dog which used to run out at her and scare her. So she complained to the farmer. He said, "Why don't you protect yourself against him?" So next day she took a hayfork with her, and when the dog came at her she stuck the hayfork into him. The farmer came out very angry, and asked her what she meant by sticking the hayfork into his dog, and she replied that he had told her to protect

herself against him. "Yes," said the farmer, "but you ought to have used the butt end to him." "Well," she said, "he didn't use his butt end to me."

At a meeting in the Ince division of Lancashire I was troubled by a heckler, a big man with a red face, who kept shouting out, 'You're double-faced! You're double-faced! You're a Free Trader, and you're speaking on the Conservative side.' It was perfectly true that I was a Free Trader (with certain reservations), and my father, who was speaking on the Labour side, had published the fact. At the third repetition of the remark a happy idea occurred to me and I said, 'You must allow me to interrupt my speech for one moment in order that I may say something to the gentleman who says I am double-faced. I am quite sure he is not double-faced' (cheers from the gentleman's Labour supporters), 'for,' I added, 'had he been so he would have brought another face with him this evening.' The man with the red face slipped out of the room.

After the 1906 election John Buchan told me a tale of what had happened to him. Having been one of Lord Milner's assistants in the settlement of South Africa, a question much debated at the time, he was called to speak on behalf of the Conservative candidate at the Devonport election. He designed a brief and telling peroration for his speech. 'Well, gentlemen, what does South Africa want? All that South Africa wants is an improved water supply and a better class of settler.' Voice from the back of the hall, 'That's all that's wanted in hell, sir.'

Some may remember a tale told of an election in an Essex constituency in the later years of the last century. A certain baron of Portuguese origin stood for the division. The other side naturally made play with his non-English origin. He defended himself: 'It is true that I am baron, and my father was baron; but he was made English.' Voice from the hall, 'Pity your mother was not barren, sir.'

I heard a candidate in north Hampshire tell a tale in reference to a government which had let the farmers down badly.

Two men went into a large wood. And they took a little dog with them. And they lost their way. And being overcome by hunger they cut off the little dog's tail and made soup. And they gave the little dog the bones to pick; and congratulated themselves on having behaved very handsomely to the little dog.

The tale may have been borrowed. I do not know whether it was so or not. It has a wide application in political life.

Humour in Parliament is not uncommon, as those who have read Lucy's Diaries of the late Victorian parliaments will know. Colonel Sanderson, an Ulster Conservative member, now almost forgotten, was for many years regarded as the greatest wit in the House. He used to set oratorical traps for the Liberals and Irish Nationalists. There is his famous reference to Mr. Gladstone, 'When the right honourable gentleman has passed to a brighter and serener sphere' (loud cries of 'Shame' from the Liberal and Nationalist benches). 'No, gentlemen, I do not mean heaven, I mean the House of Lords.' Much later than the 'Lucy' period, in 1918, a member for Stockport, whose name I forget, speaking in a debate on propaganda, said, 'There are well-meaning people who express a wish to leave the world better than they found it, and cannot see that the best way of doing so is to leave it as soon as possible.'

Gloucestershire seems to be a county prolific in cricket tales, some of which I have already told. Some of them are connected with the East Gloucestershire ground at Cheltenham.

A man who had recently married went to live at an out-of-the-way village about ten miles from Cheltenham. When his wife was expecting her first child, he did not like the idea of her being at so remote a place at such a time, and so took her to a nursing home in Cheltenham. Next day, wishing to know if all was well, he wanted to telephone to the home, but found that he had forgotten the number and the official name of it. So he telephoned to 'Inquiries,' Cheltenham, which gave him a number. He rang up the number and said, 'Mr. — speaking. How are things going on?' The answer came back, 'Oh, pretty well. We've got three so far and adjourned for lunch.' He did a record to Cheltenham in his motor only to find that 'Inquiries' had by mistake put him on to the East Gloucestershire cricket ground.

Sea-sickness has always called forth the humour of those who do not suffer from it. Two travellers for the Continent arrived at Dover an hour or two before the afternoon boat started. They determined to lunch at the Lord Warden Hotel. One of them, who was a bad sailor, said, 'I know I shall be ill. Ought I to take a small whisky and a biscuit or a full-sized lunch?' 'Well,' said the other, 'it all depends on whether you discard from weakness or strength.'

A friend of mine, a Somerset man, used to tell Somerset tales in the dialect of the county which I will not try to reproduce as I do not really know it. I only remember one of them relating, like many of the others, to rustic life.

'You know old Bill of Roberts' farm where I works. Well, old Bill, he comes to me some time ago and he says, "John," he says, "I'm that worried I'm going to commit susancide." "And how is you going to commit susancide?" I says. "I ain't rightly made up my mind," he said. Well, an hour or so later I comes up from the big meadow, and in the barn I finds old Bill a-trying to commit susancide. He'd got a rope from a beam tied round his stammick. So I says to him, "Bill," I says, "that ain't the way to commit susancide. You ought to put it round your neck." "So I did," he says, "and it nearly throttled me."

'Well, a bit later, it were at Christmas time, I was taking some holly up to the church to the parson and some young ladies as was a-decorating it, when I see old Bill hanging on the yew tree in the churchyard a-trying to commit susancide. So I goes into the church and says to our parson, "Parson," I says, "I can't think how you can be here when old Bill's a-committing susancide on the yew tree in the churchyard." "What!" he said, "committing susancide," he says. "Haven't you cut him down?" "Talk sense, parson," I says, "he ain't dead yet."

There is a tale, which was told me by one who knew him, of Tennyson, whose manners in later life at any rate are said to have been rather brusque.

A young lady at a garden party in Hampshire, hearing that the poet was present, asked her hostess to introduce her to him. They came across him sitting on a garden seat far from the madding crowd. The young woman found conversation difficult, for all she could get from the poet were grumpy yeses and noes. A silence eventually ensued which was broken by the poet saying, 'Go away, your stays creak.' She departed in indignation. Shortly afterwards in another part of the grounds the poet touched her on the shoulder and said, 'I beg your pardon. It was not your stays, it was my braces.'

The poverty of the English language in the matter of pronouns is illustrated by the following advertisement of a baby's feeding-bottle. 'When the baby has finished the bottle it should be unscrewed and put under a tap. If the baby will not drink cold milk, boil it.'

An old Rugbeian, Egerton-Warburton, whom I used to meet at Brasenose, used to tell a tale illustrating the difference between Temple and Jex-Blake, two headmasters of Rugby, as shown in interviews with new boys.

TEMPLE : 'What's your name?'

BOY : 'Hamilton, sir.'

TEMPLE : 'Any relation to Sir Robert Hamilton?'

BOY : 'Yes, sir. Son, sir.'

TEMPLE : 'Hope you'll be as good a man as your father. Don't think you will.'

JEX-BLAKE (who was rather deaf) : 'What's your father?'

BOY : 'He's dead, sir.'

JEX-BLAKE : 'Dentist. Very honourable profession.'

BOY : 'I said he was dead, sir.'

JEX-BLAKE : 'Then why didn't you say so before?'

Lord Cromer once told me the following tale with regard to his experiences in Egypt.

He found that landholders in the delta had by mutual agreement undervalued their land for assessment of land-tax. Under the Egyptian government any chance of direct amendment of the scandal was hopeless. He proposed accordingly to construct a network of narrow-gauge railways in the region to improve the communications. The landholders, in fixing prices for compulsory purchases by the Government, assessed their land at values far in excess of previous returns. Whether railways actually eventuated I do not know; but the next land-tax was levied on the owners' recent valuations.

CHAPTER XII

THE NEAR EAST

BETWEEN 1880 and 1913 I travelled a good deal in Europe, for the most part in the Near East. I do not intend to give an account of my travels because that would mean that I should have to record much which could be found in a fuller form in Baedeker. I always had some general interest which ruled my plan of travel. In the first instance it was volcanology which took me to Iceland, the Eifelgebirge, Auvergne, and the Italian volcanoes. Later in the 'eighties it was military history which led me to visit Eylau, Friedland, Kunersdorf, Langensalsa, Aschaffenburg, Lutzen, Jena, Leipzig, Koniggratz, Austerlitz, Aspern, and Wagram, all the battles in north France of the campaign of 1870, and in Italy, Marengo, Magenta, and Solferino.

After 1890 I travelled frequently and extensively in Greece and Macedonia, a little in western Asia Minor, and a good deal in Rumania and Transylvania.

It is of Greek lands that I am going to speak especially, and in dealing with them I shall confine myself to such aspects of the life of the country and such incidents of my journeys as would not be likely to fall within the experience of the ordinary tourist who in the early years of my visits to Greece would be confined to certain well-known routes leading to famous places such as Delphi, Mycenae, Olympia, and Sparta. In those days travel was hardly possible outside those routes unless you were prepared to live very roughly indeed, or take a tent, provisions, and other paraphernalia with you—an expensive form of travel even in Greece—and one, if the weather turned bad, involving hardships which diminished very greatly such pleasure as might have been got otherwise from the beauty and interest of the country.

When I went first to Greece in the winter of 1892-3, English tourists in Greece outside Athens were rare birds. Only twenty-one years before three Englishmen had been killed—by brigands, so it was said—in north Attica, and the general idea in England was that brigandage played a prominent part in Greek life. There were no Hellenic cruises in those days. Before I started on that first

journey to Greece, numerous friends in Oxford prophesied that samples of my nose and ears would be arriving in England to back a demand for a large ransom. As a fact, I found that that gloomy forecast had no foundation whatever.

On this very first visit I learnt the true facts about brigandage in a rather curious way. I went out to survey the battlefield of Plataea and to find the site of the battle of Leuctra. I took up my quarters in the house of a peasant in a village called Kriekouki on the south edge of Boeotia just north of the Kithaeron range, and about three miles east of the ancient Plataea. About a week after I got there, there turned up a Greek named Ionides who had come from a village called Staniates, in south-east Boeotia, about twenty-five or thirty miles away. He brought a letter from the priest of that village saying that there was a man there who had been leader of the brigand band which had captured the three Englishmen who had been killed in 1871, and that he was very anxious before he died to tell the whole story to an Englishman. It was a rather pathetic letter, and though it was very inconvenient to interrupt my survey, I felt I must go. At the same time I thought it would be interesting to hear a tale—which I had heard often in England—told by one who had taken a prominent part in the events. So Ionides and I started next morning on what the Greeks call horses, but are really large ponies, over tracks in the rolling alluvial plain of Boeotia, where the mud came in places literally up to the horses' knees. It was a walking pace the whole way, and it was afternoon before we reached Staniates. The old brigand was a fine-looking fellow, about seventy years of age. Ionides acted as interpreter. I asked the brigand how he came to know so soon that I was at Kriekouki. He said that he had heard some days before that an Englishman was there. Englishmen were very rare visitors to north Greece at that time, and the fact of the presence of one in a locality spread like wildfire in an incredibly short space of time.

The priest in his note to me had described the old Greek's tale as a sort of death-bed confession ; but, as a fact, it was a justification of what had occurred in the past.

He began by saying that brigandage was not highway robbery, and that it no longer existed in Greece. This was quite true, for I heard later that the government had suppressed it. He angrily denied that the robber bands which at that time, *i.e.* 1892, appeared every now and then in various parts of Greece were brigands.

Later, I learnt that these bands were mostly composed of fugitives from justice—men some of whom were wanted for murder. He also said that their members were definite individuals who made robbery and sometimes murder their trade, whereas brigandage was not conducted by permanent bands but by such peasants as the leader of brigandage in a neighbourhood might call upon for the work of the moment. The work of the moment was always the same, a demand for money from any reputedly rich man who either settled in or passed through the neighbourhood. He cited an instance. 'There came to Kokla,' he said, 'a village near Kriekouki where you are, a priest who was known to be a rich man. He had 800 drachmas' (about £32. I may mention incidentally that this shows the extraordinary poverty of the Greek peasant). 'We demanded 400 drachmas from him. He at first refused to pay it, so we took him and his daughter away until the money was paid. One of our men insulted his daughter while she was in our hands. I shot him dead. We always shot a man who did such a thing. Eventually the priest paid the 400 drachmas, and he knew that we should never ask him for more however long he lived among us.' Kokla was a village high up on the north slope of Kithaeron, above the site of the ancient Plataea and about four miles from Kriekouki. Later, I got this tale confirmed from an old man at Kokla who had taken part in the proceedings.

The system of brigandage was a rough form of communism aiming at the levelling down of wealth. To those who practised it, it was just as legal as the taxation of the rich in western Europe for the benefit of the proletariat, and seldom involved the shedding of blood.

The old man went on to deal with the gist of his story, the capture of the Englishmen in 1871. 'I will now speak of the three Englishmen we took in Parnes.' (Mt. Parnes is on the Attic border only a few miles from where we were.) 'We heard they were there and we knew they would be very rich men, so we determined to get money from them. I sent round to the villages and collected about fifty men. We caught them under Parnes on the side towards Athens. In the last twenty years I have heard the tale which was spread abroad about what happened. It is a mass of lies. They say that we ill-treated our prisoners. As a fact, we gave them the best accommodation we could in this very village, Staniates, and we took them to church on Sundays.'

(He was very insistent on this last point, evidently thinking it would impress an Englishman.) I think he went on to say that they were three weeks in the village. 'They say that we demanded a very great ransom running into thousands of pounds. What we asked seemed to us very large; but I do not think that it would have amounted to more than three hundred pounds of your money. The exaggeration was due to the fact that our [the Greek] government preferred to try to kill or capture us rather than pay any ransom.' (I may mention that as a little boy I heard it said at the time that the English government had taken the affair with more seriousness than discretion, and had scared the Greek government into over-precipitate action.) 'They say that we killed our prisoners when we found that the game was up. It is a black lie. When we heard that troops were coming we took them with us high up Parnes, and in the fight that followed, in which we were outnumbered more than two to one, many of us were killed and our prisoners were also killed by the firing of the troops. Few of us escaped.' But none of those who did escape were discovered, for none of the villagers would give them away.

That is the tale as translated to me by Ionides. I believed it, and I think that anyone who had heard the old man tell it would have believed it too.

This may be said for the Greek government, that after these events it introduced a law which did away altogether with brigandage. It is so comprehensive that anyone who begs on the highway comes under it. Between 1892 and 1914 I never heard of such a thing as brigandage in Greece. Only once in my many visits to Greece did I ever hear of a band of robbers operating in the country. When I was at Thermopylae in 1899 I heard of a largish band which was robbing and, so it was reported, murdering, in the region of Mt. Othrys in south-east Thessaly, twenty miles away across the Malian Gulf. There was no danger to me, for between me and them was a large body of troops collected at Lamia with a view to hunting them down: which they did. By pure chance I happened to see the final scene of the fate of this band. The leader of the band escaped across Mt. Pindus to the Albanian coast, where he got aboard a sponge-fishing vessel due to sail direct to the Red Sea. Unfortunately for him the vessel had to put in at Patras owing to stress of weather. He offered the captain a large sum if he would risk the weather and sail early

next morning. The captain undertook to do so, but later, on going on shore at Patras, saw a large placard advertising a reward of 10,000 drachmas for the body dead or alive of the leader of the Othrys band and giving a description of him which made him recognize his passenger as the man wanted. As the government reward was far larger than what the man had offered him, he stabbed him to death in his sleep that night, and delivered the body to the authorities at Patras next morning. I happened to be in Patras waiting for a steamer to Trieste, and I saw the half-naked body carried through the streets on a door.

What I am about to say about the Greek peasant applies to him as I knew him in the twenty-odd years between 1892 and 1913. In Greece a good deal of water, some of it very dirty, has flowed under the bridge since that time, and it is possible that political changes have to some extent changed the morale of the people.

I must begin by saying that there are two limitations to my subject, the first being that I can only speak of the Greek peasant in his relations to an Englishman, namely, myself, since in my various visits to Greece I never, except in Athens, came across any member of any nation European or Asiatic outside Greece. The second is that I am speaking of Greeks who have always been resident from birth in the kingdom of Greece, not of Cretans, nor of residents in Macedonia or in Asia. The first limitation is important, because at the time I knew Greece the English enjoyed there a reputation such as no other foreign nation enjoyed; for the tradition of the war of Greek independence was far from dead, in fact, Englishmen were all looked on as potential Byrons. An Englishman, provided he was known to be an Englishman, could go about the country with as much security as in England. Thus I found when I went there for the first time in that winter of 1892-3 that the idea of the danger of travelling in Greek lands then prevailing in Oxford and elsewhere in England was absolutely mythical. The only part of the country where trouble was possible was near the Turkish frontier where there were a certain number of people who carried on robbery on both sides of it as a sort of side-line on smuggling, and when wanted for crime in Greece slipped over into Turkey, and vice versa. Only once had I to work near the frontier, and that was the only occasion on which I had cause to feel any nervousness whatever as to possibilities of trouble for myself. On that occasion I was in north Acarnania

on the Gulf of Arta between Kervasseras and Arta. It was in the spring of 1905, and it so happened that the Turks were making it hot for a number of Greek bands which had been raiding in Epirus, sent there by the secret society called the *Εθνική Έταιρεία*, a pestilential institution which was always trying to get up trouble with Turkey and sometimes succeeded in so doing, as in the case of the war of 1897. These bands were retreating from Turkish territory and were in a very bad way, all the more so as the Greek government wanted to intercept them in their retreat, and had sent troops to Kervasseras with that intent. The commander of the troops was nervous about my safety, because I had been committed to his charge by the government. He probably regarded me as a pestilential nuisance. From the Turkish frontier two tracks led south, one along the shore of the gulf of Arta, passing eventually through Kervasseras, and the other parallel with it about two miles inland, which by-passed the town. The latter road the bands, seeking to avoid Kervasseras, were taking. My aim at the time was to make a survey of the battlefields of Olpae and Idoмене, both of which are described with some detail by Thucydides, and both were fortunately near the coast road. While at work in the first three days my Greek servant, who carried my instruments, and I had seen quite a number of bands of thirty to fifty men pass along the inland track, but none on the coast road. On the fourth day I went down through thick scrub which was on the side of a ridge close to the coast road, and on stepping out on to the road found myself face to face at a distance of about fifty yards with a small band of about twenty-five men. I saw that I must face the situation, and so walked to meet them with what was a false appearance of confidence. My one comfort was that I had on a sun helmet and Indian khaki, which would show them that I was a foreigner. When we met, a big man, evidently the leader, came forward and asked me who I was. I said I was an Englishman. The big man said, 'All Englishmen are friends.' I thought they were going to kiss me. They contented themselves with shaking my right arm nearly off. In return for their amiable conduct I warned them that the way they were going would take them into the arms of the troops at Kervasseras, and advised them to turn inland to the inner track—which they did.

Two days later the commander of the troops at Kervasseras, in spite of my protests, sent me off back to Agrinion in Aetolia

from which I had come to Kervasseras. Though I had finished the survey of Olpae, I had not done that of Idomene. 1905 turned out a very unlucky year for my survey work in Greece. On the way to Agrinion we had to cross the Achelous River by a ford. The river bed was more than half a mile wide, but the water was low, and there were only two channels about fifty yards broad and about three feet deep running at the time. We had just got to the river bank above the ford, a steep bank about thirty feet high, when I heard a shot fired, and the ping of a bullet close to me. This was followed by other shots. We were on the west bank of the river, just under the end of a ridge on which were the ruins of the ancient Acarnanian town of Stratos, and it was from the ridge, which was covered with tall mimosa and wild olive scrub, that the shots had come. We got the horses down to the bottom of the steep river bank ; but it was quite impossible to stop there impassively, for those who had fired on us would simply come to the bank top and shoot us down. There were only three of us : my dragoman, a Vlach from whom we had hired the horses we had been riding, and myself. So we determined to leave the horses with the dragoman at the bottom of the bank while the Vlach and I crept to the top of it. The bank was a sort of clay conglomerate with large stones in it, and we shoved these in front of us to the top, leaving just enough room between for a rifle barrel. The commander of the troops at Kervasseras had insisted on our taking rifles with us ; and, as a fact, I had just before this incident happened been remarking on the bother of carrying useless weapons on a hot day. Looking between the stones we could see where our assailants were, for when the stones appeared at the top of the bank they began firing at them. We could not see those who were firing because they were hidden by the scrub. All that we could see were what looked like puffs of mist from the bushes, showing they were firing cordite. At these we aimed. Meanwhile they were firing merrily, and the bullets were kicking up the dust on the road which passed just in front of us ; but I felt fairly safe, as I had been very careful to put my stones very close together. I was, I confess, in a funk when the firing started, for the whistle and ping of bullets near at hand is disturbing to a man who has lived a blameless and peaceful life ; but the funk passed when I was more or less ensconced behind the stones. I should say that we were firing for between

five and ten minutes, and then all of a sudden the firing from the other side ceased and immediately afterwards I saw nine men disappear over the top of the ridge at which we had been firing. Thinking it might be a trap, we waited where we were for about a quarter of an hour. Then, as nothing more happened, we went down to the horses and crossed the broad river bed and rode to the Agrinion some nine miles away. Our assailants were undoubtedly another of the bands which the Turks had driven out of Epirus. Probably they were hard up for food or ammunition.

When we got to Agrinion I told my dragoman and the Vlach that they were not to say a word about what had happened as I did not want to be held up there while an official inquiry was held. It was an evil-smelling place. As far as I knew then, all that had happened was the waste of a certain amount of ammunition. But my dragoman, being a Greek, told the tale at Athens when we arrived there three days later, and it got to the ears of the Ministry of the Interior, to which I had to explain the circumstances. I heard later that two of the men we fired at had been hit. My personal damage was a bullet through my left hand which I did not feel at the time as it did not touch a bone, and bullets from gas rifles are very small in calibre though very long. They make a very clean wound unless they have been dum-dumed.

I have lived on a good many occasions in Greek villages or in tents just outside them. The peasants are quiet, almost listless in demeanour. You seldom hear them laugh; but that is perhaps not uncharacteristic of rural labourers all the world over. In spite of this quiet demeanour they are quick in temper, and in quarrels have a way of resorting to the knife. I was told that this habit leads to about two thousand deaths every year. That is not a sign of innate barbarity. Like vendetta, it is partly due to the difficulty of getting reparation by law.

I do not think the Greek peasant of Greece proper would be brutal or cruel in warfare. With the Cretan and Macedonian Greeks the case is different. They have lived for centuries up to very recent times in contact with races who have treated them with hideous cruelty, and it is not strange perhaps that in retaliation they have resorted to the same extremes. I saw an abominable example of that on the Struma River in 1913. But though human life is rated more cheaply in Greece than it is with us, the Greek peasant is of an easy-going and reserved character. Centuries of oppression

under a cruel foreign power seems to have bequeathed to him an inherited sadness of nature. I had twenty soldiers with me at Thermopylae in 1899. They sang every evening an endless series of songs of a patriotic nature. The words I could not understand, but the music was dull, tuneless, and always in a minor key. They have inherited from Turkish times their attitude towards women. A stranger in a village who looked at a woman would arouse resentment, perhaps danger. This is in great contrast to the attitude prevailing in Servia, and above all in Rumania. In the latter I was once at Turn Severin and went along the Danube to sketch the one remaining pier of Trajan's bridge. As it is now on the bank, I had to sit close to the water to get a good view. I had not been at work for long when about ninety middle-aged women and girls came down the bank and proceeded to undress on either side of me. They arrived at the state of Eve before the Fall. There was no shyness about them. They came out of the water at intervals and stood looking over my shoulder asking me what I was doing and why. I took it all as a matter of course. It was the only way to take it. Ideas of propriety differ in different countries as we know well. But I was once up against a question of propriety which presented itself in a different form.

In 1913 I was anxious to do one of two things, either to explore the ancient Roman road, the Egnatian Way, from Salonika to Durazzo on the Adriatic, or to survey the region of Amphipolis on the Struma River in Macedonia. But rumours were abroad about an impending outbreak of war in the Balkan peninsula, and I did not want to spend uselessly very handsome contributions to the expenses which the committee of the Craven Fund and also Corpus had voted me. So I wrote to a friend of mine who was in that part of the world to get local information. He wrote back to say that he had heard rumours, same as I had, but no more. But he had a friend, the French Vice-Consul at Salonika, who was going on leave to England and was intending to visit Oxford, where he would call on me and tell me what he knew.

Some weeks later he turned up at my house. After thanking him for coming I put the two alternatives before him. The Salonika-Durazzo plan he at first turned down outright on the ground that it involved the traverse of Albania, a line of travel to which the Albanians objected and were apt to put a stop to by killing the traveller. A moment later his face brightened and he

said: 'One moment; there is a way in which you may get through. The Albanians will not molest a man passing through their country with an Albanian wife. If you do so, you will get through.' I was a bit taken aback, but I had presence of mind enough to point out that I was married. He answered, 'In England, yes; but in Albania they will not know that.' I kept a straight face, for he was evidently in earnest; but there arose before my mind's eye a picture of what the feeling would be in Oxford if the tale got abroad that a certain married Fellow of a certain college had been travelling with an Albanian lady whom he was passing off as his wife. In an attempt to get out of the situation I said I thought the plan impossible, because I had no means of getting hold of the requisite Albanian girl. But he stymied me again. He said that he knew a man in Salonika, whose address he would give me, who would get the girl for me. I did some quick thinking to find a way out and said that I did not see what I could do with the girl when we got to Durazzo, as I should not be going back to Salonika and could not send the girl home alone. He said thoughtfully, 'Yes, that would be a difficulty.' Before he could think of a way out of it, I clenched the matter by saying that I saw no possibility of putting the plan into working. Later, I mentioned the plan to my wife—with the worst results. I omitted to say that I had turned it down.

Salonika and propriety remind me, if I needed reminding, of another incident.

I must mention first that the Balkan States, having adopted political institutions which were in name, though not in fact, copies of those of western Europe, especially of England, displayed an intermittent desire to show those western races, especially England, that their moral ideas were conforming to what they believed to be those of the races of the west.

On one occasion I went home from Greece overland and was travelling by train from Salonika to Nish in Servia to catch the Orient Express. About eleven in the morning we were running down a pretty stream valley not far from Nish when suddenly the conductor entered our compartment and pulled down the blinds on the side towards the stream. There was an Englishman in the carriage who lived in Belgrade, so I said to him, 'Tell this fellow that we do not want the blinds down.' The conductor turned to me and said, 'I spik Inglese. I have been in New York. I will tell

you. Some months ago—four months—six months—there come an Ingleseman by this train, and he look out of ze window and he see a girl bathing in zat river, and he get out at ze next station, and he make ze acquaintance of zat girl, and he marry her. And now whenever zis train come all ze girls of ze village do bathe in ze river, and ze control has ordered that when we go by zis stream ze blinds shall be pulled down.'

I have strayed rather from my subject—the Greek peasant. I spoke of living in their houses. Usually when you got to a village where you wished to live, your dragoman asked the head of the village (demarch) to let you have a house, and he arranged for your renting a house for the time being, the owners turning out to live with neighbours. The houses have only one large room which serves as sitting-room, bedroom, kitchen, and shelter for domestic animals. I arrived very late at one village, too late for the inmates to turn out, so I had to sleep with the family. I spent a weird night. The father, mother, and four children and myself lay side by side on the stone floor near a small fire built as usual on the floor. The other living occupants of the room were a young pig, a sheep, and thousands of bugs. I kept the latter off me more or less successfully with 'lily powder,' a prophylactic which I had bought in Corfu. But the young pig was a fearful nuisance. He was restless and kept sitting down on the hot ashes of the fire, which resulted in loud squeaks and a sort of hurdle race over our prostrate bodies. He took his hurdles badly. Hence bilingual bad language from the awakened sleepers.

The poverty of the peasant is almost incredible to people coming from west Europe. He, at any rate in Boeotia, grew on his land enough for his annual food supply; but he had no money whatever for the purchase of any imported articles, especially iron goods which would be cheap in England. Meat was a rarity in his menu. He had to keep his goats and rare cows for milking purposes, and his sheep for wool for his clothing. Advent intervened in one of my visits, and Advent is a fast in the Greek Church. For three weeks I could not get any meat for love or money, and lived on onions and black bread. Even our supply of tinned butter brought from Athens had run out. In addition, the weather was very bad, and the combination of bad weather and bad food nearly finished me off. I had a bad attack of pleurisy when I got back to Athens. My dragoman was an old man, more or less

past his work. The hardships did finish him off a few weeks later. He died of pneumonia at Aedipsos in Euboea.

Yet the Greek peasant of that day did not seem dissatisfied with his poverty in the sense that he sought political remedies for it. In the north of Greece, at any rate, he had his bit of land, and that seemed to be the limit of his ambition. The lot of the landless man was not hopeful. But there did not seem to be many of them in those days.

Towards strangers and their property he was strictly honest, *provided they trusted him*. If they did not, then their property at any rate was looked on as fair game. Because I never locked anything up, in all my visits to Greece I never lost anything by way of theft. I was out of the house for twelve hours a day, often some miles away, and I know my dragoman did not remain in the house while I was absent, but would be out in the village gossiping politics with the many who were ready to do so. I could tell when I came in that people had been in turning over the contents of my luggage to see what the clothes of 'Europeans' were like. But, as everything was left unlocked, they were bound by their code of honour not to steal anything. As I say, I never lost anything whatever in years of experience. But I should have done so had I shut my property up. They had their local rules as we say in golf. When you entered a village you were always received by furious barking and what seemed threatened attack by hordes of dogs, for every household kept a dog, mostly of a large white breed like very strongly made sheepdogs. The threat of a stone was usually quite enough to keep them off. But there were exceptions. You might kill these exceptions with a knife; but if you shot them there was no end of a row. The idea behind this was that knifing showed that they were actually on you, whereas shooting did not.

I have already said that their attitude to Englishmen was invariably friendly and helpful, if help was needed, so much so, that after a little experience of the country you could go about it with no more apprehension than you would feel in taking a walk in rural England—and I mean that quite literally. The only danger was on the uplands where at certain seasons of the year Wallachs (Vlachs) fed flocks which they had brought from Turkish territory in accordance with immemorial custom. On these lonely uplands lone travellers were not safe, for murder was easy, and the

concealment of the body easier still. Not very long before the war an Oxford undergraduate went from Delphi up Mount Parnassus and disappeared. I have known two similar cases, but they were in Asia Minor, one on the Mysian Olympus and the other not far from Ankara. The victim in the latter case was a German, Colonel Veith, who was collaborating with Kromayer in his atlas of the battlefields of ancient history. He knew of me because I was one of the contributors to the atlas. I met him on his last journey, for he travelled in the same train with me on the railway from Smyrna to Constantinople. But he got out at a station short of Constantinople to get the train for Ankara, whereas I went on. I found he had no weapon with him, and as he proposed to explore the country alone, I offered to lend him an automatic ; but he would not take it. He was murdered by two men when he was walking alone. Finding he was unarmed, they attacked him. I heard this from Kromayer some months later.

I will now relate the story of the Lake Copais drainage scheme as an example of what can happen in democratic government as worked by an eastern European people. Some of the incidents occurred shortly before I first went to Greece, but a good many came within my personal experience. The lake has two unusual features : its only connections with the sea are underground channels some miles long running out into the Euripus, one having its entrances (*katavothra*, abyss) at the north-east and the other at the south-east corner of the lake : also two-thirds of the lake, the west and the south part, are very shallow, so much so, that they dry up either completely or partially in the summer. This means that some sixty square miles, about two-thirds of the lake bed, very rich soil indeed, are open to cultivation at that season. Until some time in the 'eighties of the last century the peasants dwelling on the shores of the lake were accustomed to cultivate this area to their great profit. They grew cotton, wheat, and rice. In the 'eighties an Englishman formed a syndicate in England to drain the shallow parts of the lake by converting the underground outlets into tunnels, and thus rendering two-thirds of the area dry all the year round, and ensuring that the whole area should be available for cultivation every year and not be reduced for purposes of cultivation in wet seasons, in fact, not be subject to fluctuations, both in respect to the area cultivable and the time available for its cultivation ; for there had occurred years when the retirement

of the water had taken place so late as to make it impossible to sow sufficiently early for the crop to be got in before the water returned in the autumn.

By bribery of government officials—so it is said, almost certainly with truth—the syndicate got from the government a concession which gave them all land made permanently free from water, thus depriving the peasants of many square miles of land which they had cultivated from time immemorial. It was a scandalous transaction, peculiarly unworthy of a British company. But it brought its due reward. When the company sent engineers to make the tunnels the peasants killed them off, till the syndicate found it impossible to get anyone to take on the job. The government and its members, having got their money, cared for none of these things, taking the line that there was nothing in the contract which compelled them to make possible the carrying-out of the business. So the British company was very properly faced with a dead failure. But they managed to sell the concession to a French company, no doubt at a considerable loss. When I went to Greece in 1892 that transaction had taken place, but at Kriekouki my dragoman brought me very ghastly tales told him by the peasants of what had happened during the British régime. It was said that the engineers who had been employed on the little work that had been done did not speak English. I never heard what was their nationality, but I suspect that it was Greek. Also I never heard how the French company began their work, but in my second visit to Greece I did hear engineers had been assassinated, and I actually saw a wounded member of the staff at Elataea, a town in Mt. Oeta, on the way from Thermopylae to the lake. My own personal experience of the matter came in 1905 when I was at Schimetari, not very far from the south-east corner of the lake. At some time in the previous ten years the company had come to an agreement with the peasants by which it was arranged that they should have half the freehold of the land left dry, an offer which was accepted by them probably because it gave them a definite area free from the uncertainty of how far and how late the water might retire. The company had certainly completed the tunnel along the line of the *katavothra* at the south-east corner of the lake, and it had dried up the southern part of the lake area. So far, so good. But then another question arose. The part of the lake which had dried up in previous times had, even during the dry

season, been traversed by deep channels leading to the *katavothra* in which channels the natives had been accustomed to erect eel weirs which brought what seemed to them large profit. These weirs blocked the channel and prevented the free flow of the water to what was now the drainage tunnel. One of the French engineers called upon the people of a certain village to destroy a weir belonging to them. They refused to do so, and he very unwisely went with five men to destroy it. The villagers shot the whole five of them. I heard of this a very short time after it happened. One evening my dragoman came to me to say that there was someone who wished to see me. To my surprise the man turned out to be the Ionides whom I had met at Kriekouki thirteen years before. He had been acting as engineer on the Lake Copais scheme, and he told me what had happened. He said that he had been to the nomarch (prefect) at Thebes to ask him to take action against the murderers, but the nomarch had told him that he could not do so as he had not enough soldiers to deal with them. Ionides wanted me to go with him a second time to see the nomarch, as the latter might listen to an Englishman though he might turn a deaf ear to a Greek. I told Ionides that it would be no good. Since 1897, as I shall have reason to show later, the Greek villagers of the north had been a law unto themselves. Ionides then said that he had had two piteous telegrams, which he showed me, from the wife of the French engineer imploring him to get back the body of her husband. He said that he, as connected with the Copais personnel, could not go as he would be shot outright. So he wanted me to go. It is not my way to seek danger when I can avoid it; but I knew perfectly well that if I went to the village, and the villagers knew that I was an Englishman, or at any rate not a Greek, and I went there alone, there would be no sort of danger for me. So we sent off a peasant next morning to say that an Englishman was coming to ask for the body of the Frenchman. In the afternoon I started off to the place on horseback, taking a spare horse with me. It was about ten miles that I had to go. I met about eight of the villagers at the bottom of the low hill on which the village stood, and after a very halting conversation they took me to the demarch. He expressed the usual friendly feelings towards an Englishman, and took me to the place where the bodies were concealed among the tall reeds of the lake. They had been there for five days in hot weather and their condition was indescribable.

They wrapped the body of the engineer in sacking and put it on my spare horse. The wind was behind me as I rode back. I had every reason to wish that it had been in any other direction.

I am now going to say something about an aftermath of the war of 1897 of which very little, if anything, is known except to those who had actual experience of it. As far as I know it was confined to northern Greece.

The Greeks, who in that war were very incompetently commanded, were well beaten by the Turks in Thessaly and fled southward. The Turks did not follow them south of Thessaly, and the Greek fugitives went home to their villages with their rifles and ammunition. From that time for at least seven years onward they were a law unto themselves. They did not defy the law under ordinary circumstances, but they were quite determined to take a firm line in anything concerning their individual interests. They did not revive brigandage or take to robbery, nor did they interfere with their neighbours so long as their neighbours did not interfere with them.

I came across three examples of the results of this state of things, one of which I have just described. They were all concerned with land questions.

The first I came across was in 1899 when I was encamped at Thermopylae. The villagers of Anodrakospilia, about 2000 feet or more up the mountain, frequented my camp to gossip with my twenty soldiers which the government had insisted on sending for my protection; for Thermopylae was far more isolated in those days than it is now since the railway through north Greece has been made. One night my dragoman reported to me that the villagers said that a Vlach shepherd had committed suicide. He had been grazing sheep and goats in a glade some way up the mountain. That seemed a queer thing for a Vlach shepherd to do, for if you want to die in the Balkan peninsula you can easily get the killing done for you. The next day the head man from Drakospilia turned up and told me that the nomarch of Lamia, twelve miles away, had threatened to send troops to arrest those responsible for the killing, and had refused to believe that it was a case of suicide. He asked me to come and see the body. So I went with him half a mile up the mountain through thick scrub where was the body leaning in a seated position against a tree on the edge of a grassy space, and on it were two wounds, one under

the right armpit made by a shot from a large revolver which was lying near, and the other a knife wound in the back under the left shoulder-blade. I was almost certain that neither could have been self-inflicted, but I cautiously refrained from saying so at the time. Next evening when I got back to camp I found a young Greek lieutenant and thirty soldiers there. He reported that he had orders to go up next morning and arrest the head man of the village. I knew that there were at least a hundred rifles in the place, and as the path up was a very narrow one through scrub and rocks and rising 2000 feet, it was quite certain that the lieutenant and his thirty men would all be wiped out before they got half-way there. So I told him not to do anything until I had seen the nomarch, and I rode off next morning to Lamia. The nomarch was newly appointed to the region and had not realized what he was up against. When he realized the state of things he agreed to recall the body of troops.

I was at Thermopylae for four weeks after that, and nothing further happened, which being the case, the truth began to leak out ; and before I left I heard the true story. The Vlach had exercised an age-old right to pasture so many cattle for such and such a time on the village lands. He had overstayed the time and had refused to move : and so they had killed him.

The third case occurred at Schimetari in 1905 just before my expedition to recover the body of the French engineer. I was surveying the region with intent to discover the site of the battle of Delion of which Thucydides gives a good many direct or indirect topographical details. It is obvious that the battle was fought not very far inland from the coast of the Euripus, so I began my survey several miles inland at the head of a valley leading down to Dilisi, the probable site of the ancient Delion. I soon discovered that there was a private war going on between the village of Schimetari, where I was living, and that of Dilisi. It was on a question of land boundaries, a not uncommon matter of dispute in the plains of Greece, where the boundaries are marked by stones which you could pick up and carry away without the slightest inconvenience. I had heard shots while I was surveying on the Schimetari ground, and there were three wounded men in the village. When I had finished my survey about Schimetari I proposed to move to Dilisi. As a foreigner I had nothing to do with their miniature war, and as an Englishman I expected to be

well received. To my surprise, the Schimetari people objected to my going to Dilisi ; and when I got into secret touch with the Dilisi people, they made it quite clear that they were not going to admit anyone from Schimetari, whoever it might be, within their boundaries. I did get a sort of survey of the Dilisi region by taking long sights from a long base line with fairly satisfactory results.

That year 1905 was unfortunate for my work. I had had my work at Olpae and Idomene cut short, and now my work at Delion was partially incomplete.

But, as I have said, the Greek peasant in Greece itself is a good fellow. He is essentially an agriculturist who is quite willing to go on with his work in peaceful fashion so long as he is not interfered with ; but he will show a very ugly mood if any attack in the way of rectification (*sic*) of boundaries or rights affects his little bit of landed property. That was why I was always obliged when I went on survey to outlying parts of the land to get permission beforehand from the Ministry of the Interior which notified the local authorities, who took care to publish the intent of my work throughout the region in which it was to take place. Otherwise a survey would have been associated with an increase of the land tax, and the surveyor might have disappeared mysteriously.

In my visit of 1905 I was one of the official representatives of the University of Oxford at the International Congress of Archaeologists at Athens, which compelled me to spend a week there. The other representative was David Binning Munro, the well-known Homeric scholar, then Provost of Oriel. As Munro was indifferent to the laws of Nature and the arrangements of man, Pelham asked me to let him travel to Athens with me. He was a pleasant and (unconsciously) amusing but troublesome companion. He would get out at every station at which the train stopped, and as he paid no attention to signals for the train to start, I had to spend half the night of the twenty-four hours' journey from Milan to Brindisi in hauling him into the carriage while a porter shoved behind. (There was a tale told in Oxford which related to previous years when he travelled with an Oxford friend to Italy to receive an honorary degree at an Italian university. When he was near his destination he was pestered and horrified by numerous other passengers of the insect tribe. As they were alone in the carriage, his Oxford friend suggested that he should

shake his trousers out of the window, which he did, but unfortunately let them go. His other trousers were in the registered luggage in the van, and so to meet the situation his friend suggested that he should drape a plaid shawl he had with him round him like a kilt. The leader of the university deputation which met him at the station referred feelingly to the honour he had conferred on them by appearing in his national costume.]

I had arranged to meet Professor Sayce at Athens, and we stayed together at the Hotel d'Angleterre, the hotel I always stayed in on all my visits to Greece. Mahaffy of Dublin joined us there. He was a very amusing companion, but at times rather embarrassing because he told in the dining-room, which was crowded, tales which were indeed amusing but not suitable for a mixed company. He brought one day to the dining-room an evening paper and read out in a loud voice the following passage: 'The stupidity of our present government has been lately shown by an order to the effect that light women shall not be allowed in the streets of Athens during the International Archaeological Congress. This cannot fail to give the foreign delegates the impression that Athens is not a European capital, but of the type of a small provincial town.' The congress was somewhat disappointing. I had hoped to hear some of the distinguished foreigners give lectures on their own subjects; but the management of the meeting had evidently determined to give as many delegates as possible an innings, and so restricted the lectures so-called to a quarter of an hour. Consequently the speaker had no time to deal with his subject except in a platitudinous way. But I enjoyed the society of Mahaffy and Sayce. Sayce I got to know after I had been some years in Oxford. Later I knew him well. He was socially one of the most attractive men I ever met, and the select annual dinners which he gave to his friends every summer term were events in the lives of those invited to them.

I cannot mention him without referring to his contributions to ancient history and archaeology, because I feel that his work has been much decried by many who would like to withdraw the criticisms they passed upon it. When I read for *Literae Humaniores* I was told to read his introduction to the first three books of Herodotus and Jebb's attack on it in, I think, the *Quarterly Review*. Hearing, as learner, the views held at the time in Oxford, I was not unnaturally led to accept the violent criticism of Jebb. All

that I can say is that I think that were they alive now they would both of them like to rewrite much that they wrote at that time. It was Sayce who really introduced the Hittites to the learned world. For some years that world sniffed at his ideas as being mainly efforts of the imagination. We know now that he, in point of fact, introduced a new and most important factor into the history of the Near East.

Before I close the story of some of my experiences in Greek lands, I may say a word about a man who played a great part in Greek history in a period subsequent to my visits to Greece—King Constantine.

I must preface what I am going to say by mentioning that the social side of democracy goes much farther in Greece than in any other land in Europe, or indeed elsewhere. When I first went to Athens I had an introduction to M. Tricoupis, then Prime Minister of Greece. So I went to call, taking a cab from the hotel. When we got to Tricoupis' house the cabman got off his box and came in with me to see Tricoupis.

The royal family of Greece has always been democratic, as royal families go, in its relations with its subjects.

Sir Francis and Lady Elliot, who were then at our ministry at Athens, were always most kind to me. On one occasion I was invited to a very special dinner of twelve persons in all, of whom Constantine, then Duke of Sparta and Crown Prince, was one of the guests. Constantine and his brother Prince Nicholas were both very fine, handsome men. His wife was the sister of the Emperor William of Germany, and I gathered from what Constantine said to me in the course of the next week that he looked on his brother-in-law as an infernal nuisance. After dinner Sir Francis asked me whether I played golf. I admitted I did. So we went up to the Crown Prince, and Elliot told him that I played. He was very keen about it and said he would like a game next day—which was a Monday. The British Consul at Athens, who was there, said he would lend me clubs. Constantine said that I must come to lunch and drive out to the links with him. I played with him every day of that week and lunched at his palace every day. There was no formality whatever. The children were at lunch, and very jolly children they were. It is hard to realize the tragedy which has since come into the lives of some of them. They were very keen that I should come in after golf, have tea with them in

the nursery, and tell them tales about England, especially about English children. To avoid scandal I told them tales of the childhood of others than myself. The Crown Princess was always very pleasant. She had obviously unusually good taste in dress, a thing I am apt to notice. She had queer little notions of propriety which extended to things which would not attract any notice in England.

The golf links were weird. Not a single blade of grass anywhere. All hard, red earth, with rocks three to six feet high sticking up all over the place. Save at Therapia on the Bosphorus I never played on any ground less like golf links. What a rubber-cored ball could do when it hit one of those rocks had to be seen to be believed. The greens (*sic*) were covered with red dust to hold the ball on its course, otherwise on some of them you might have gone on putting for the rest of the day without getting into the hole.

Elliot, who saw most of the matches during the week, said that I ought to give a stroke a hole; but the Prince would not hear of it, so we compromised at two-thirds. He liked high stakes; I did not, for after playing a few holes I saw I might as well be engaged in robbing a blind baby of its feeding-bottle. But he went on the whole week at the same stakes, and we played on the Saturday double or quits on what he had lost. Before starting that last round I confided to Elliot that I was out to lose it. He said, 'For God's sake don't try any games like that. He would certainly notice it and be awfully annoyed.' So I finished the week with the most ill-gotten gains I ever made. I learnt a new term in golf. The caddies always spoke of the 'greens' as *αι ἀλευραι* (pronounced 'e levree'), the threshing floors.

My experiences with malaria may be of interest and of use to those who may hereafter visit Greece. Malaria is not to be taken lightly. It is a very real and serious danger which has to be provided against by anyone who does not care to run risks which may possibly prove fatal. The dragoman who managed for me in most of my journeys in Greece, Charles Papadopoulos, had for four years been a tobacco dealer in Burma and India. He told me that, though malaria was just as common there as in Greece, it was not so deadly as that prevalent in certain parts of Greece.

The prophylactic which the natives use against it is garlic, of which I cannot stand the smell, much less the taste. So I never tried it. At Kriekouki in 1892 I was not living in a malarious

region, though I did pass along the west shore of Copais. Also, it was in the winter season. The most dangerous season is the end of summer and the beginning of autumn, August and September ; but there is danger in late spring and early summer. In 1895 I went to Navarino, and was there for ten weeks in July, August, and September. Charles was with me ; but, Navarino being a very out-of-the-way place not easily accessible except by sea, he had never been there before, and we had no previous warning of the dangerous nature of the local malaria. Still, I had quinine with me. I found, as others have found, that it made me ill. Just as my survey came to a close I went down with malaria—a very bad attack which nearly carried me off. We had then discovered how dangerous the local malaria was. It originated in a large lagoon to the north of Navarino Bay. There was a population of landless men living round the shores of the lagoon who made their living by fishing in it. Not one of that population of about two hundred was fifty years of age. The malaria carried them off before that. Men and women of forty looked like persons in extreme old age. One evening as I was just going to my boat to sail home a poor woman came out of a wretched reed hut and implored me to come in and see her husband. He was lying on some straw in the last throes of malaria, so bad that it did not need a doctor to see that he was near his end. I gave him quinine, but it did him no good. I stayed till the end, which came about 5 a.m. next morning.

The deadly character of the malaria on that lagoon was illustrated a year or two later when a friend of mine, who was more or less in charge of one of the Hellenic cruises, wrote and told me that they proposed to put in at Navarino in order to see Pylos and Sphakteria, and asked me for any advice I had to give. The only advice I gave was that they should not anchor at the north end of the bay near the sand bar which separated it from the lagoon. Unfortunately the captain said the south and middle of the bay were too deep for anchorage, and they spent one night at the north end. Two of the passengers caught malaria and died in a few days, and others were very ill.

In spite of the discomfort it caused me, I had taken quinine regularly all the time I was at Navarino ; but my experience there dispelled any faith I had in it.

Four years later my work took me to Thermopylae, where the great wet marsh which extends for four miles from the foot of the

cliffs to the sea is notorious for malaria in a very deadly form. This I knew ; and I did not like the risk at all. There is no permanent population in or near the pass, though in the winter peasants suffering from rheumatism or skin trouble do come to live in some shanties near the great sulphur spring in order to bathe in it. My camp had been pitched on the mountain-side about 150 feet above the marsh level. Charles had arranged for a native from a village up on the mountain to carry my surveying instruments, and on the first morning when we started I noticed that he was chewing a large raw onion. So I said to him, 'Why are you eating onions, Dimitri ?' He said that they always ate onions when they went down to the low ground in order to keep off the fever. This seemed to me to be exactly the thing I had wanted, so I went back to the camp forthwith and ordered Charles to corner the supply of the neighbourhood. From that time forward I had raw onions morning, midday, and evening. I was ten weeks there and, owing to the steepness and height of the cliffs, had to take my sights up the mountain from the wet marsh, and I never had a touch of malaria, so that I began to think that the dangers of Thermopylae had been much exaggerated. But I was undeceived in the following way. One morning Charles told me that the soldiers reported that they had seen a 'European' going along the track below my camp accompanied by a native. This was unusual in that deserted spot ; but I paid no more attention to it at the moment. In the evening of the next day when I got back to the camp Charles reported that a man was there who said that he had been with the 'European' and had lost him the previous night near the west gate of the pass about three miles from my camp. I suspected foul play ; but Charles said he thought that the man was quite honest. The man reported that the 'European' was a Russian officer from a Russian torpedo boat which had put in at Molo, an insignificant little port about ten miles away on the Malian Gulf. There was nothing for it but to go off and look for him. So three men and I set forth at about 8.30 p.m. We got into touch with him at about 4 a.m. the next morning. He had lost himself in some dense scrub in a small valley near the west gate. When he heard our shouts he got out and came back with us to my camp. He and I had breakfast together, and then I went off for the day, expecting that he would have gone back to Molo by the evening. But when I got back in the evening I found him in my bed. Charles explained that

he had been taken very ill very shortly after I left in the morning. He died at eight o'clock the next morning. We buried the body in a stream bed near by, and I sent off a messenger to Molo to report his death ; but the torpedo boat had sailed for the Piræus. When I got back to Athens I reported the matter to the Russian fleet which I found in Phaleron Bay, and they sent and exhumed the body.

After this I was in different years at Kervasseras on the Gulf of Arta, where malaria was not at any time prevalent : in the great marsh west of Salonika for three days, a place of evil reputation for malaria ; twice on the middle Struma River in Macedonia, where malaria was very prevalent. At all these places I ate onions, and I never had a touch of malaria at any of them. Of the nature of the malarial marsh at Salonika we had bitter experience during the Great War.

I happened to be at the War Office when the expedition took place, and I told General Macdonogh, who was then head of the Intelligence Department, of the danger from the marsh and of my experience of the use of onions. He said that he would pass on the information to the medical staff. They replied that doctors of the Indian Medical Service who had forgotten more about malaria than I ever knew, were going out with the expedition. That turned out to be true, but not in the sense intended. It is now known that more than 150,000 of the expedition were down with malaria at one time, of whom 4000 died.

I have omitted from these disjointed reminiscences of travel in the Near East a feature of Greek life which is imperfectly understood in England—vendetta. It was due in my day to weakness of the law, not in the law itself but in its execution. There was the death penalty for murder ; but it was only too possible for a criminal to escape it. I do not know whether the personnel of the courts was venal, but political influence did often enable an assassin to get off very cheaply. Hence when some member of a family was killed, his relatives were wont to take the law into their own hands by killing the murderer, or, if they could not get him, then some member of his family. That family was in honour bound to murder some member of the originally aggrieved family ; and so the matter went on in the form of alternate family murders.

At Navarino one night I was sitting on a rickety wooden balcony, which jutted out from the first floor over the pavement

and overlooked a small square, when I heard shouts from the other side of the square and saw three men pursuing a man who was running towards my house. Just as he got underneath the balcony one of the pursuers shot him with a revolver. I went down and found him in the gutter. My dragoman and I brought him into the lower room of the house only to find that he was already dead. I sent off my dragoman to tell the demarch, who turned up at my house half an hour later. He was polite and apologetic. He said that he was very sorry that such a thing had happened at a time when I was the honoured guest of their town. It was all the more unfortunate that it should have taken place just then, because nothing of the kind had taken place for more than three months. I subsequently discovered that the man who had been killed was one of the biggest scoundrels in the neighbourhood ; that he had already killed two people and had got off with six months' imprisonment in all ; and the previous day had tried to kill the brother of the three men who had shot him. So my indignation was rather wasted.

On my journey overland to Navarino while I was breakfasting in the street of a village near Megalopolis a man in a very fine native costume came and spoke to me. He talked perfect English, and told me that he had been at Harrow at school. His father was a rich landowner. A few weeks later my dragoman asked me if I remembered him, and told me that since we saw him he had been murdered in a vendetta as reported by a man who had just come into Navarino.

I have confined myself to sides of Greek life which a tourist in Greece might never hear of. Tourists keep to the main tracks and come very little into contact with the people of rural Greece. Those who know the side tracks of Greece can feel no surprise at their being avoided by those who are not compelled to use them.

There is one tale which I must add to my experiences of the Near East which I would rather have omitted because it is in a sense the most painful incident in my life, and the telling of it recalls that which I would much rather forget. But I cannot forget it, and it recurs to my memory even now with a horrible vividness. I thought of omitting it, and only know one person in this country to whom I have told it, so repugnant to me is the telling. But I have tried to make these memoirs a full record of my life's experiences, and the story is one which may make English readers recognize

the realities of a life of which they have little knowledge and of the developments of human nature when educated under the influence of danger from immediate neighbours.

So long as the Balkan peninsula was under the rule of the Turks the races within it, Servians, Bulgarians, Greeks, and Albanians, were united in a feeling of hostility to the ruling power so bitter that it left no room as it were for feelings of hostility to one another. Eventually Greece, Servia, and Bulgaria won their independence at different times, but the Turks still held a strip of territory running from the Black Sea to the Adriatic through Thrace, Macedonia, and Albania. Albania kept to itself, and no one of the now independent states had any ambition to stir up that wasp's nest, so the Albanians were left to pursue their immemorial vendettas uninterfered with by anyone, even their masters, the Turks. But the independent states were meanwhile cherishing ambitions for the absorption of Thrace and Macedonia, and the question was what share of these new territories they severally should acquire when the Turk was driven out of them. So Thrace, as it was at that time, was mainly the question between the Bulgars and the Turks ; but Greek interests were also involved because there was a large and prosperous Greek population in Constantinople, and patches of Greek rural population in the western part of Thrace. In Macedonia the case was different. There the population was very mixed. I do not know the northern part of it well, and have never had any real experience of the rural population ; but I have heard lots about it in Salonika. The Vardar region is very fertile. I have passed through it several times, but I have never really known it. Its population was an extraordinary mixed collection of Serbs, Bulgars, and Greeks, villages of the different nationalities mingled side by side in the same neighbourhood. In the first decade of the present century the three kingdoms were all bent on having good claims on shares in the loot when Macedonia and Thrace were freed from the Turks ; and, anticipating that the western European powers would have something to say in the matter, were anxious to establish a claim to the region on the ground that a distinct majority of the inhabitants belonged to their race. To attain this end their simple minds conceived the idea of killing as many as possible of the rival nationalities and frightening the rest away. This led to trouble, and trouble in that part of the world means that each side vies with the other in the cruelty of its attacks and reprisals

The tales told in Salonika could not possibly be put into print. I heard the same tales in Bulgaria in that decade. The effect of this kind of life (and death) on the population of Macedonia was to turn them into savages, men literally mad for revenge and ready for any act however cruel, so much so that simple murder became a merciful form of death.

Such was the attitude of the three hostile races of Macedonia to one another when I came into the picture. I went to the Struma in the spring of 1912 with a view to survey the site of Amphipolis. I made for a village on the west bank of the river below Seres, and there I came immediately across a Bulgarian who spoke perfect English; for, as the son of a rich man, he had been sent to school in England. He owned a large tobacco estate there, land of very great value even from our point of view. He insisted on my putting up at his house. It was large as houses went in those parts, built very solidly of stone with a stone-walled yard loopholed for musketry where some of the cattle were shut in at night. I had a rough room on the first floor where were all the living-rooms of the house. The ground floor was one large room in which some of the domestic animals were housed at night.

My survey began about two miles down the river. On my way home the first evening I noticed two little children, a girl of eight and a boy of six or seven, standing at the door of a small mill which was beside the track, about three or four hundred yards short of the village. They were looking at me shyly with their thumbs in their mouths. To them I was a being from the unknown. I determined to establish friendly relations, and so went and spoke to them. My Bulgarian gave out at about the fourth word. The rest, of course, they could not understand, nor, when they got over their shyness, could I understand a word they said. But I made two boats out of my surveying paper and beckoned them to come and watch them sail on the mill leet which flowed just by. In quite a short time they came to understand that it was a boat race and got excited at the contest. They were jolly little things, and every night as I came home they watched for me, and even came running to me when they saw me at a distance on the track. Also, every night a boat race took place. I tried to teach them that one boat was Oxford and the other Cambridge. What they thought the names meant I do not know, but they got the name Oxford all right, though the 'dg' in Cambridge beat them. Our relations

became even more friendly when I brought them some Turkish delight which I managed to buy at the village inn. This went on every late afternoon for three or four weeks. I used to cut the last half-hour of my day's work in order that our play might not be interrupted by the sudden fall of night, for there is very little twilight in those parts. I made the acquaintance of their parents, the miller and his wife, and also of the wife's sister who lived with them. We established a language of signs and got on very well.

The night but one before I was due to leave the place to get back for the beginning of the Oxford term we had our usual boat race, and I went on to my temporary home about a quarter of a mile away. There were no houses between the mill and the village. About one o'clock that night I was awakened by a number of people talking excitedly in the room below ; so I got up, dressed quickly, and went downstairs to find about thirty men in the room. To my horror my host told me that a man had come in a few minutes before and told him that he had stumbled across a body on the track passing the mill and that the whole family, including my little friends, had been murdered by some raiding band. My host said that he and the men gathered in the room were going after the murderers on such horses and mules as they could collect. To think that my jolly little friends and their parents with whom I had been only a few hours before had been murdered in such a way made me grimly determined to be in at the killing of the murderers. But at the moment I hoped against hope that there might be some mistake, and so I got a bicycle lamp which I had brought with me to use when inking in and copying the surveys of the day and ran down to the mill. There was no mistake. I found the bodies of my little friends on the track about ten yards from the door, the bodies of their mother and her sister about five yards nearer the door, and the body of the miller himself in the doorway. There was a rifle in his hand. So I went through the house to the back door where I found a pool of blood and the footmarks of a number of men on the soft ground just outside the door. It was fairly clear that the miller had wounded at least one of the raiders and had then been overwhelmed by the rest. He and the rest of the family had been stabbed to death. I hurried back to my friend's house and found that all the men there had got rifles and had collected thirty horses and mules. I said that I was coming with them and my Bulgarian friend made no objection. He lent me a

rifle and a large knife. When I told them that the miller had had a rifle and had apparently used it once, the man who had brought the news said that, now he thought of it, he had heard what might have been a shot as he was coming up the track about half a mile before he reached the mill. That timed the murder as having taken place about forty minutes before the time at which we were speaking. Hearing that I had been through to the back of the house, they asked me whether I had seen any marks of horses' feet in the mud. I said I had not noticed any. My friend said that in that case we might overtake them. He was also certain that they had come from the west as the Struma was just to the east and they would not have risked the delay which must have taken place in crossing so large a stream, and to the north the population was Bulgarian. There was, of course, no question but that the raiders were either Greeks or Serbs, and that the raid was one of those acts of blind retaliation which were common between the mixed races of Macedonia.

So we rode off a few minutes later. After going a short way we divided into two bands of about fifteen each, because from that point the route for about ten miles was a dual one on the north and the south side of a rocky ridge a few hundred feet high. I was told off with those who took the southern arm of the track. This southern track was very bad, a mere path among rocks, so that the horses could go at no more than a walking pace. We went on for about nine miles, seeing nothing and hearing nothing, when suddenly we heard subdued sounds of rifle shots on the other side of the ridge. These lasted some five or ten minutes, during which we hurried on as quickly as we dare on the very bad track. It was evident that the other party had overtaken the raiders, and we wanted to be in at the kill. After about a mile we got to the end of the ridge and turned round along the north track. The firing had ceased. The first signs of trouble were three bodies lying on or close to the track, bodies which the men with us said did not belong to our northern band. Then we came across our friends. They had overtaken the raiders, and in a running fight had killed five of them and captured five others, two of whom were wounded slightly. They roped the five to their horses and we all went back to the village along the north track, which was bad, but not so bad as that on the south side of the ridge. When we reached the village, they roped the prisoners to the stem of a big plane tree in the village

street and left them there under guard till the morning. My friend told me that they would hang them after dawn. I asked him to defer the execution till after I had started for my work. When I returned in the evening the five bodies were hanging on the branches of the tree. It was believed that they had got the whole band ; for, so they said, had it been a large one it would have tried to surprise the village.

I left the next day but one. I wrote to my Bulgarian friend before the first Balkan War broke out and got a reply from him. But I am afraid he must have perished in the second Balkan War as, though I wrote to him several times later, I never got any answer. If such was his fate he did not deserve it, for he was a very good fellow and was, I fancy, doing good in the little world he dominated.

I was twice in Rumania and Transylvania. My longest visit was in 1899, but, though I saw much that was very interesting, including very grand scenery, and two races of unusual but very different types, the Rumanian and the Hungarian, I did not meet with any unusual experiences of an exciting nature, unless the bathing incident at Turn Severin which I have related elsewhere can be so classified.

I prefaced to this account of my experiences in the Near East the statement that I should confine myself to the unusual, and leave out the ordinary routine of tourist travel. I repeat this in order that the reader may not suppose that my story represents the ordinary experience of travel in Greece even if that travel leads you to the remoter parts of that land. Danger is not one of the features of Greek travel ; in fact, travelling there is just as safe as travel in west Europe, or at any rate was so before the Great War. It may be also noticed that in the incidents I have related I have only been in personal danger on one occasion, at the ford of the Achelous, and that incident would certainly not have occurred had my assailants known that I was an Englishman.

CHAPTER XIII

MODERN BUILDINGS

SINCE I retired from teaching some twelve years ago I have played but little part in the life of the University. Only once in those years have I entered the arena of controversy on University questions, and that was on a subject which has always been of interest to me for at least forty years past.

For the science department of the University I have always had the greatest admiration. Since I came to Oxford fifty-five years ago the attitude towards it has greatly changed. It seems hardly credible now, but it is the fact that a large number of people in Oxford regarded it as a sort of excrescence on the University, and resisted the demands on the University income made by its various departments. As a fact, those demands were justified by the meagre incomes paid to the teachers of science. Gradually a more liberal attitude was adopted towards their finances. Then arose a new question—the demand for new laboratories. This, so the University found, meant sites for new buildings in the Parks, and the absorption of areas taken from what was the only space in Oxford open for the relaxation of the population.

This encroachment on the Parks was bitterly opposed by a large number of members of the University, all the more so as the buildings already erected round the museum formed an assorted collection of architectural atrocities. Just at first, in the earliest years of the present century, the opposition was successful; but the demands nevertheless were repeated—in fact, they became chronic. Assent to them had to be given by Congregation, and of course the proposals came officially from the Hebdomadal Council. That body adopted a very questionable mode of dealing with them. The member of Council put up to propose one of these further encroachments on the Parks was apparently instructed to assure Congregation that the proposal before it would be the last case in which any demand on the area would be made for such a purpose. But a year or two later a new proposal to build another laboratory on some other site in the Parks was backed by the same assurance given by the representative of the Council. Thus it

became plain that the Council did not recognize any permanence in an engagement made on its behalf, however explicit that engagement might be. The ethics of such an attitude are obviously questionable ; but there can be no question that the Council had no moral right to make official promises with relation to the future which it regarded as not binding on it when its personnel had been modified by new elections.

The new proposal with which I had to deal cut two ways, for it proposed the building of a new Forestry Department on a site which had apparently some years before been allocated for the future development of science laboratories. The scientists refused to accept forestry as a science, and in a circular adopted an argument which had been used against them in the past, that, if the land were taken up by a forestry department, it would necessitate an encroachment by science on land not allocated to them—that is, a further reduction of the amenities of the Parks. The opponents of the reduction, after years of unsuccessful warfare, seemed disposed to let the matter go by default, so I felt that the policy of absorption could only be defeated by public opinion outside the University, and wrote a letter to *The Times* protesting not merely against the use of this valuable open ground for building purposes, but pointing out the disfiguring nature of the architecture of the buildings hitherto erected on it. Whether put up by the Hebdomadal Council or not, I do not know, but Farnell, ex-Rector of Exeter, answered my letter. Unfortunately his most cogent arguments were based on an Act of Parliament which did not exist. I pointed this out in a further letter to *The Times*, and he acknowledged his mistake.

I do not know how far, if at all, my letter contributed to the placing of the Parks under the Town Planning Act a few weeks later. But there was an item in the settlement under that Act to which the attention of present and future members of the University should be directed. The University is allotted a strip for building, with a width, I think, of one hundred yards, along Parks Road from the present buildings on that road to the corner of Norham Gardens. It would be a terrible blow to the architecture of Oxford were buildings of the type of those recently built near the Museum to have a frontage on that or any road.

I do not know whether the University will be bound by law to go to Congregation before erecting a building on the strip of

ground, but I do think that any design for a building on that site should be submitted to the opinion of the University for acceptance, modification, or rejection. I cannot imagine that any majority of opinion in Oxford would consent to the erection of another of those concrete and yellow brick horrors which have recently been put up, buildings which would be a blot on the architecture of Oldham.

I have had occasion to speak disparagingly of the buildings which the University as such has built in Oxford within the time during which I have known the place, and I have done so deliberately in order that even the few to whom these memoirs may be of any interest may be to some degree encouraged to set their faces against the architectural disfigurement of one of the most beautiful cities in the world.

It is a relief to turn to those additions to Oxford architecture the design of which has been chosen by the governing bodies of colleges. That governing bodies have in the past shown very bad taste, as the buildings of Balliol in Broad Street and the Meadow buildings of Christ Church show. Keble owes its resemblance to streaky bacon to a pious company of founders who, like other devotees of the Oxford Movement elsewhere, were bound down to those architectural fads embodied in that Victorian Gothic which prevailed in the mid-Victorian period, the same influence which produced the buildings at Balliol and Christ Church to which I have referred above. Even the late Victorian age revolted against the productions of the worst age of architecture in the history of England.

But in the last fifty years or more many of the additions to Oxford architecture have been worthy of its beautiful examples of medieval work. In quite recent years two colleges, Merton and Christ Church, have shown a splendid patriotism at considerable sacrifice to themselves, Merton by recasting wholly, and, I understand, at great expense, that architecturally amorphous building which was such an eyesore as to destroy the view of the very beautiful front of the college towards Christ Church Meadow. Furthermore, Merton has built a new quadrangle which is perhaps the finest contribution of an architectural kind which has been made to Oxford for centuries past. How the governing body which accepted the design came to accept the design for the new Warden's House on the other side of Merton Street is a question

which only a professor of psychology could solve. It is far beyond the powers of an amateur in that science.

Christ Church has pulled down certain commonplace buildings which blocked the view of the Hall from the south and some other buildings at the entrance to the Meadows from St. Aldate's, and has sacrificed any income which come from those sites in order to open up a view of the college which for beauty is not excelled by any other view in Oxford. It is comforting to look back on the fact that one has lived to see the results of such generous contributions to Oxford architecture.

Three great changes have been made in the architecture of the High Street since I first knew it. The new buildings of Magdalen were finished just before I came up. They harmonize with the pre-existing buildings of a beautiful college. The High Street front of Brasenose was completed during my early years in Oxford. As time goes on and the stone mellows by age they will add to the beauty of that great street. At the same time, the royal menagerie over the gateway is a rather regrettable addition to the design. The frontage of Oriel has been much criticized, and it has been said that the architect was over-persuaded into adopting it. Be that as it may, it is an architecture in a style of its own, the shortest-lived style in history, confined to the year in which it was erected.

Oxford escaped two architectural disasters in comparatively recent years. Thomas Case, when President of Corpus, proposed to erect new buildings on the site at the south end of Magpie Lane, where stands a very ugly row of lodging houses. The governing body was quite ready to get rid of the lodging houses, and voted in favour of the scheme though not at all clear as to whence the money was to come. A well-known architect was commissioned to draw up the design, a difficult undertaking for a site so situated. He produced it at a college meeting. He proposed a building suggested apparently by those elementary schools which travellers by train through south London may see standing out like islands amid the houses of the slums. We were in dismay at the prospect of such a design being carried out. But the architect himself saved us from that possible disaster. Case criticized some minor feature of the design and he said, rather irritably, 'I think, sir, that if you had a knowledge of architecture you would not fail to recognize the necessity of that feature of the plan.' If there

was one thing on which Case prided himself, it was on a knowledge of architecture, which was as a fact both intimate and large, though, like all his knowledge, not devoid of crankish ideas. After that meeting we never heard a word about the scheme, and it died an unlamented death.

Case as an architect has left one monument of himself, the president's house at Corpus. The old house was an unsightly building constructed largely of lath and plaster, and roughcast. At the outset of his presidency he offered to build a new house, involving certain changes in the library, if the college would leave the design to him, and would agree to contribute £5000 to the cost. It was a generous offer, which the college of course accepted. It cost Case eventually over £8000. Considering the cramped nature of the site, it is a valuable addition to the college. The new buildings of the college at the point where the path from Christ Church Meadows enters Merton Street were constructed during Allen's presidency. They replace the old brewery, a building of no architectural merit and, considering the site, which abuts on buildings of two different styles of architecture, they are a satisfactory addition to the college.

The new buildings reproducing the old chapel at Hertford, and the bridge which the college has built over New College Lane, have beautified a formerly dull corner of Oxford.

Yes, when one comes to consider it, the taste which the colleges have shown in the last fifty years is in pleasant contrast to that shown by the University.

CHAPTER XIV

THE TEACHING OF HISTORY

BEFORE I retired from the work of teaching I had reached the age of seventy, and had known more or less intimately several hundreds of people among whom were many who had passed into that retirement into which I was about to pass. Some had been professional, some business men, and the vast majority of both classes, especially of the latter, had looked forward to the relief afforded by freedom from compulsory work. Those who would have liked to go on with their life's work, had that been possible, have been a minority. The anticipated happiness of leisure has not always been attained, especially by those who have not before their retirement devised for themselves some form of employment which will be to them a real interest in what remains of their life. To these, what remains of life tends to become a period of boredom accentuated by a feeling that they have definitely ceased to contribute to, and to count in, the world in which they live. I would go further than this and say that I have very strongly suspected that this emptiness in their life has brought about its termination at a time earlier than that at which it would have come had they maintained some form of intellectual interest and activity. When I say 'intellectual activity' I do not confine the term to some form of research. I refer to any study or pursuit which demands activity and exercise of the mind.

It is owing to my experience of the later lives of people I have come across that I made up my mind to carry on research work into life in England before the Conquest. It has kept me busy during twelve years, and as far as the future is concerned it seems more probable that I shall not finish it before death overtakes me than that the last years of my life will be devoid of any interest which will save me from blank contemplation of an inactive present as compared with a mentally active past.

I have dealt in the past both as a teacher and a writer with the history of Greece and Rome, and I wish on this, probably the last, occasion on which I shall have the opportunity of speaking on the experience which has come to me in the course of that work,

to say without reservation a few words on the conclusions I have drawn from that experience.

There may be some who suppose that Greek and Roman History are treated at Oxford as mere examination tests of the capacity of those who study them. That is not the view taken in Oxford, for there they are regarded, just as science for instance is regarded, as involving the acquisition of knowledge which may be of the greatest service in after-life. It is therefore incumbent on those who have to teach them to see that they get as near to the truth of the past as the evidence of that past will permit. Furthermore, their histories are more instructive to the student of the present day than the history of the Middle Ages in Europe, where politics and society were dominated by the Church and its rigid doctrines, for in the modern world the Church and its doctrines have not the influence they had some centuries ago, and in that respect the political circumstances of the modern world resemble more closely those of Greece and Rome than those of the Middle Ages.

It has been customary in the past to speak of the religions of the ancient world as though they had no moral influence on those who adhered to them. That is a fallacy born of ignorance and the fanaticism of some who have sought to elevate the influence of Christianity by depreciating the nature of all religions which preceded it. But history, if it is to be valuable as knowledge, must be the true story of the past, a picture in which the shadows as well as the lights are given due prominence, otherwise its teachings will be of no more value than those of false science would be, that is to say, they would be dangerous and damaging to those who accepted them. The promulgation of the false does not make for the happiness of those who come under its influence.

A spurious Greek history has been used at various times in the last fifty years in support of arguments in favour of schemes which by their failure have led to the devastation of a large part of the civilized world. It is a travestied story of the Athenian Greeks which has provided the greater part of this shoddy material. They have been represented as a sophisticated race who evoked from philosophy a higher form of social life than the world has ever realized since, and the intelligentsia and doctrinaires of modern times have on the basis of this erroneous concept advocated all sorts of schemes of reform, which, so far as they have been put

into practice, have led to the most disastrous and cruel age in the history of the world. Athenian life and the Athenian people were both in ideas and in practice very different from what they appear to have been represented in that conception of them. Appeal is frequently made to the Funeral Oration of Pericles given in Thucydides' history.

As a passage in history it is without parallel, but as history it has to be read with its context, and its context is the whole of the history which Thucydides wrote. Thucydides wrote the speech as either his own or Pericles' conception of the highest form of democracy. He could not have supposed that any reader of his history who read the Mytilenian Debate or the Melian Dialogue would regard the Funeral Oration as being a picture of a political and social life which was ever realized at Athens.

Then, again, modern writers give people who have at most skimmed the surface of Greek history the impression that the Platonic political ideas of the fourth century represent the ideas in the minds of the Athenian people in that century and in the previous age. Were those ideas in the minds of that Athenian proletariat which condemned the generals who won the great battle of Arginusae and which a few years later condemned to death that Socrates whose teachings formed the foundation of much of Plato's philosophy? Both the generals and the philosopher were condemned because they had outraged fundamental notions of the Greek religion.

The characters which appear in the Platonic Dialogues do not represent the mass of the Athenian citizens, few of whom can ever have known what Plato taught; and it is gross travesty of the history of the time for modern authors to represent Plato as an exponent of the political life and aspirations of Greek democrats, whether Athenian or not. Yet much of his philosophy as is political does undoubtedly represent an attempt to do away with the ills which disfigured the political life of his day. In that side of his work he failed utterly, and before he died he knew he had failed. Two centuries passed before Rome stepped in to cure the Greeks of their political ills, and those who have read the story of Greek democracies during those centuries will know that it would be a gross libel on Plato to ascribe their political acts to anything he taught.

To say that there is much to be learned from Greek history

which might warn modern democracies of dangers which they should avoid is not to condemn democracy as necessarily a political error.

Greek history has also much to teach as to the means and methods by which interstate relations may and may not be maintained on a reasonable and peaceful footing.

There is one element in Plato's political philosophy which is difficult to understand—his somewhat savage attitude to those sophistic philosophers of the previous century who taught the doctrine which may be stated very crudely in the form 'might is right' or 'the right of the strongest is always the best.' In these dicta 'right' is used in its worst sense—'the power to act without consideration for others.' As far as the sophists are concerned, he begs the question, because they added that in a well-ordered state the powerful made concessions to the weak. The sophists, the philosophers of the middle and later fifth century, never demanded the acceptance of the doctrine that might is right, but while stating it as a crude truth in respect to primitive human nature, also made it quite clear that it was one which must be modified in practice in any human society, especially in the state. There is this excuse for his statement, or understatement, of the sophistic position—namely, that the right of the stronger was exercised freely in the Greek states of his day by oligarchic indifference in oligarchic states to the condition of the proletariat, and in democratic states by a democratic determination to vote away the property of the upper and middle classes by the majority of numbers. These vicious alternatives were partly due to an evil tradition; but the tradition was largely due to the natural poverty of the country in which the Greeks lived, which made the question of physical existence a very difficult one. The oligarchs reduced the concessions to an inadequate minimum, and the democrats exaggerated them to a more than adequate amount.

How this question can be solved in practice is a very difficult matter to determine, as has been shown in recent years in the cases of Germany and Italy, and perhaps of Spain. If every country at every age could produce an Augustus Caesar and recognize the fact that it had done so, then perhaps solution would be easy. As that is impossible, the dilemma may seem insoluble. But if it is to be discussed, it must be somewhere else than here.

Of the modern misrepresentations of Greek history I have

already spoken. Propaganda was not the creation of the last war. There arose in the nineteenth century a school of historians who thought it quite justifiable to write history in such a way as to support certain political views. It involved the perversion of truth—not necessarily by misstatement, but by the omission of evidence. History so written is an evil because it is misleading to anyone who would use its teachings as a guide to the present. The historian must tell the truth, however unpalatable to him may be the truth which he has to record.

THE RELIGION OF AN INDIVIDUAL

I AM now going to end this story of my life with a brief reference to a subject on which I should have preferred to keep silence because it is one which I have never discussed with anyone. On only three occasions have I dealt with my views, all three in the form of addresses delivered to gatherings of men with whose lives I was closely associated.

In some of the autobiographies I have read in recent times the authors have described at some length the searchings of mind through which they passed in deciding what form of the Christian religion most appealed to them. I never passed through that phase of religious doubt.

The development of my religious ideas has not taken that form. The basis has always been that which I was taught as a child modified gradually by further experience. The only large (negative) feature of such change has been a marked revolt against that tendency to anthropomorphize the divinity which has made its way into Christian as well as other religions. It is possible to realize the existence of God. It is not possible to realize God's nature, since it is admitted to be perfect ; and perfection is a phase of infinity of which the finite human mind cannot have any conception.

But I am not writing this chapter with a view to persuading anyone, who is a sincere believer in the faith in which he has been brought up and tries to make his moral life conform to it, to change his religion, whether it be Christian or not.

My father and mother were both deeply religious, and it was from my mother that I first learned the elementary principles of religious duty. It was she who taught me to say my prayers ; and I cannot remember the time at which that duty was first instilled into me. The prayers were very short ; but I was always encouraged to add to formal prayer petitions in my own language. The practice of prayer became a habit, and I remember that when I was still quite a child I felt that any departure from the habit would be in some way or other the worse for me. But I also remember

that the formal prayers meant little to me, and that as a child I said them as a matter of rote without understanding them, and, I must add, without any real attempt to do so. It was all part of that mental laziness or inability which is common to the young. True prayer requires a concentration of mind of which the young are incapable. With respect to the extempore prayers, consisting for the most part of appeals for blessings on those dear to us, especially on my mother and our old nurse Mary Heywood, the case was different. They were to us, even as little children, no mere forms of words, but were used with a full consciousness of what they meant. Also, we did regard our prayers morning and evening as a duty not to be omitted.

When I was eleven years old I heard at Risley in Derbyshire, where we were then living, a sermon which emphasized the necessity of treating prayer not as a mere form but as words with a meaning which he who used them should realize at the time he has used them. That demands a concentration which, as I have said, is a severe effort for the young. Many times in the next few years did I fall asleep kneeling at my bedside overcome by a prolonged effort to realize what I was saying.

It may be that this story of my early experiences will appear dull and commonplace to some of those who read it; but it is necessary to trace the stages by which I arrived at my present attitude towards religion, because that attitude was not brought about by any sudden conversion, but has been arrived at by steps and stages of experience similar to the process of attainment of secular knowledge.

When I was fourteen and a half years of age absolute financial disaster fell on my family. Of this I have already spoken. I have noticed that the concentration necessary for prayer comes most easily to you when the mind is very depressed or unusually happy. It took eleven years for us to recover from the disaster, and there were circumstances apart from the disaster which caused me repeated anxiety. It was during that period that I gradually became more certain of the existence of a phenomenon which, as I know now from a much longer experience, is a reality.

That depression was alleviated or vanished after prayer. It took me a long time to realize this to the full; but, looking back over a life which has now lasted more than eighty years, my memory turns dimly to the first twenty or thirty of them, but

very clearly to the last fifty. This relief of mind after prayer has been noticeable on numberless occasions in my later life. I have learnt to expect it; but on many occasions it has come when I did not anticipate it.

I suppose that any thinking man who noticed in the physical world instances year after year of two phenomena occurring in such juxtaposition would be persuaded that they stood to one another in a relation of cause and effect. That, for the same reason, is my view of the relation between prayer and the mental state. I would enlarge my conclusion and say that the most noticeable and most distinguishable case of God's answer to prayer is the gift of courage to face such troubles and trials of life as befall us through no fault of our own—the tragedy of life as the Greeks called it.

I cannot form so definite a judgment as to the effect of prayer on material matters. But I do know that the last forty years of my life have been happy.

I am anxious to put my position quite clearly even at the risk of seeming to be guilty of a certain amount of repetition.

I would therefore put this before a reader.

If you noticed through a long period of years a phenomenon invariably succeeded by another phenomenon—relief from mental anxiety and trouble, and in a large number of instances a recognizable relief from the causes which brought about that trouble, relief which, as I have noticed, usually takes the most unexpected forms, would you not, following those laws of inductive logic which are employed with confidence in inquiry into physical causes, come to assume that there is a causal connection between prayer and the phenomena which follow it? It may sound irreverent, but I have been led by increasing experience to take so far as is possible detached notice of such phenomena, and I cannot in the last fifty years remember any instance in which they have occurred otherwise than as I have above stated. I may say, therefore, that so far as prayer is concerned I have passed from faith to conviction. The results of that passing are important—to me the most important things in life. I am *convinced* of the existence of a divine and almighty power with which man can be brought into communion by what is called prayer. Nor can I realize that without attaching to it as a corollary a belief in the immortality of the soul founded on surer grounds than any doctrine of human origin.

It was a doctrine taught in pagan times by the priests of Eleusinian Demeter, a doctrine which brought great comfort to generations of men who were ardently seeking for a religion which gave a less depressing view of the future life than was given by the traditional teaching of the religions of their days. The doctrine is very beautifully stated in a passage of the *Meno* of Plato which he attributes to Socrates, 'And Pindar says this and so do many others of the poets such as are inspired. And what they say is this (just consider whether you think they speak the truth). For they say that the soul of man is immortal, and sometimes reaches an end which men call death, but then comes into being again, and never utterly perishes. This being so, we should live a life as perfect as we can make it.'

The most striking part of the passage is contained in the last words, which imply that a recognition of the immortality of the soul is assumed to have as its corollary a life lived in righteousness.

The Mysteries of Eleusis long brought comfort to the world. A verse of Crinogoras dating from the days of Augustus shows that to have been the case :

'E'en shouldst thou live the quiet life, nor sail
The sea, nor travel on the land,
To journey unto Attica thou shouldst not fail,
And on Demeter's nights of worship stand
Within her temple. Thus of life's dull care
Thou shalt be free ; and when thou goest where
We all must dwell thy spirit shall not quail.'

Some who read what I have written may regard my convictions as due to superstition. All I can say is this, that I have been led gradually up to them by the same method of induction which I have followed in the course of fifty years devoted to research into the history of the past.

I have related these experiences of mine somewhat reluctantly because I know well that they will be attributed by some to wishful thinking, by others to a tendency to credulity, by others to an unscientific mind. The charge of wishful thinking is refuted by what I have said with regard to the stages by which I arrived at conviction. I started without any idea that I should be able to discern the result of prayer. My persistence in prayer was based on a faith which I had acquired originally from what I had been told as a child. Faith is an essential preliminary to all learning.

As children we believe facts which are told us by older people. We believe the facts at the time ; but it is only later as our knowledge and experience grows that we are convinced of their truth.

I was fortunate in that I was brought up by a father and mother who were sincerely religious, for I feel that the beginnings of faith are acquired most easily and in a most permanent form in the early years of life.

As far as credulity is concerned, I can only say that I have not shown any sign of it in what I have written on secular matters. The few who have read my books will know that I have been very sceptical of the truth of the accepted creeds of the subjects about which I have written. As far as science is concerned, I have employed a method of observation in inductive logic in exactly the same way in which it is employed in scientific inquiry.

To anyone who may feel that there is something in what I have said I would add a warning—that he must not expect the results of prayer to be discernible at an early stage. They may be deferred for years after the appeal to the infinite power has been made.

I must now say something about the effect of my belief on what I may call my views on religion.

In the first place, I regard prayer as the first and most important act in my life. Therefore I resort to it at such times as I feel that my mind is most capable of concentration. Such concentration I have had to employ in the research work on which I have been engaged for fifty years, and I can only attain it by withdrawing from all external circumstances which might, and in my case I can say would, divert my mind from that to which I am trying to devote my thoughts. I have never been able to concentrate under the circumstances of congregational service. I should never dream of attempting to carry on secular study amid a crowd, and therefore I do not wish to introduce something short of reality into a study which is of far more moment to me than any secular study can possibly be. There is another practical difficulty with which I should be faced did I attend congregational service. Many of the prayers in the Church of England Prayer Book, especially the Lord's Prayer, contain clauses which, if not capable of various interpretation, are certainly capable of various application. I do not always use them in the same application, and that implies that I cannot pass from one clause to another without thinking in what

sense I am using it, which demands a short interval of time for reflection, an interval which is not afforded in public prayer.

Let it be quite clearly understood that in speaking of the circumstances under which concentration is impossible for me I am not assuming that they are impossible for other people. There are no doubt many people who can concentrate their thoughts when surrounded by others, many, too, to whom congregational service brings comfort in the feeling that they are associated with others in prayer. To some extent I wish I were as they.

What I have said does not demand any modification of the creed of any religion, Christian or otherwise, in which a man has been brought up. I would not persuade any devout adherent of a non-Christian religion to forsake that religion and embrace Christianity. Such changes are but too apt to introduce a grievous element of instability into his religious beliefs and conduct. Christians, like men of other religions, have always tended, quite unconsciously it may be, to attribute to God human preferences and other weaknesses. God's preference for Christianity has been assumed to be so strong that He consigns to eternal damnation those who do not embrace it. Are we to regard God as a divine member of the Inquisition? If so, His divinity vanishes. It is fortunately the case that enlightened Christians have ceased to take that view of God's providence.

The unseen powers which govern the world of life have at different times in the world's history been conceived as centred in one or many gods. But can it really be believed that the divine power refused to listen to the prayers of those who sought help from divinity in the form in which they conceived it? The essence and foundation of religion is the conception of an unseen power which will aid man in that part of life which is beyond his control, and will aid him also to choose the right path in that part of life in which he can exercise the power of free will, a divine gift granted to man for reasons which he cannot even guess, because it is part of a providence which orders things on the base of an infinite series; and infinity is unrealizable to the human intellect. We grieve at the deaths of those dear to us who have perished in the present war, and the grief of the moment makes us forget that life is only one chapter of an infinite series.

I have not, as I have said, written what I have written with a view to persuade devout adherents of any religion, Christian or

otherwise, to renounce the faith in which they have been brought up. Prayer is in some form or other an element common to all religions. But I would ask those who have lost faith in a divine power to reconsider their position in the light of what I have said with regard to the possibility of realizing the existence of a divine being. I do not say that such a conviction may be arrived at quickly, but the first beginnings of it, the recognition of its possibility, may be discovered long before final conviction is attained, and it may be discovered originally in relief from distressing depression in face of misfortune.

It is said that the world-wide and unparalleled catastrophes of the last and the present war have driven many to take the view that such things are incompatible with any faith in a beneficent Almighty power controlling the whole realm of creation. Humanly speaking, the feeling is not unnatural. But such a view precludes the idea of a future life, of the immortality of the soul. In dealing with this creed of despair I will try not to beg the question.

In the first place, it is contrary to that idea of an unseen power, an idea which controls our lives, prevalent, as far as we know, among men of all times and all grades of civilization. It takes all sorts of forms—some gross superstitions, some various forms of faith which are essential elements in the religions of the world. But the question is not of the various forms which the idea may take, but the existence of such an idea so widespread or even universally existent in some form—it may be very elementary—in the human mind. It seems to be innate in human nature. It is a single idea pervading humanity, not an effort of the imagination conceived by an individual or group of individuals such as the ideas of the rewards and punishments of the after-life, ideas which vary with individuals and with different religions and tend to take very human forms, for man is ever inclined to make God in His own image. Moreover, such ideas are really corollaries of the idea of a divine power. But all these conceptions as to the features of the world of the after-life are mere guesses.

Those who deny or have lost belief in the existence of a divine power ruling the world of Nature must recognize that they are denying a phenomenon which is apparently just as well accredited as phenomena of the physical world. It can hardly be attributed to the existence and mixture of certain chemical substances in man's brain. Is it in any way strange that the creator of an animate

being should implant in the created some sense of the existence of the power which created him ?

Those who have read the earlier part of this chapter will understand me when I say that it is only by prayer that *conviction* of the existence of a divine power can be attained. It is the only way by which man can arrive at spiritual happiness, and spiritual happiness is a very large element in the happiness of life. To the man who does not believe in a supreme being the after-life does not exist. Death is then the end of a man's individuality and existence. There is a dread finality about it which must cast a gloom on the life of any man who, when middle life is passing away, envisages the approach of death. A man with no future is certainly less happy than the man who believes in a future after death.

The circumstances of the present time (May 1944) lead me to say something about what may perhaps be called a secular aspect of religion, its political importance in the life of a state, and especially of a democratic state. All religions introduce a moral element among the people of any community, an element which is sometimes very important and sometimes very small, but all tending to the good of the community and of its people. Many who read the history of the ancient world do so with an interest which is confined to the story of the great deeds of the past and remain oblivious to the fact that the peoples of that world were passing through experiences which are sometimes identical with, and often resemble very closely, circumstances which may arise at the present day ; and a recognition of the importance of religion in the life of the state is a matter which at various times was in the minds of rulers of that old world.

This is not the place to discuss in detail the moral elements of the religions of antiquity. The most important element in the religion of Greece and Rome was the sanctity of the oath, the breaking of which brought down on the offender the wrath of the gods in whose name it was sworn and his consequent punishment, a punishment which the ancient world did not regard as awaiting him in an after-life but as visited on him during his life in the present world. Adherence to truth in the relations between individuals creates a mutual trust which contributes greatly to the well-being and stability of the government and the state. It is a striking fact that Augustus Caesar, who evolved out of a world

of disorder a state which for two centuries brought to the civilized western world a happiness it had never known before, promoted a religious revival in Italy. Those who know the hard nature of the man can hardly ascribe the policy to his personal pietism, for there does not seem to be the slightest evidence of his having possessed a vestige of that quality. This policy can only have been due to practical politics.

The moral element in the religion of a nation is of great value even if it extends only to certain relations in life in that it promotes a social and political order, the mainstay of a stable government, and tends to establish a social sympathy between the elements of the population, a sympathy which cannot exist in a state unless the members of it feel and recognize moral control in their relations with one another.

I can well believe that if we could know the thoughts of thinking men we should find even among professed adherents of the same creed differences of view in the spiritual interpretation of articles of the creed professed by their religious community. What the Romans said of the religions of nations—'*sua cuique religio est, nostra nobis*'—is, I am inclined to believe, largely applicable to the religion of individuals.

My own religion centres on what I have said in the earlier part of this chapter. From that centre radiate many things on which I do not wish to enlarge even if I had the space requisite for so doing. But this I will say finally—that human happiness can never be attainable to the full without a recognition of the goodness of God either as a matter of faith or, to anyone who continues to act on his faith, on the surer basis of conviction.

CORPUS AND CORPUS MEN

I CANNOT omit from this record of my life a brief account of the type of men I have had to deal with either as candidates for entrance into the Army or as undergraduates of the University.

My relations with my Army pupils were, save in exceptional cases, not so intimate as those with my Oxford pupils. But among the several hundred whom I taught—and disciplined(!)—in my seven years at Blackheath, the number I should have condemned as undesirables did not amount to one per cent. of the whole. They were so rare that I can remember all of them, whereas many of the others, I am sorry to say, have been lost, as far as I am concerned, to sight and memory except a few I have mentioned elsewhere who rose to high rank and important positions in later life.

In my first ten years as a teacher at Oxford I must have had well over two hundred private pupils drawn from various colleges, especially Brasenose, Christ Church, Oriel, and Keble. Only one of them had I occasion to dislike. The others were as nice fellows as you would wish to deal with. The vast majority of them were public school men. It was a time when a change was coming over English schools. Boys were beginning to look on those set over them as possible friends, not as natural enemies. In these last years of my life it is a great happiness to me to feel that I have been on terms of real friendship with the vast majority of the men whom I have had to teach or, as dean of the college, to discipline. At Corpus the disorderly element was very rare indeed; in fact, I remember but one brief period in which two or three men made themselves a disciplinary nuisance. I had to deal with them. In one case I dealt so effectively that the gentleman concerned is now in a position in which he has to deal with a much larger criminal element than any over which I have had to exercise authority.

My one regret with regard to the private pupils who came to me is that I have completely lost sight of most of them since they left Oxford. I have not had the means of knowing their whereabouts in the lines of life they have followed since leaving the

University. Three of them have come into the limelight of publicity. Lord Lovat, the father of the present peer, was a pupil of mine for more than two years. Of his exploits and of my great liking for him I have already spoken. Another whom I greatly liked was Findlay of Oriel, captain of the Oxford cricket eleven and later secretary at the Oval, and later still secretary to the M.C.C. at Lords, posts which cannot be held successfully without considerable administrative capacity. The third was De Montmorency of Keble, for many years a master at Eton and one of the finest amateur golfers of his time. He was justly popular both at the University and in later life. He read with me the whole three years he was at Oxford.

I had very few private pupils for the Pass Schools who did not succeed in Moderations or the Final Schools on the first occasion after they came to me. Had that not been so I should never have had so many. But, as I have said before in reference to my Army pupils, the average English schoolboy has the ability to learn. He does not suffer from that stupidity with which he is credited. I am not arguing, of course, that all boys and young men are of the same ability, for it is unquestionable that some are of outstanding capacity. But I am quite certain that many teachers at the University and in public schools do seriously underrate the average ability of English youths. The English boy must have some practical impetus to make him work. If that impetus be intellectual interest, so much the better. But the impetus may take the more material form of a desire to qualify for some particular line of life.

But I am afraid that all this talk about education may be dull to the general reader. Perhaps some striking results of it may be interesting.

For thirty years, from 1902 to 1931, I was responsible for the teaching at Corpus of Greek and Roman History for the Final Classical Schools (*Literae Humaniores*). From 1904 to 1917 I took the same work at Brasenose. While still an undergraduate at Brasenose I had heard from Brasenose friends of mine of the work at Corpus. They admitted it was thorough, but were somewhat lukewarm in their admiration of it. But the report interested me, and I told my father when I was elected to a tutorship at Corpus that there was no college at Oxford which came nearer to my idea of the part which a college should play in education. My experience

of the next thirty years more than fulfilled my expectation—it exceeded it. I found that I was during that time dealing with men of very high capacity who were determined to make the most of the capacity they possessed.

As a tutor I started with two advantages in that I was known to have taken a marked interest in the subjects I was going to teach, as I had shown by work in Greece and Italy, the results of which I had already published ; and secondly, that I had in the previous seven years given twenty-one series of lectures for Professor Pelham, all of them on different subjects.

I have added as an appendix to this chapter a list of those members of Corpus of my time who have attained distinction in various forms of public life. Those who did not take the classical schools were not of course my pupils. I think that the list is an impressive one, not perhaps to be equalled by any other college in Oxford, and all the more impressive as Corpus is one of the smallest colleges in the University. All the credit I can take for the performances of my own pupils is that I interested them sufficiently to make them regular attendants at the hours of their private work with me, and this applies not only to my Corpus pupils but also to the Brasenose Greats men, and also to those I had for brief periods of a few terms from St. John's, New College, and Jesus. I was afraid that the record was going to be broken in the very last year of my active work ; but the weak virtue of the possible delinquent outlasted his time with me.

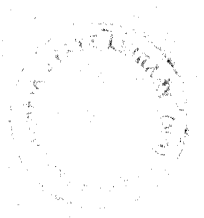
As far as the successes attained by my Corpus pupils are concerned I can say that I did teach them some Greek and Roman History, a capable knowledge of which cannot fail, whether they realize it or not (though if they realize it, so much the better for them), to be of great value to them in dealing with questions relating to the psychological tendencies of individuals and nations. But the application of this knowledge to modern political questions is essentially dependent for its value on the capacity of the man who has to apply it.

My latest pupils, those of the later 'twenties of this century, have not, with two remarkable exceptions, reached an age at which they can be expected to have attained to very high positions in their work in life, so that the record which I append to this chapter may be said to cover only twenty-five years of the life of the college.

There is one result of my teaching for which I may, I think, claim special satisfaction. Five of my ex-pupils now hold the professorships of Ancient History at other universities, namely, at London, Manchester, Durham, Toronto, and, I think, Wisconsin.

As far as successes in the Final Classical School are concerned, those of the college were just as great in the twenty years before I joined it as during the time I was on the tutorial staff. The successes of the men of those twenty years were not so outstanding in after-life as they were during the period I was connected with the college. This was due to the fact that the Civil Service Examination was not thrown open to men of undergraduate age till 1893, and it has been in the Government service that the men have won a large proportion of the distinctions which have fallen to the college. That has to a certain extent been discounted by the fact that the changes made in the government of India have made that service unpopular with both young Englishmen and their parents.

Generally speaking, the success of the college is due to its traditional atmosphere of work, which has encouraged parents and schoolmasters to send their able boys to it. The result is that the average standard of ability among both scholars and commoners is high, and the majority of newcomers to it find that they have come into a world where intellectual laziness is the exception and conform to the environment in which they find themselves. Of course there are exceptions ; but I do not think that they amounted to as much as five per cent. of the men I was called upon to teach. To me it is a significant and pleasing fact that practically all these men who have done so well in after-life represented the college either on the river, or in cricket, or in Rugby or Association football.



APPENDIX

LIST of Corpus men who took their Degrees between 1902 and 1930 and have attained to positions of distinction in life.

Abbreviations : L.H.—Literae Humaniores (Final Classical Honour School) ; M.—Mathematics ; M.H.—Modern History Honour School.

I have not been able to ascertain in some cases the present position of men in the list.

HOME CIVIL SERVICE

<i>Name.</i>	<i>Date of Final Examination.</i>	<i>Post held in 1944.</i>
Sir G. C. UPCOTT, K.C.B.	L.H. 1903.	Controller and Auditor-General of the Exchequer and Audit Department.
Sir J. A. N. BARLOW, K.C.B.	L.H. 1904.	Third Secretary of the Treasury.
E. W. H. MILLER.	L.H. 1906.	Treasury.
Sir F. C. BOVENSCHEN, K.C.B.	L.H. 1907.	Joint Permanent Head of the War Office.
Sir H. V. MARKHAM, K.C.B.		Permanent Secretary to the Admiralty.
E. G. MILLAR.	L.H. 1910.	Deputy-Keeper of MSS. in British Museum.
Sir E. W. HOLDERNESS.	L.H. 1911.	Assistant Secretary, Home Office.
P. J. PATRICK, C.S.I.	L.H. 1911.	Assistant Under Secretary, India Office.
G. J. M. CLAUSON.	L.H. 1914.	Assistant Under Secretary, Colonial Office.
E. St. J. BAMFORD, C.B., C.M.G.	L.H. 1914.	Deputy-Director-General of the Ministry of Information.
R. M. DUKE, M.C.		Assistant Under Secretary of State in the Air Ministry.
A. G. HALE.	L.H. 1921.	Principal Assistant Secretary to the Treasury.
M. J. CLAUSON.	L.H. 1925.	Assistant Principal in the India Office.
J. M. MARTIN.	L.H. 1929.	First Secretary to the Prime Minister (Mr. Winston Churchill) for more than three years.

BRASENOSE PUPIL

C. J. GADD.	L.H. 1916.	British Museum.
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INDIAN CIVIL SERVICE

Sir K. S. FITZE, K.C.I.E.	L.H. 1909.	Political Department of Government of India.
Sir R. M. MAXWELL, K.C.S.I., C.I.E.	L.H. 1910.	
G. E. B. ABELL.	L.H. 1929.	Second Secretary to the Governor-General of India (Lord Wavell).

FIFTY-FIVE YEARS AT OXFORD

INDIAN CIVIL SERVICE (*continued*)

BRASENOSE PUPILS

<i>Name.</i>	<i>Date of Final Examination.</i>	<i>Post held in 1944.</i>
Sir R. N. REID, K.C.S.I., K.C.I.E., Kaiser-i-Hind Gold Medal, 1924.	L.H. 1905.	Governor of Assam, Deputy-Governor of Bengal.
Sir J. C. WALTON, K.C.I.E., C.B., M.C.	L.H. 1908.	Secretary of State for Burma.

BRITISH SERVICE IN AFRICA

E. S. PEMBLETON, C.M.G.	L.H. 1911.	Senior resident in Nigeria.
E. C. SMITH.	L.H. 1913.	Colonial Office (retired). Govern- ment Secretary at Mauritius.
N. E. Young.	L.H. 1914.	Resident Director of Suez Canal.

CHURCHES

A. E. J. RAWLINSON.	L.H. 1907.	Bishop of Derby. Formerly Student (Fellow) of Christ Church, Oxon.
P. M. OLIVER.	L.H. 1907.	President of the General Assembly of the Unitarian and of the Free Christian Church. Formerly M.P.
O. C. QUICK.	L.H. 1908.	Regius Professor of Divinity, Oxford. Formerly Canon successively of Newcastle, Carlisle, Durham, and St. Paul's.
W. J. T. P. PHYTHIAN- ADAMS.	L.H. 1911.	Canon of Carlisle.

DIPLOMACY

BRASENOSE PUPIL

C. HOWARD-SMITH.	L.H. 1912.	Minister at Reykjavik. Died 1942.
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UNIVERSITIES

M. O. B. CASPARI.	L.H. 1903.	Professor of Ancient History in the University of London.
H. V. F. SOMERSET.	M.H. 1905.	Fellow of Worcester College, Oxon.
J. E. L. STOCKS.	L.H. 1905.	Died as Vice-Chancellor of Liverpool University in 1937.
F. C. GEARY.	L.H. 1909.	Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Oxon.
A. LANE POOLE.	M.H. 1911.	Fellow of St. John's College, Oxon.
E. L. WOODWARD.	M.H. 1911.	Fellow of All Souls College, Oxon.
C. N. COCHRANE.	L.H. 1913.	Professor of Ancient History in the University of Toronto.

UNIVERSITIES (*continued*)

<i>Name.</i>	<i>Date of Final Examination.</i>	<i>Post held in 1944.</i>
D. VEALE.	L.H. 1914.	Registrar of the University of Oxford.
C. R. S. HARRIS.	L.H. 1921.	Fellow of All Souls College, Oxon.
C. HIGNETT.	L.H. 1922.	Fellow of Hertford College, Oxon.
E. L. HARGREAVES.	L.H. 1922.	Fellow of Oriel College, Oxon.
I. A. RICHMOND.	L.H. 1926.	Professor of Archaeology and Ancient History in the University of Durham.
A. D. WINSPEAR.	L.H. 1926.	Professor of Ancient History in Wisconsin University, U.S.A.
H. F. KINGDON.	L.H. 1930.	Fellow of Exeter College, Oxon.

BRASENOSE PUPILS

F. W. GREEN.	L.H. 1907.	Fellow of Merton College, Oxon.
D. ATKINSON.	L.H. 1909.	Professor of Ancient History in the University of Manchester.
P. A. LANDON.	L.H. 1910.	Fellow of Trinity College, Oxon.
N. R. MURPHY.	L.H. 1913.	Principal of Hertford College, Oxon.

SCHOOLS

A. R. GIDNEY.	L.H. 1907.	Sixth Form Master at Marlborough for many years.
C. H. C. SHARP.	L.H. 1908.	Headmaster of Abbotsholme School, Staffordshire.
H. BALMFORTH.	L.H. 1913.	Headmaster of St. Edmund's School, Canterbury.
H. L. PRICE.	Physics 1922.	Headmaster of Bishop's Stortford School. Played Rugby football for England. Died 1943.
E. H. PARTRIDGE.	L.H. 1926.	Headmaster of Giggleswick School.
H. ELDER.	L.H. 1929.	Headmaster of Dean Close School, Cheltenham.
C. E. KEMP.	M. 1923.	Headmaster, Reading School.

LITERATURE

E. G. V. KNOX.	L.H. 1904.	Editor of <i>Punch</i> .
M. S. THOMPSON.	L.H. 1907.	University Craven Fellow. Joint author of <i>The Nomads of the Balkans</i> .

BRASENOSE PUPIL

J. MIDDLETON MURRAY.	L.H. 1912.	Well-known author.
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All those who took Literae Humaniores in their Final Schools were pupils of mine. I was tutor at Brasenose from 1903 to 1917.

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